Collier's

AUGUST 17, 1946

TEN CENTS

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BEHIND THE SUPREME COURT FIGHT

by Jonathan Daniels

Rio Grande—River of Death
Page 24

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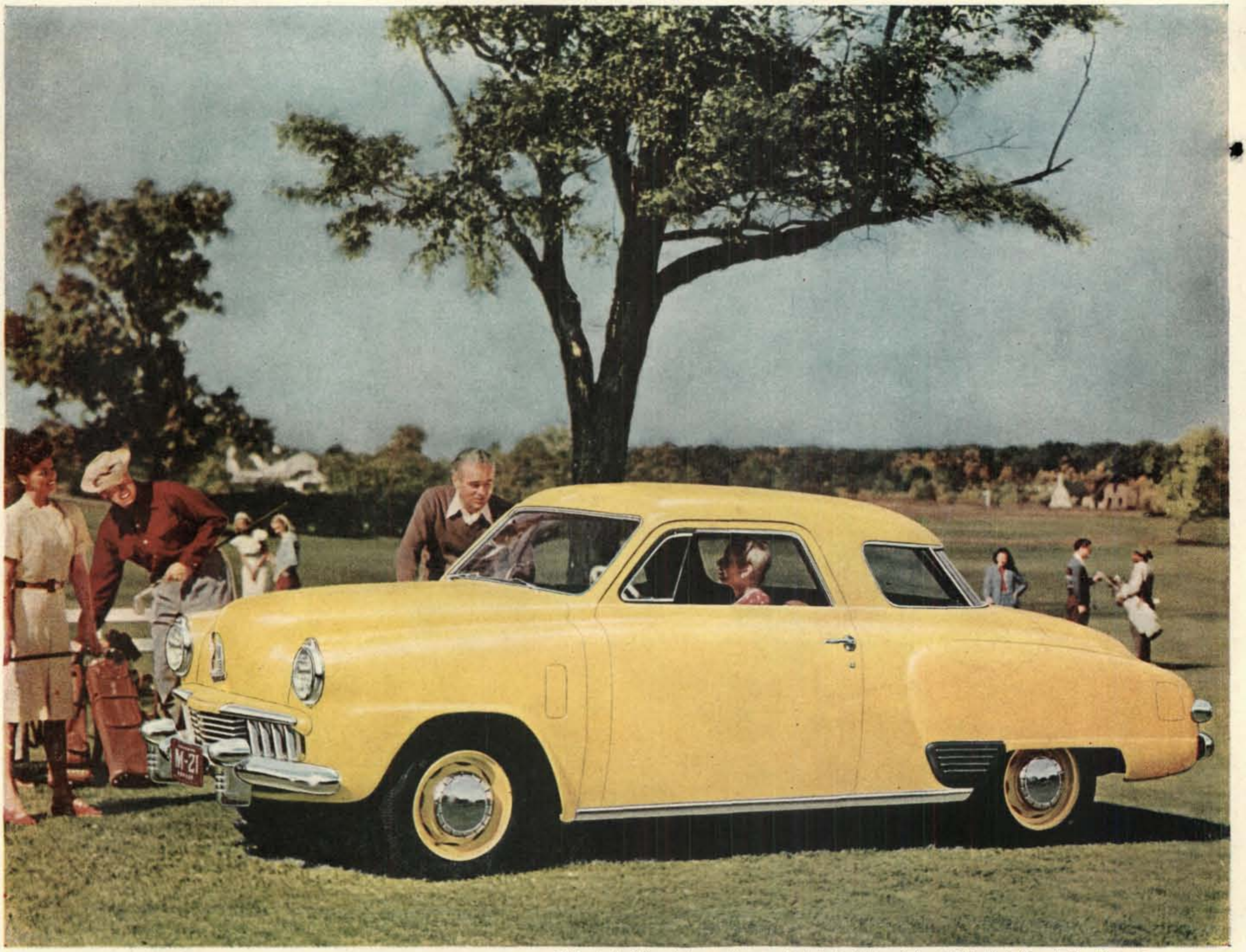

Nothing else like it! Rear windows run clear around! Actual color photograph of new 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 5-passenger coup

New and wonderful in riding comfort, too
. . . the beautiful new 1947 Studebaker

Sweet and low—a melody in metal—this new 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe 4-door sedan! One of 23 distinctive postwar Studebaker body styles. You're sure of exceptionally low operating costs, too, thanks to Studebaker's gas-saving engineering and repair-saving craftsmanship.

LIKE millions of Americans, you've undoubtedly pictured yourself proudly driving a dramatically advanced new 1947 Studebaker.

But your biggest thrill comes when you travel a few miles in one—and experience this amazing new automobile's revolutionary ride.

To your surprise and delight, there's an almost uncanny absence of pitch, roll and sway. More marvelous still, even when clicking off the miles on the highway, you are luxuriously relaxed.

This postwar miracle of riding comfort stems from Studebaker's radical new chassis and body design. Seats low to the ground, far forward of the rear axle, combine with new engineering of the frame, propeller shaft and springs to establish a new standard of car balance, fore and aft as well as side to side.

What's more, self-adjusting brakes, "black light" instrument dials and unique automatic controls make driving a 1947 Studebaker incomparably simple and safe.

Don't delay seeing your nearby Studebaker dealer. He is receiving and selling more and more new 1947 Champions and Commanders every week.

STUDEBAKER

First by far with a postwar car

© The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

More miles with
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

THERE'S EXTRA SAFETY IN THE NEW B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

You can order a set of these tires for your car now

THE NEW B. F. Goodrich Silvertown is built with a 35% stronger tire body, or carcass, than the tires made and sold during the war. It has more and stronger cords that give you improved bruise resistance, which means extra safety at all driving speeds.

The tread of this safer tire also gives you added protection. It is slightly wider and flatter—hugs the road, helps to prevent slipping and skidding. And at the same time the wider, flatter surface wears more evenly, gives you many more miles of service than prewar tires. These tires have passed millions of miles of testing—on taxi fleets, police cars, and special test cars. Now they are proving themselves to thousands of car owners everywhere.

Tires are more plentiful now, *but there's extra demand for B. F. Goodrich!* All tire companies are making and shipping to dealers more tires than ever before in history—75% more in the first six months this year than the same period of 1940, which was the last normal prewar year. But if you want the tire that outwears prewar tires, it's still well to order a little in advance. If you need tires, see your B. F. Goodrich dealer today. He may have your size in stock, but if he doesn't, he'll get them soon and keep you rolling until they arrive. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.*

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

a lust for violence

and desperate greed

fought for possession in
Martha Ivers' strange mind

Barbara Stanwyck
Van Heflin
Lizabeth Scott
in HAL WALLIS' production
"the Strange Love of
Martha Ivers"
(whisper her name)
with Kirk Douglas • A Paramount Picture

Collier's
FOR AUGUST 17, 1946

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						MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

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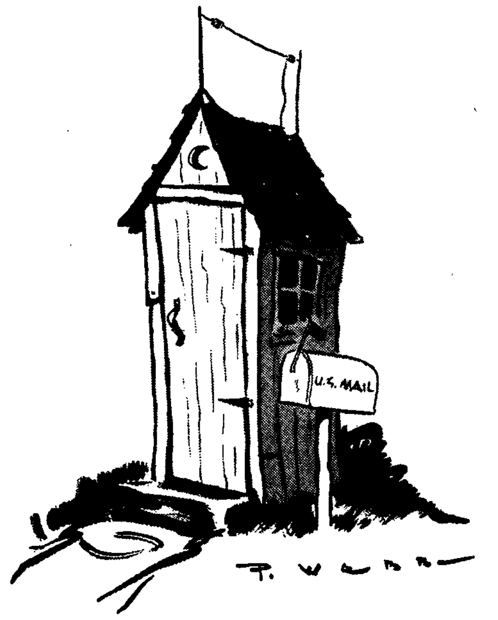
any week

AMONG the article ideas received this week are personality pieces about (1) a newly arrived Scotsman who boiled a watermelon—a gift and the first melon he'd ever seen, (2) a fellow who can imitate a radio with such fidelity that neighbors complain to the police, and (3) a Missouri businessman who hasn't been offered an important job in Washington. We've rejected the third as incredible.

NATURALLY as soon as Mr. Herb Jenkins of Ephrata, Washington, saw this ad in the Wenatchee Daily World he lost no time in purchasing: "For Sale—Outdoor WPA outhouse good condition with radio, rocking chair and writing desk."



THERE is, we are assured by Mr. Thomas Thompson Appleton of Baltimore, Md., a night-club show in that city that is so bad that friends of the proprietor spoke to him about it. If, they said, it was not improved he would doubtless lose plenty of business. He said that he knew it reeked but that contrary to their gloomy prophecies he had ordered it so. The patrons drank more that they might be able to stand the entertainment.

SHOALS of letters about that editorial, The Drys Have Hopes. There's an idea in one of them. Mrs. Lotus Bromfield of Columbus, Ohio, would license drinkers as well as dispensers. Says she: "Before a man or woman may drink legally let him or her pass a drinking examination before a duly constituted state board. Then nobody should be permitted to buy a drink or a bottle without showing the license."

SOME of our more impatient readers are holding their breath or its equivalent as a result of the superharsh sentences imposed by the Army courts-martial in the (Continued on page 72)

Vol. 118, No. 7. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

"It's a beaut! But I wouldn't drive it!"

"Why, I wouldn't even drive *my* car around the block without auto insurance protection," said Gil Alcott. "A friend of mine bought a new car, and had a bad accident on the way home. It cost him his home and life's savings, because he'd made the mistake of driving without auto insurance."

"That doesn't bother me," said Don Irwin with a grin. "My State Farm Mutual policy automatically protects me when I buy a new car. That's just one of the advantages I get—in addition to saving money. Hop in, Gil! Let's try it out."

More-for-Your-Money Insurance

There are many *more* advantages in having State Farm Mutual protection. State Farm is the company that pioneered such features as: Double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . liberal medical pay . . . 80% collision coverage.

Adequate protection, vital for today's hazardous driving, is so reasonable under State Farm's thrift-famous "More for Your Money" insurance plan, no driver can afford to be without it. State Farm Mutual, the world's largest auto insurance company, protects the financial security of more than 1,300,000 car owners. And wherever you might drive into trouble, one of State Farm's 7,000 agents in the U. S. and Canada is ready to serve. He can serve you *now!* Your nearest State Farm agent will be glad to show you why all auto insurance is NOT alike . . . how State Farm Mutual insurance is different in many ways that benefit you!

ACCIDENT COSTS SOARING!

The sharp increase in the number and cost of automobile accidents affects you and every driver. Under such conditions, your automobile insurance is more important today than ever before. Don't let an accident happen to you. Don't take even a little chance with injury or death. Remember—auto drivers set auto insurance rates. Drive with extra care—and you'll help keep auto insurance rates at their lowest possible level.

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car!

He can help you save money

STATE FARM
INSURANCE
COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **LOVE MEANS NOTHING** in more things than tennis when a man forgets his hair. How in the world can he comb that tangled mop? It's so lifeless. . . . and that awful loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp! I'm going to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

CAN THIS BE the same man? Yes, and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. A few drops a day and your hair regains that natural look. It's so easy to comb . . . no more itchiness and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care... to both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Keep up with the world

...and did you hear about Bessie's husband....
Bo Brown.
BO BROWN

by Freling Foster

Free balloons travel so silently that their passengers can hear normal conversation on the ground while at an altitude of 800 feet, or the height of a 66-story building.

The world has 2,000 midgets, who are perfectly formed human beings, and 55,000 dwarfs who, while usually having normal-sized heads, are small in stature chiefly because of the stunted growth of their legs.

The Victory Vase, recent gift of the Russian people to Generalissimo Stalin, is the largest object of its kind in existence. Ornamented with $40,000 worth of gold and decorated with a portrait of Stalin and war scenes which took five artists two years to paint, the vase is made of pink porcelain and is nine feet in height.

Persons living at high altitudes have a larger number of red corpuscles in their blood than those living at lower levels so that an adequate supply of oxygen may be carried to all parts of their bodies. While the number of these cells averages about 4,700,000 per cubic millimeter of blood at sea level, it increases to 6,000,000 at 5,000 feet and to 8,000,000 at 13,000 feet. *By Dr. Arthur William Thomas, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The climax of all the vulgar displays of wealth which took place in this country in the Gay Nineties was the Bradley Martin Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria on February 10, 1897. Given for New York's Four Hundred in a ballroom decorated to represent a famous one at Versailles, the fancy-dress affair was one of the greatest society news stories in history, receiving pages of publicity in London and Paris as well as in the United States. As this ball cost $369,200 and was held at a time when thousands of Americans were destitute, the Bradley Martins were severely censured for their extravagance. Unable to endure the notoriety, they left the country and settled permanently in England.

Several American race tracks now employ Performance Observers as a check on the motion pictures taken from strategic points around the course. Furnished with powerful binoculars and a sound-recording machine, each Observer gives a running commentary of the performance of the horse assigned to him to watch during the entire time the animal is on the track. As the Observer reports what he sees when he sees it, his recording is more accurate than a report written later.

More than 1,000 of the 10,000 victims of fires in this country each year die needlessly of suffocation, failing to realize that smoke and gases are just as deadly as the blaze itself, even at a considerable distance from it. In one recent fire, several persons on the 21st floor of a building were asphyxiated although the actual flames were confined to the first five floors.

In the first World War, only one surface ship of the U.S. Navy disappeared without trace—the collier Cyclops which was not equipped with radio. But in the recent war, four U.S. naval vessels, which were equipped with radio, likewise vanished mysteriously—the destroyers Jarvis, Pillsbury and Edsall and the gunboat Asheville.

Few systems of identification have been as misused as the opus numbers which, for four centuries, composers have given to their musical works as a guide to their order of publication. Some composers have ignored them entirely, while others have used them in lieu of names, grouping together several compositions and calling them Opus 1, Numbers 1, 2, 3, etc. Many composers have also employed them haphazardly, one even having given the same number to two different works.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

I'm a Regular Army Soldier!

It's not just that I've got a good steady job that pays me well and gives me good training. The reason I'm a soldier is because I get a lift out of my job.

It's not heroics. It's a deep-down, satisfying glow that makes your heart skip a beat now and then. Like when they lower the flag at sunset and the bugler sounds Retreat. Somehow you say to yourself, "Everything's okeh. I, and a lot of other guys like me are seeing to it that that flag flies safely here and in lots of other places around the world."

I remember the bang I got when I sewed that first stripe on my sleeve. *I* was Private *First Class!* I'd worked hard and had gotten somewhere in a place that really counted—the United States Army. And every single stripe that has gone on since has given me that same kick. You don't talk about it, but *you* really feel you've made the grade.

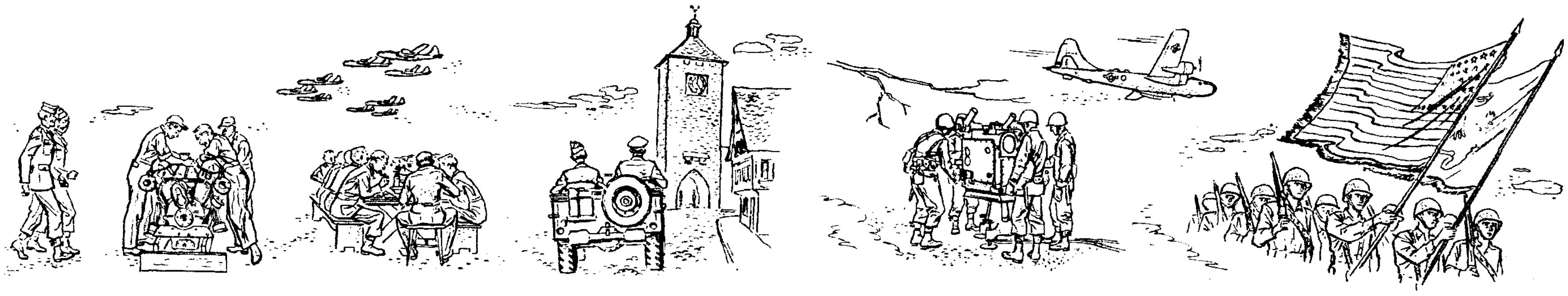
Then there's something about working with other men the way you do in the Army. You're on a team bigger than anything you've ever known before. And when your outfit gets a pat on the back for a good job, it kind of makes *you* stand a little straighter. Sure you're proud! You can't help but be.

You see, it's something *more* than you get otherwise. Perhaps you realize it most of all when you and your gang get aboard ship to go overseas as personal representatives of Uncle Sam. You, John Smith, U. S. Army, making the protection of the best country in the world your own responsibility.

If *you* feel the way I do . . . if *you* want something out of life that's just a little bit different . . . something perhaps a little more important than you might be doing elsewhere . . . I'd suggest that *you* make a point—right now—of finding out what a really fine proposition the Army offers today—money-wise and every other way. Visit your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station for all the facts and figures.

Listen to *"Sound Off," "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," "Harry Wismer Sports Review"* and *"Spotlight Bands"* on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

Stop trouble

BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

A fellow is ready for a little rough-house *most* days . . . but when he's all dressed up and party-bound, he's only smart to take steps to stop trouble before it happens. To prevent *car* trouble and resulting repair bills, smart motorists—

Depend on the United Motors Man

You can *always* depend on the United Motors man for the kind of car care that doesn't give trouble a *chance* to develop. His inspection and servicing methods are complete and modern. The parts he stocks and uses are *original-equipment* parts. The service he gives you is prompt and personalized. See the United Motors man regularly, to keep your car smooth-running, dependable and economical. Wherever you go, you'll find that familiar United Motors Service sign conveniently near you.

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS *It's right nearby*

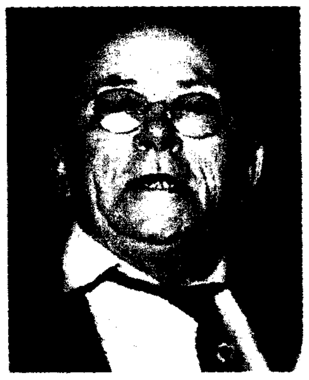
United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: So Bilbo came through—proof positive that all the "nigger-loving Dagos and Kikes" up North have very little influence on the white people of the South and that all the "nigger" editorials your filthy rags publish are of no avail.
HOWARD H. BROWN
West Monroe, La.

DEAR EDITOR: If the younger generation of voters in Mississippi were a majority, I assure you we would have no more Bilbo down here. HASKELL B. RAMIREZ
Pascagoula, Miss.



"Knightly Defender"

DEAR EDITOR: In describing Mississippi's defects and shortcomings in your article Bilbo (July 6th issue) you fail to mention the fact that, although she is twenty-third in point of population, she furnished more men in World War II who were entitled to wear the Congressional Medal of Honor than any other state in the Union. W. L. ORR, M.D.
Fulton, Miss.

DEAR EDITOR: I thank a gracious Ruler that we have such valiant knightly defenders as Senator Bilbo to lead the unconquerable Anglo-Saxons in defense of the purity of the white race.
WILLIAM O. E. HUMPHREYS
Charleston, W. Va.

DEAR EDITOR: For the past year there has been quite a number of articles trying to discredit my distaste for vivisection.

Collier's attributes to Major General Kirk a statement that I challenged a doctor to a debate (error number one); that I swept in with two Russian wolfhounds (error number two—I have never owned any Russian wolfhounds); and that the doctor against whom I debated invited a child onto the stage (that must have been after I left). . . . I would not think of submitting my children to such exhibitionism. . . .

I have never felt qualified to debate vivisection, but many years ago I agreed to debate the use of pound dogs (to the tune of 10,000 dogs a year) in the laboratories in Chicago. No doctor opponent ever held to the subject, but launched forth in defense of vivisection, which was never the issue, so far as I was concerned.

I have never thought that mud-slinging and personal attacks were any defense of vivisection, and it would be a little more convincing and better taste on the part of our opponents if they took the trouble to learn a little more about the people they attack. You don't have to be a doctor to recognize cruel kenneling, and you don't have to study for the ministry to know the difference between right and wrong.
IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN
Lake Forest, Ill.

Mrs. McLaughlin—for years, as Irene Castle, one of America's greatest dancers—is well known as a foe of vivisection.

DEAR EDITOR: Anyone who has studied the question of vivisection, pro and con, would (if he rendered an honest opinion) acknowledge that the article Mice—Or Men? contains misstatements of facts. . . .

We are not opposed to physicians and surgeons as such; the vast majority of them are performing their work well. But vivisectors are a law unto themselves. They are about the only group of people who are not curbed in any way by civil law.

Granted that there may be a few sincere vivisectors, certainly vivisectors are not infallible as a group, nor as individuals; nor is every one of them kindhearted and considerate of his victims.

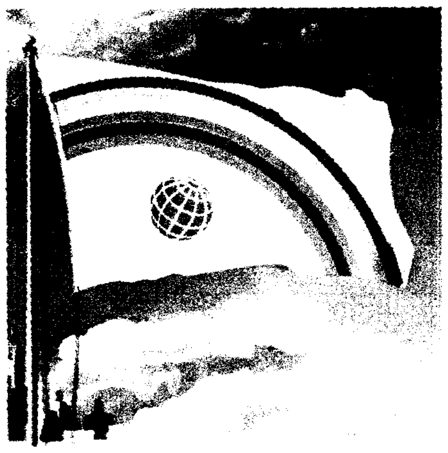
In our opinion, vivisection is ethically wrong, often brutally cruel, and scientifically misleading. . . .
VIVISECTION INVESTIGATION LEAGUE
New York, N. Y.

The article to which the League takes exception (Mice—Or Men?, by Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the U.S. Army, as told to J. D. Ratcliff, in the issue of June 29th) was thoroughly investigated by the editors prior to publication. The letter printed above was received unsigned.

DEAR EDITOR: I wish to commend your suggestion that the Thomas Paine flag be adopted by United Nations. I would like to see the sun added to the flag, since you can't have a rainbow without a sun.
WALTER A. SHORT
East Rochester, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations for suggesting a flag for United Nations! Thomas Paine, who designed the flag you want to see adopted, was cursed and reviled as an atheistic sot. Nevertheless, he was the greatest thinker of his time, and he probably did more for mankind than any other American. What better monument could we—and the rest of the world—erect to his memory than that beautiful flag? N. F. A.
(No address given.)

The flag



(Continued on page 34)

The "Coming Thing" in Cars—Has Come!

Wonderful things have developed since you last bought an automobile—

Overnight plane service to London, Paris . . . revolutionary new airliners and streamliners . . . radar . . . television . . . and now—in the new, low-price Nash "600" —the "coming thing" in cars has come.

No doubt about it—not when you hear what a new Nash "600" does, and *offers!*

You get economy of 25 to 30 miles on a gallon at moderate highway speeds— 500 to 600 miles on a tankful!

Instead of the usual interior dimensions you get a car so roomy that the front seat is divan size and the rear seat can be made into a soft, double bed at night, if you like.

Instead of the usual "heater," Nash offers the Weather-Eye Conditioned Air System—so that the whole car is draftless, dustless—and warm as your living room, in cold weather.

Instead of the usual ride, you get the silky smooth, silent ride that only individual coil springing on all four wheels can give you.

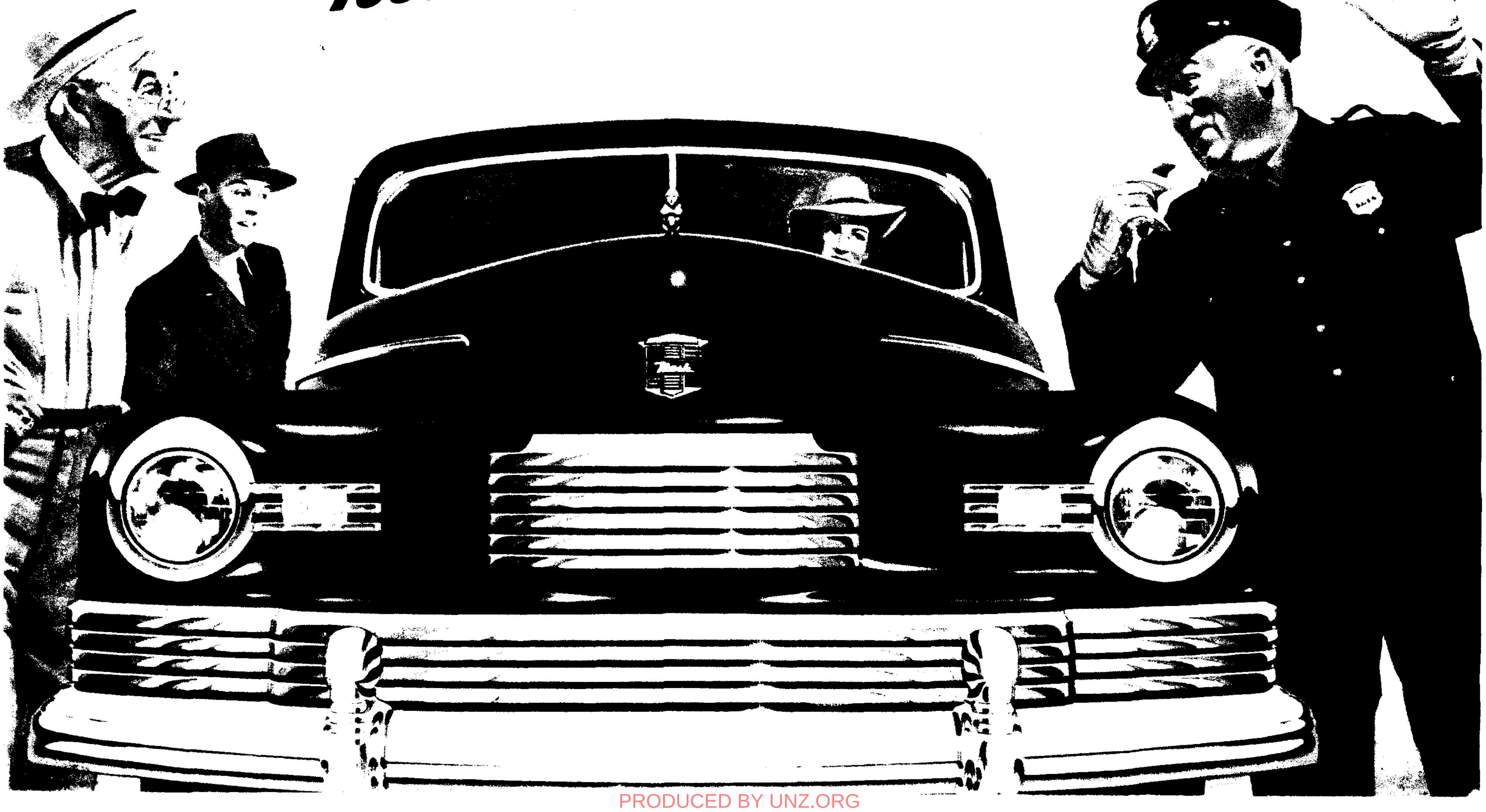
And here—for the first time—is a car that is actually free of the drag of extra dead weight! Built a different way—body and frame are one single unit of welded steel . . . quiet . . . and stronger.

You yourself must see the difference it makes—in the brilliant new performance, balance and driving ease that the new Nash offers. Your dealer is now displaying the new Nash "600"—and the new Ambassador, too. See him and discover what the car of the future is like!

Tune in the Nash-Kelvinator Musical Hit —David Rose and his Orchestra with Curt Massey, Kitty Kallen. Wednesdays 10:30 p. m., Eastern Daylight Time. Columbia Broadcasting System.

NASH MOTORS—Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash



SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE *in the Business Office. She's there to help whenever you have questions about service, equipment or bills. An important part of her job is to see that all orders are filled in their proper turn.*

Speaking of Citations

Next time you call or visit a telephone office, see if you don't think the young women working there deserve a citation for competence and courtesy. They are doing a fine job.

Demand for telephone service is at an all-time high. That means more calls to put through — more telephones to install — more bills to prepare and send out — more people to talk with in the business office . . . and more equipment needed to do the job the way we would like to do it.

We're building and adding just as fast as we can get materials and make equipment. In the meanwhile, telephone people who serve you will keep right on doing their best — and doing it with a friendly smile.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 17, 1946

"I wish I didn't have to go home, ever," Hilda whispered, as they rode through Central Park. "Where we are is home already," Tom said

THE WARNING BELL

BY HAMLEN HUNT

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Hilda knew she had to choose between her best friend and the man she loved. But she kept hoping for a miracle—and almost waited too long

SHE supposed afterward that she must have heard the telephone, because she half woke, half listened and then, as there was nothing, turned over and dropped back to sleep. The bedroom was warm and well curtained and the twin beds had light, fawn-colored puffs. It was late afternoon and Hilda, because of a cold, had been in bed all day. In the background, she could hear Evelyn moving carefully, without haste.

"I came home a little early, just to look after you," Evelyn had said a few hours before. "Go back to sleep while I fix dinner. We'll eat it before the fire. If you're well wrapped up, it won't hurt you to be out of bed before you get back in for the night. Then you'll sleep better."

Hilda knew Evelyn liked verbal appreciation. She murmured, "You're wonderful, the way you spoil me."

Evelyn, who had changed into a serviceable dark blue house coat, said, "You've always needed someone to look after you, and I'm it." She looked down at slender blond Hilda, whom a pink nose and pigtails had reduced to about age twelve in looks, and laughed. "You bring out the mother in me," she said.

Hilda laughed a little, too, because it was a household joke, but she thought suddenly: I wish she hadn't said that! Sometimes mothers are possessive! Sometimes they don't like their daughters to marry. I wonder if she guesses.

"Sleep," said Evelyn. "I'll call you when things are ready."

"I'm expecting a phone call," Hilda said. "Call me for that, too."

"Of course," said Evelyn, and half closed the door.

I HOPE she won't be hurt, Hilda thought, before she slept. I wish she liked Tom better—she will when she's had time to know him. I wish—

She didn't know what she wished, exactly. It was just strange to dread telling good news. What better news could there be than that she was in love, and was going to be married? Except, of course, that it meant the end of this pleasant establishment, which she and Evelyn had shared for five years.

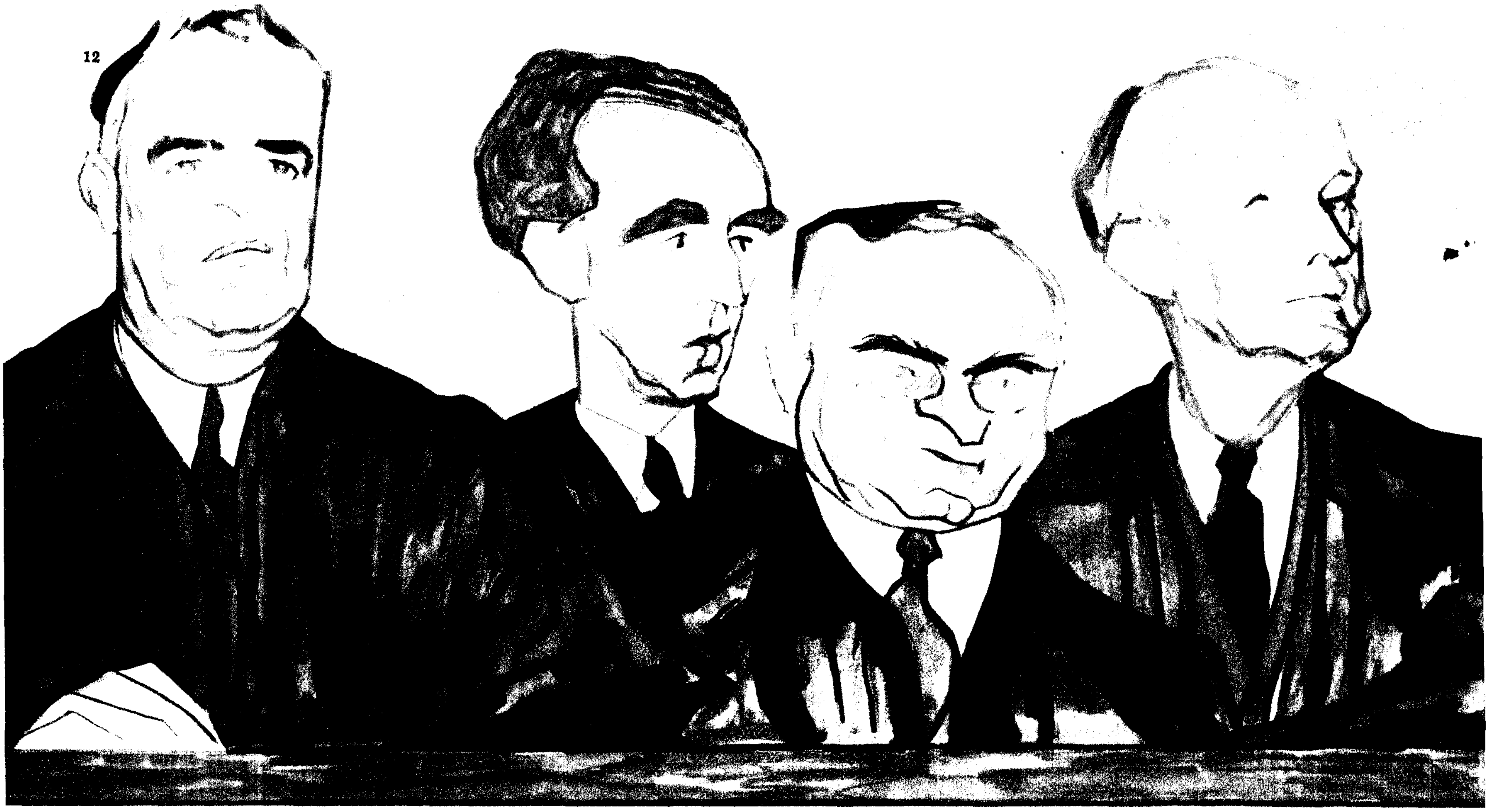
Five years is a long time, Hilda thought.

It was then she thought the phone was ringing, but she listened and listened and knew, finally, she must have been mistaken.

She had moved in with Evelyn because of Van. At the time, she and Evelyn were only lunchtime friends, in the same office. Evelyn was older, had a better job; Hilda was just starting out. She had thought she could manage her feelings, but she sat at her desk in her small cubicle and sobbed into her wadded gloves, since she had left home without a handkerchief. "I knew about Van all the time," she told herself. "I can't pretend I was fooled. I broke my own heart—I won't even give him credit for doing that. It's all my own fault!"

Bold, cold words, but she wept just the same, and there was small ease for the feeling that love had become something slimy and unpleasant in knowing the man she loved wasn't worth her tears.

(Continued on page 59)



WILEY RUTLEDGE **FRANK MURPHY** **FELIX FRANKFURTER** **HUGO L. BLACK**

THE BATTLE OF THE BENCH

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

"WHERE I come from," Frederick Moore Vinson once said, "it was dangerous to be afraid."

Such folk wisdom from an old guntoting, feuding Kentuckian seemed almost too pertinent on the Supreme Court of the United States to which he came. With his bushy-browed, deep-circled eyes shining, he had gotten the news of his appointment as Chief Justice suddenly from a press ticker in his office in the Treasury on a relatively quiet Friday afternoon. Both he and the country understood that his nomination made change complete: the last man of the famous Nine Old Men of the pre-Rooseveltian court had been replaced. But new divisions in the new court had not been closed. It was expected that closing or curbing them might be Vinson's job. But by Monday after Friday, it was not clear whether the job and the court required a man or a miracle.

Oddly enough the indictment came from Nuremberg where the enemies of democracy were on trial. It was directed by Mr. Justice Robert Jackson specifically at Mr. Justice Hugo Black but it hit pretty close to the center of the American democracy. The American Constitution, Chief Justice Hughes had said, is what the judges say it is. And those judges who do the final saying in our system were at last, openly, violently, personally, disclosed in a fight in which they might do more damage to America than to themselves.

"I am an optimist about America," Chief Justice Vinson said the day after he was appointed. America probably has cause to be optimistic about Vinson too. After a succession of great jobs he has many friends, and few enemies—right or left. He seems the toughest easygoing man in the District of Columbia. Even on his way to meetings of the Cabinet he has looked like a mountaineer ambling to an old yellow brick Kentucky courthouse. He has seen feuds before and not all of them among simple men in the high coves of Kentucky.

The conflict within the U.S. Supreme Court is no mere clash of personalities. It is partly a war of personal political ambitions and partly a basic struggle over what true democracy is. Here a Washington authority analyzes the battle which is so vital to America's future

It would be difficult to think of a simpler-looking group of men than those who work in the court's elegant paneled offices. Only one of the nine justices today was born in a city—and that one in old, power-plagued Vienna. The rest all were born on an American farm or in a small town. Five of them, including Vinson, were politicians who ran for office and got elected. Three of them taught in law schools. Only two, counting Vinson, whose service on the bench preceded his service in the Cabinet, came up from the lower courts of the federal judiciary.

Their average age when Vinson came to the court was 56; ten years before, the average age was 71. The court is just a little older than the Cabinet but much younger than the chairmen of the chief Congressional committees.

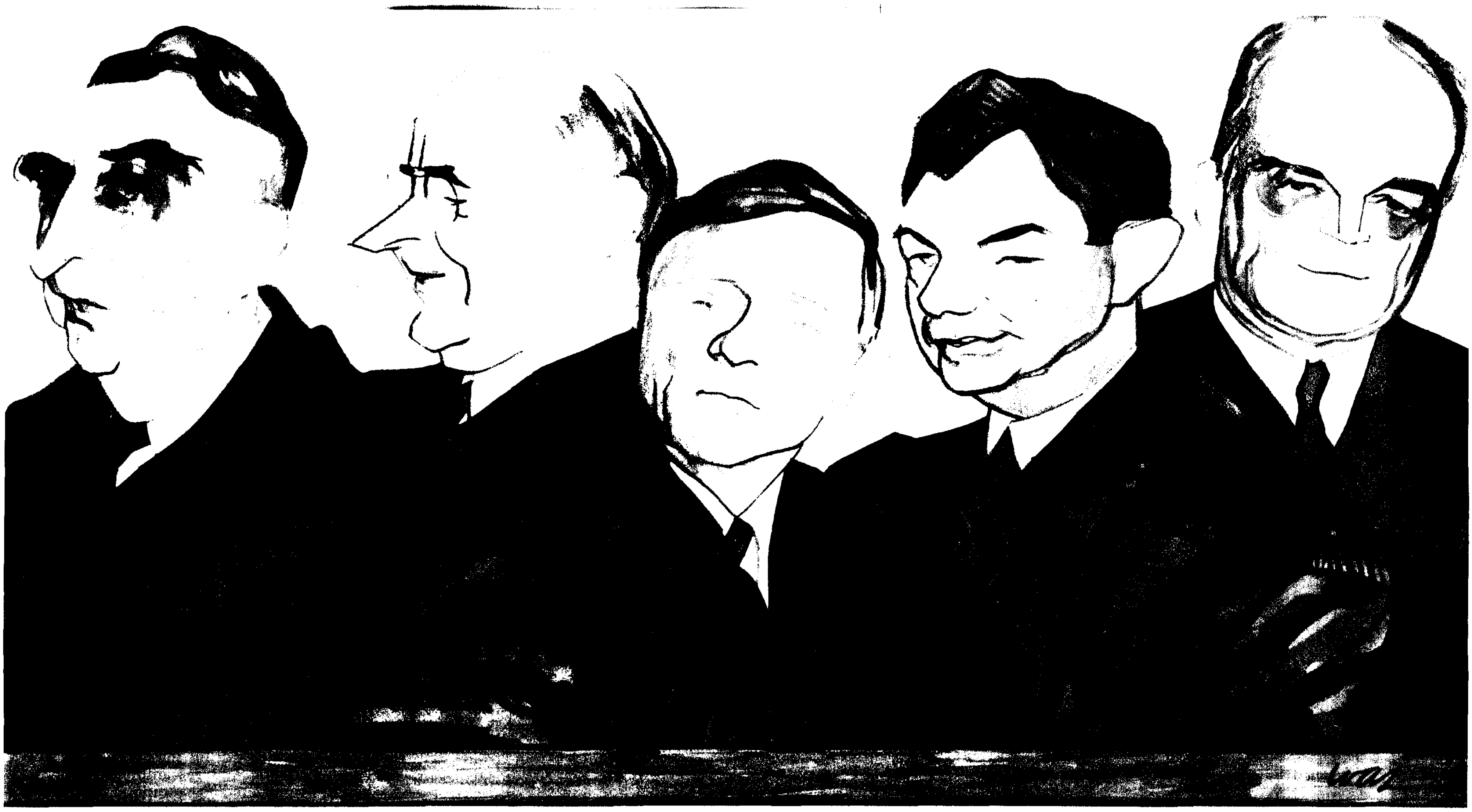
All the justices are individuals, but newspapermen who cover the court long ago shaped them into teams: The "liberals," Black, Douglas, Murphy and Rutledge, against the "conservatives," Jackson, Frankfurter and Burton, with Reed less clearly classified though generally nearer the conservative side. For months, before the explosion of Jackson in Nuremberg, some justices in leaky confidences had spoken about the personal and philosophical differences which seemed destined to burst out into open sniping. Indeed, when Mr. Justice Jackson became suddenly candid by cable, the news was not what he said but that, as a justice, he said it loudly and in the open. He made his anger clear, but he left the basic controversy still obscure.

Obviously Mr. Justice Black was the "stealthy assassin" to whom Mr. Justice Jackson as a self-described "open warrior" referred. But strangely, considering the way ordinary men fight, Mr. Jackson added that he was making no charge against the "honor" of Mr. Black in reasserting his conviction that Mr. Black had been guilty of improper judicial conduct in not disqualifying himself as a judge in cases in which a former (pre-1926) law partner was the attorney.

Privately (which in Washington can be pretty public) Black has been equally concerned about Jackson and the breach of judicial proprieties, too. He made little effort to conceal his judicial distaste when Jackson stepped out of his role as judge to become a "prosecutor," even though the prosecuted were the chief war criminals in Nuremberg. Actually both Black and Jackson and their friends have been quarreling over the symptoms of their antagonism and not its cause. Concern for the proprieties is an occupational disease of Supreme Court justices, but their toughest controversies come from the collision of ambitions and ideas. And these conflicts have centered around Black on the one hand, and Jackson and Frankfurter on the other.

The court is divided in terms of the education, experience and economic and social predilections of the justices. The court is also unfortunately divided by the more damaging factors of ambition and personal politics.

Robert Jackson seems a strange leader for conservatives on or off the court. He was the New Dealer who, as general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, implacably pursued the Mellons and made them pay more taxes. As Assistant Attorney General, he brought antitrust charges against their Aluminum Company of America. Furthermore, as an apparent Roosevelt choice for succession to the Presidency



FRED M. VINSON **STANLEY F. REED** **WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS** **ROBERT H. JACKSON** **HAROLD H. BURTON**

before Roosevelt decided to be his own candidate in 1940, Jackson seemed to array the country against the rich in charges that a few great families dominated the whole American economy for their own plutocratic purposes. Such oratory, however, needs to be read against his record as a small city lawyer for small city business—the bank, the streetcar company, the utility and the railroad.

He was a corporation lawyer opposed only to bigger corporations than those in Jamestown, N. Y., until he was 42 years old and took office as a lawyer for the New Deal. Both he and Black are the "country lawyers" on the court, with less impressive-seeming educations than most of their colleagues have had. But Jackson won the praise of Chief Justice Hughes as "the ablest Solicitor General," and not even the most conservative lawyers any longer make fun of Black's decisions as the products of a "police-court judge." Whatever else these two men are, they are antagonists of the greatest ability.

Off the bench Jackson has a bright eye and a gay manner. Black is lean and grim and his rare smile comes slowly like the rising smoke of his incessant cigarettes. Whatever he is, he looks like the determined zealot. Ashland, Alabama, where he began practice, is a poor village of 500 people, and there is a Southern legend that he might have stayed there if the grocery store over which he had his office had not burned down. The fire sent him to Birmingham to become politician and labor lawyer, politician and Ku Klux Klansman, and on to Washington where he was headlong New Dealer and senatorial prosecutor.

When his Klan confession came after he was seated on the bench, old Hugh Johnson, who for a while was a swashbuckling New Dealer himself, said that it made no difference whether or not Black belonged to the Klan. The important fact, Johnson said, was that he was "a born witch burner—narrow, prejudiced and class-conscious."

But there is another picture of Black. In it he seems perfectly placed in his old house in Alexandria overlooking the Potomac. In his garden there, among intent new Southerners and sympathetic strangers talking of a South free of poll taxes and prejudices, he looks like the romantic Southerner in person. He has the deceptively quiet manner of a man who can be dangerous. There is an air of indolence about him in spite of his hair-trigger mind.

Both these exceptional men have been ambitious men, too. And the death of Chief Justice Stone brought their ambitions into conflict.

"No justice on the bench ought to be named Chief Justice," said a man very close to them while they waited for the appointment. "Associate justices ought not to have ambition for the two higher offices of Chief Justice and President. Ambition is a bad thing to put into the preparation of decisions. And before Stone, only once in history—in the case of Chief Justice White—has a sitting judge ever been elevated to the chief justiceship." (Chief Justice Hughes had been an associate justice, but was not at the time of his appointment.)

Rivals for Chief Justiceship

It may be a good rule, but ambition is standard in Washington even on the court. Undoubtedly Jackson knew that Truman, as Vice-President, had told a Kansas City newspaperman that Bob Jackson was his idea of a man who would make a great Chief Justice. It was Jackson who advised Truman in the selection of the counsel for his famous war-investigating committee. But Hugo Black was the senior associate justice, and therefore, presumably, in line for the Chief Justice's post. Ambition would have been natural with him even if the other justice under consideration had not been an antagonist with whom he had exchanged declarations of warfare.

Unfortunately, however, there was a political gentleman in the background whose very presence added nothing to either judicial calm or the court's reputation. Mr. Tommy Corcoran—the New Deal's old-time Tommy the Cork—interested himself in the matter of a new Chief Justice. Mr. Corcoran, who is now one of the most effective lobbyists in the capital, used to be called a "little hot dog" as a protégé of the big Frankfurter. But in recent years Corcoran has become more friendly with some of the "liberals" on the court. It may be merely the gossip of Corcoran's irresponsible friends that both Corcoran and several justices think Corcoran was responsible for their elevation to the bench.

Whether this is true or not, Corcoran's interest in the Chief Justice's appointment, though pursued in quietness, was not a help to the reputation of the court and certainly did not influence that appointment. There has hardly been a time, however, in the recent history of the court when Corcoran and friends were not pushing the candidacy of some justice for some job—and without protest from the justice being pushed.

On an entirely different level, there was another influence which served the growth of antagonism. It lay in the personality of a great and honorable man—the late Chief Justice Stone. He was affectionately regarded by the court, but liberal and conservative justices alike looked back beyond him to the skill as presiding officer of Chief Justice Hughes. Hughes stated the case and his opinion and then let the other justices state theirs, but Stone continued argumentatively from justice to justice around the table. The Saturday conferences stretched long into the evening. And in such a process antagonism sharpened in exasperation.

This other division among the members of the new court is not simple and it goes back almost to the first days of the first members of F.D.R.'s new court.

Black was the first New Dealer to join the Nine Old Men. He must have been lonely there but he was not idle. In eight months he wrote thirteen strong dissents. He must have been as expectantly hopeful as some conservatives were fearful when Felix Frankfurter was named. Perhaps the liberal-conservative bitterness which exploded later began before Jackson arrived on the bench in 1941.

Division on Labor Issues

In February of that same year, President Roosevelt's New Dealer from Alabama was already vigorously protesting against a decision by President Roosevelt's scholarly liberal from Harvard upholding the right of state courts to issue injunctions against picketing "set in a background of violence." Such a labor decision pointed the old cleavage between liberals and conservatives. Certainly division along such lines has been a steady development since this decision. And as Jackson joined Frankfurter, Black got his allies, too. William Douglas brought a reputation for scholarship from Yale to match Frankfurter's Harvard halo. The intellectual forces were arrayed against each other—and the emotional forces, too.

It was continued in the basic philosophic differences of Black and Frankfurter. Frankfurter's friends insist that it is he who remains the true liberal on the court. The quarrel comes, they say, back to the old basic question as to whether the court was commissioned to protect some of the people from what judges may feel are the aberrations of democracy, or whether the court, in the absence of the clearest violation of constitutional liberties, should trust the people themselves to move toward tolerance

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CARICATURES BY AUERBACH-LEVY

GUAM, SWEET GUAM

BY FRED SPARKS

Heat, dust, insects, rats and Japs conspire to make life on Guam unpleasant for the serviceman's wife. But the wives wouldn't miss the adventure for the world

CHUCK carried Joy over the threshold of the Quonset hut where they would spend their second honeymoon. Holding her at arm's length, he said, "Darling, at last we're alone."

At that moment, a mouse leisurely crossed the floor, a rat dashed along an overhead beam, four lizards started croaking like crickets on the screen, and a pair of flying cockroaches (Guam eagles) soared by. Chuck and Joy had guests—guests who were there to stay.

Charles (Chuck) Cain is a storekeeper second class in the Navy. Joy is one of 76 servicemen's wives who have joined their husbands on Guam, an island 30 miles long and four to eight miles wide, in the torrid Marianas, more than 5,000 miles from the Golden Gate. Seized by the Japs three days after Pearl Harbor was bombed, the island was retaken by the Marines in July, 1944.

Joy came to Guam last March 19th, aboard one of the first small boats that left the Navy transport Hermitage and chopped shoreward through the ground swell. The gear for the new invasion was Teddy bears and perambulators—instead of mortars and automatic rifles.

A native Guamanian band played, "Kiss me once and kiss me twice and kiss me once again—it's been a long, long time."* As women and children clambered onto the beach, Chuck and 25 other servicemen rushed forward to encircle their families.

Then, the first excitement of the reunion over, Joy and the others—the

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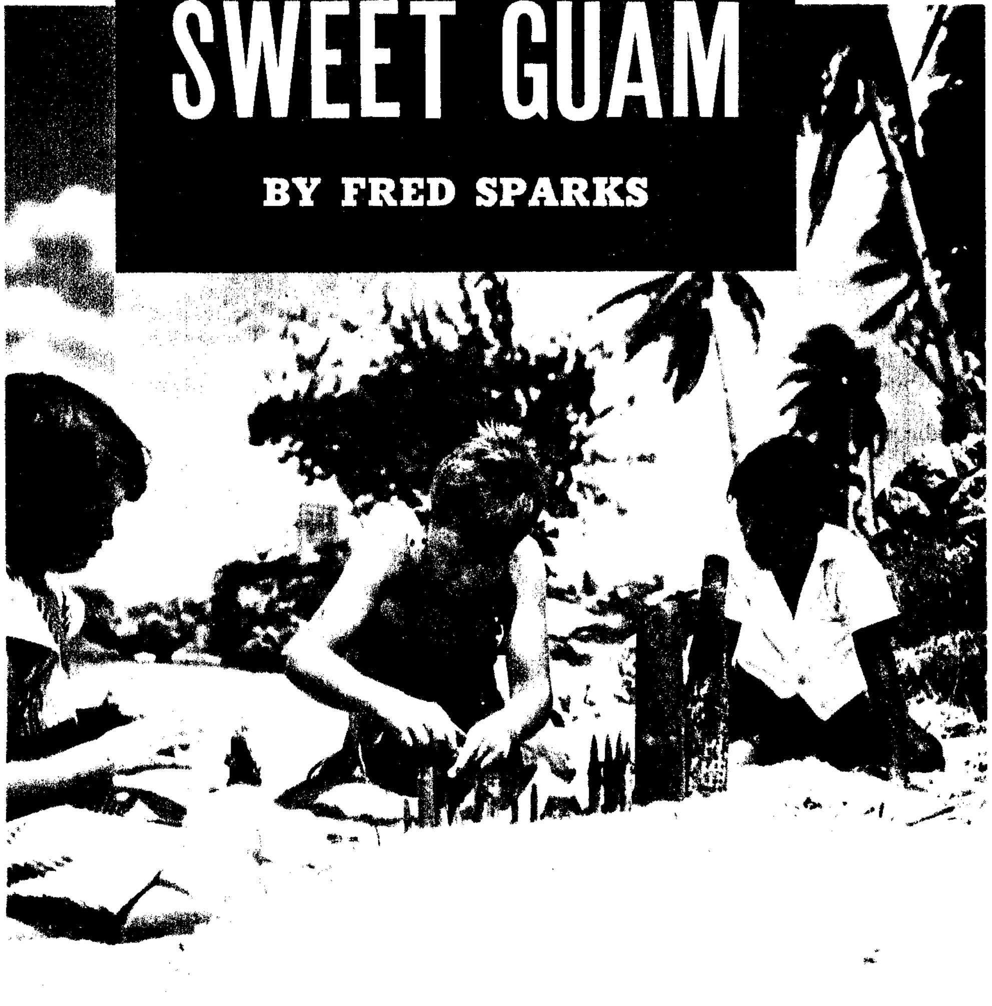
It's Been a Long, Long Time, by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn. Copyright, 1945, by Edwin H. Morris and Co., Inc.

When Joy Cain and Chuck go to the beach, they aren't alone. Some of the boys are sure to join them. Chuck is the husky chap at Joy's left



The kids love Guam. Two of Captain Kline's children and a Guamanian playmate (lower left) dug up these warlike toys in the sand. Below, Taylor Cosby, son of a lieutenant commander, entertains the sailors on the beach first group of servicemen's dependents to settle on land wrested from the Japs—jeeped away for a bouncing ride home.

Most of the husbands' letters had been vague and the wives had assumed Guam was another Hawaii because it was Admiral Nimitz's headquarters during part of the war. Soon after landing one wife said:

"Darling, I brought hardly anything with me. Tomorrow I must go on a shopping tour."

She found no shopping district on Guam. The 23,000 native, dusky Chamorros live in semiprimitive conditions and their one modern city, Agaña, is in ruins, pounded to rubble when our forces recaptured the island.

Apparently the husbands had forgotten to mention, too, that to some extent there is still a war on Guam. Just a few days after the Hermitage arrived, a native policeman, out on Jap patrol, was shot and killed several miles from where a group of service families live.

The wives saw combat teams of natives, under Marine supervision, set out to comb the thick jungles of the island, where the sword grass and 40-foot-high pandanus trees offer excellent cover.

Precautions Against the Japs

The Japanese menace is one of the reasons Joy Cain found herself living in a "dependent community" under constant guard, like the stockade of Indian war days. She must carry a military identification card and during the day is forbidden to leave the area without a male escort. At night her escort must be armed. Joy said, "I never thought Chuck would take me to the movies with a .45 on his hip."

Several wives soon acquired their own shooting irons. Joy keeps a loaded .45 on top of the refrigerator. One wife hides her pistol in the breadbox, where, she hopes, the children won't find it. Another refuses to go to bed without her favorite revolver under the pillow. This worries hubby more than it does the Japanese.

While it doesn't invite anyone to picnic in the jungle, the Navy has never considered the stubborn Japs a serious menace to family life. In November it decided that any man stationed in the Marianas (which includes Tinian and Saipan) who would remain six months after his family arrived, could have "legal dependents" brought out at government expense.

The Hermitage came first and two ships followed. By May 15th there were 74 Navy and Marine and two Army families on Guam—including 68 children. Naval personnel is preponderant because the Army did not open the island for dependents until several months after the Navy.

A ratio was established of one senior officer to three junior officers to eight enlisted men. Quarters were to be basically alike; one Quonset hut, twenty by fifty-six feet, to a family. But junior officers would have a porch, senior officers a lot of leeway.

Every man helped reconvert his own Quonset. By February the huts began to look homelike, and San Francisco was cabled: "Ship 26 families."

The dependents were rounded up, inoculated against smallpox, typhoid and tetanus, and a month later the Hermitage sailed.

The island command, already crippled by rapid demobilization, found a new problem in logistics. It meant fresh milk and nipples, lamp shades and linoleum, refrigerators and flush toilets, measles and whooping cough.

"Good Lord," worried a veteran of the Battle for Midway, "it might even mean a maternity ward."

It will.

Between a bustling highway and a thin strip of beach in the Naval Supply Center near Apra harbor is one of ten "dependent communities" on Guam. Pathways of crushed coral lead from the highway to and between the Quonsets. Near the road stands an armed sentry.

Entering the Cain Quonset, you pass a kitchen on the right and a bathroom

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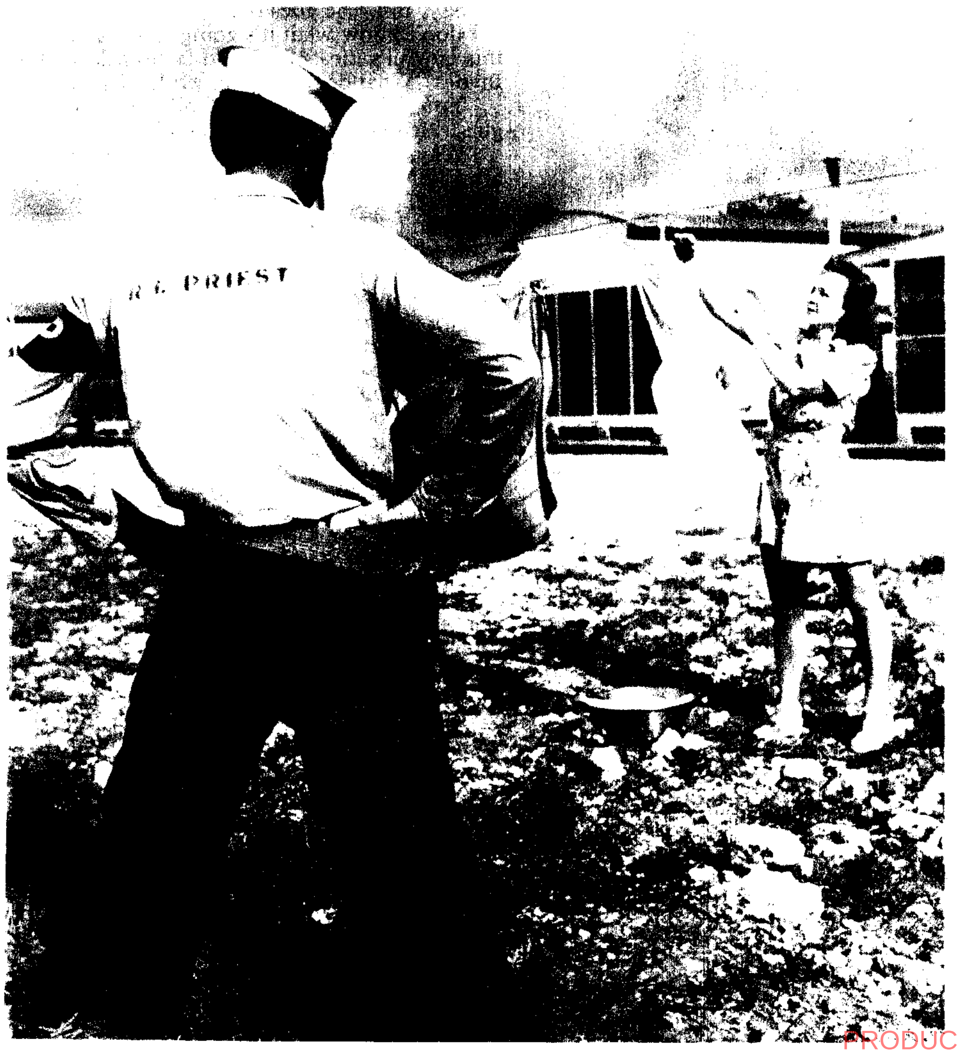
The wives are learning how to handle shooting irons too. Left to right: Mrs. William Kilkenny, Mrs. Robert Cosby, Mrs. Junius Page, all wives of Navy officers

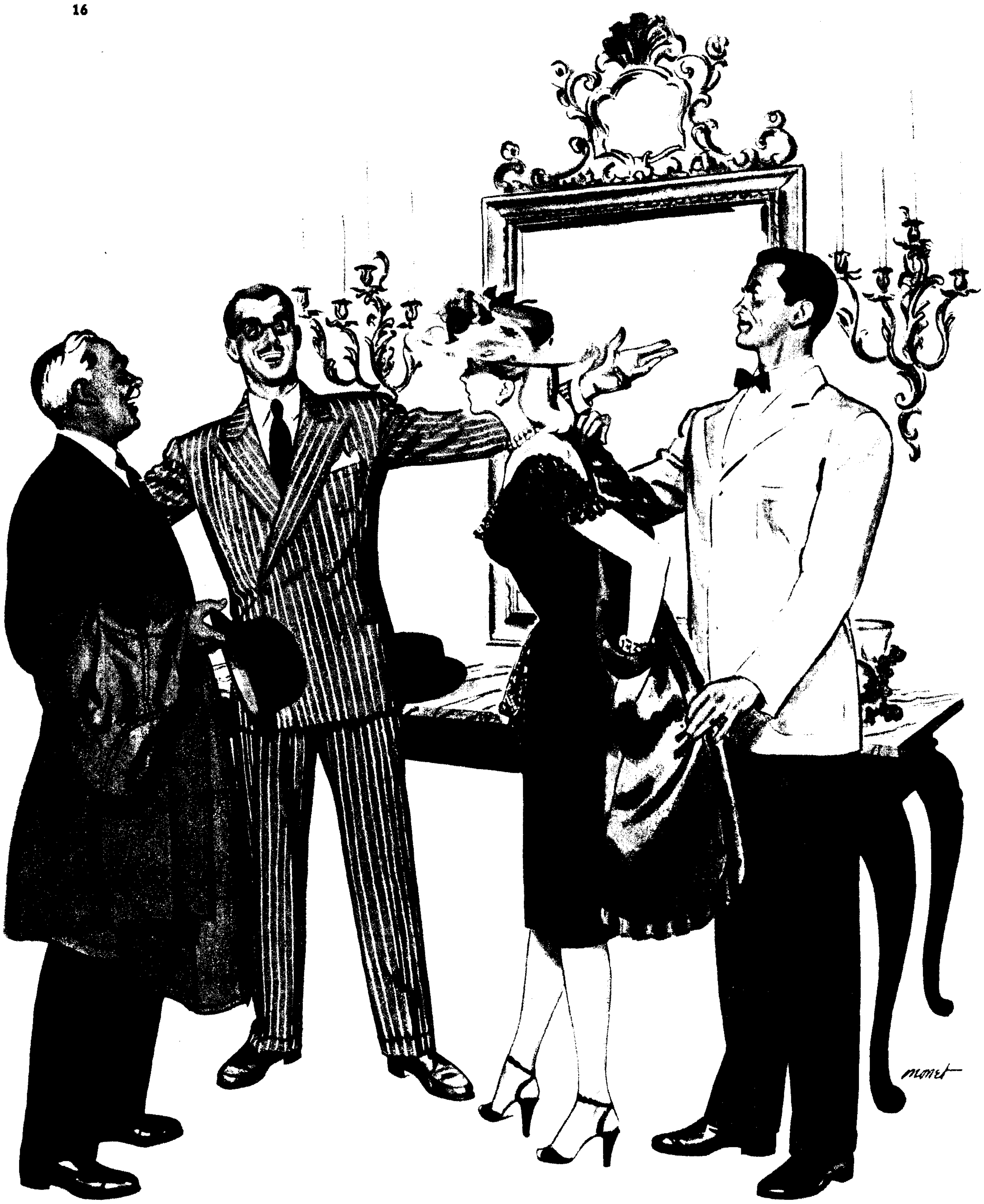
Odd jobs about the home are done by Jap prisoners of war. This Jap rakes the coral for Mrs. Charles Buell, wife of a Marine captain. An armed guard stands watch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The dependent communities are always under guard. A Jap was seen near by a few days before Mrs. Cosby hung out this wash, so an alert sentry is on hand



Preparation for the evening movie. Chuck Cain straps on his .45, as regulations require, before taking his wife to the movie or anywhere on the island after dark



"William," Mul says, "take Miss Atwater's coat, please." I give him a heavy stare, but he just looks over my shoulder

Bachelor Apartment

BY ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

Herewith, one funny story: the complex adventures of Mulrooney and William and a lady who wanted to advertise

WE KEEP a bachelor apartment, me and Mulrooney. Now, a bachelor apartment isn't any different from any other kind of apartment, except that a couple of fellows really work to keep it in shape and make it homelike. Fry up meals, keep it clean with the dishes washed, and if you're like Mulrooney, even sew buttons on shirts and patch up socks.

Just to give you the picture a little clearer, I sort of enjoy banging around the kitchen, so I usually figure out the meals, buy the stuff, and cook it. Mul likes to splash around the sink and wash dishes. Says it gives him a warm, clean feeling. So he takes care of that. And he does the sewing.

Mulrooney, he likes to sew on buttons. He says it's the greatest thing in the world when you've got the jitters on Sunday afternoon from just being bored, or maybe staying out too late and having too many highballs on Saturday night—turn on the Philharmonic, open up a couple of beers, and sew on buttons. All afternoon he just sits there, his little mustache sort of quivering, not saying a word, just sewing on button after button. Even if they're only a little loose, he takes them off and puts them on tight.

A bachelor apartment, with food in the pantry and dishes on the shelf, is a natural place to entertain. If you've got a date, says Mul, why beat yourself to death trying to get in a restaurant? No, sir, what's the good of a nice apartment if you don't bring your friends there?

And it's restful and relaxing. Take off your coat and mix up a couple of drinks while the steaks are cooking. And the girls get such a big kick out of watching a guy cook that they pitch in around the kitchen, helping one way or another.

Yes, sir, there's no way around it, a bachelor apartment is certainly worth the little extra effort it takes.

So now that you know the setup, you'll understand how a situation like I'm going to describe could happen.

IT'S about three o'clock one afternoon and my office phone rings. "Hello," I say. "Art Department, Madigan speaking." I'm art director at a little advertising agency.

"Bill, look," I hear on the other end. "It's Mulrooney."

"Yeah, Mul," I answer.

"Bill, listen," he says.

"Yeah," I say.

"Say, Bill," he goes on.

I don't know what it's going to be, but this is Mul's idea of a build-up to ask a favor. "What do you want, Mul?" I ask.

"You got to help me out, Bill," he begins. "It's very, very important."

"Why, sure," I say, slowly. I'm a little afraid of Mul's ideas.

"It's for a client," he explains. "Very important."

Mul works in one of the big advertising agencies, only he's a copywriter. And one of the best. Ten, twelve thousand dollars a year.

"What is it?" I say.

"We're just on the edge of getting this client to double his appropriation, and you got to help me out."

Well, I figure, this isn't so bad, being business. Most of Mul's ideas have to do with women, and if there's one thing he can't keep from, it's getting tangled in some silly situation with a dame.

So I say, "Uh-huh," and he continues. "Well, me and the boss had this client out to lunch today. We just got back."

"Uh-huh." I can practically smell the Martinis over the phone.

"And I got to telling them about how it is to be a bachelor in New York. You know. A fancy apartment and everything. You know?"

"Uh-huh." I certainly do know. I work hard enough digging dirty socks out from behind where Mulrooney throws them when he's changing clothes

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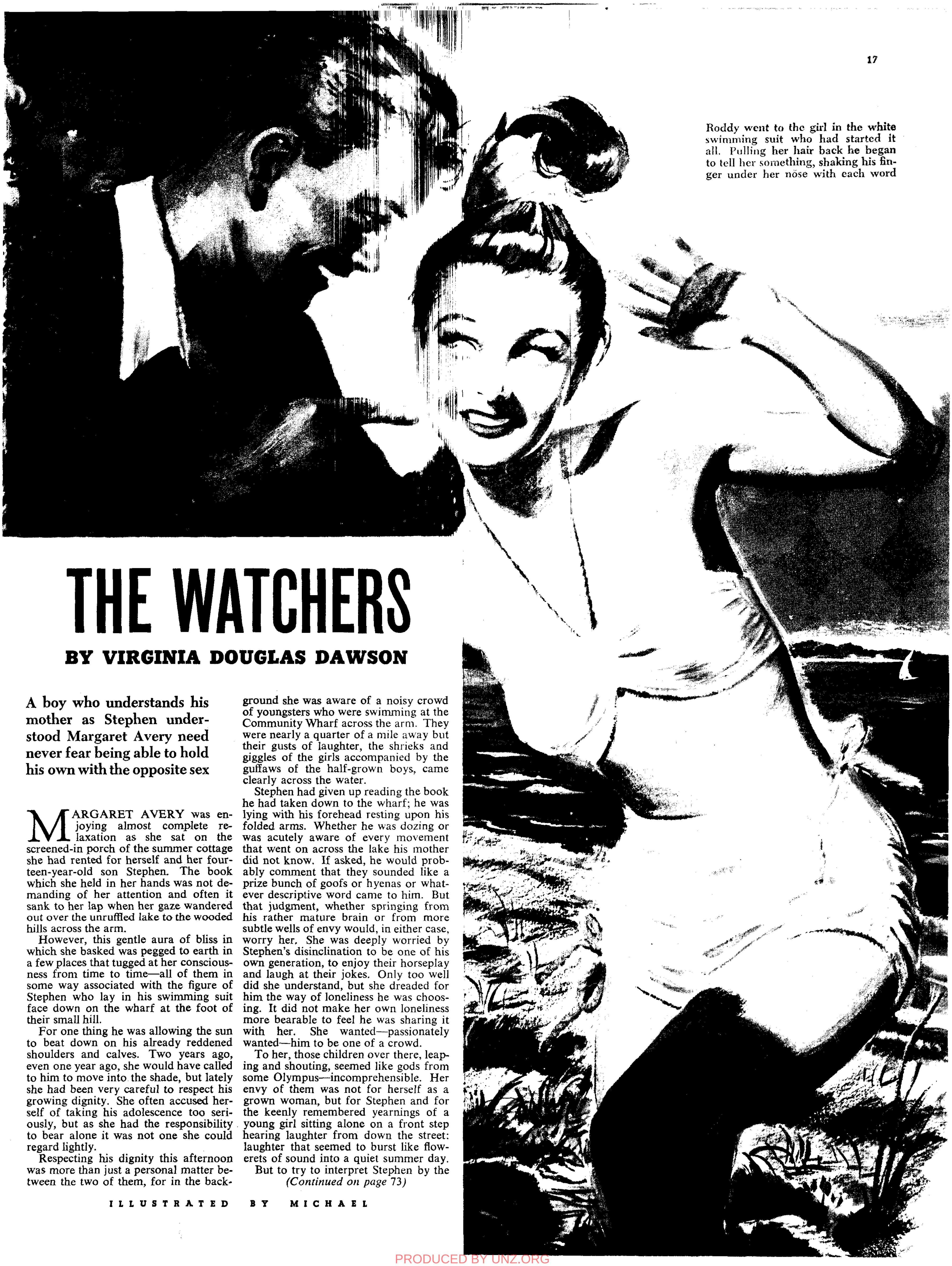

Roddy went to the girl in the white swimming suit who had started it all. Pulling her hair back he began to tell her something, shaking his finger under her nose with each word

THE WATCHERS

BY VIRGINIA DOUGLAS DAWSON

A boy who understands his mother as Stephen understood Margaret Avery need never fear being able to hold his own with the opposite sex

MARGARET AVERY was enjoying almost complete relaxation as she sat on the screened-in porch of the summer cottage she had rented for herself and her fourteen-year-old son Stephen. The book which she held in her hands was not demanding of her attention and often it sank to her lap when her gaze wandered out over the unruffled lake to the wooded hills across the arm.

However, this gentle aura of bliss in which she basked was pegged to earth in a few places that tugged at her consciousness from time to time—all of them in some way associated with the figure of Stephen who lay in his swimming suit face down on the wharf at the foot of their small hill.

For one thing he was allowing the sun to beat down on his already reddened shoulders and calves. Two years ago, even one year ago, she would have called to him to move into the shade, but lately she had been very careful to respect his growing dignity. She often accused herself of taking his adolescence too seriously, but as she had the responsibility to bear alone it was not one she could regard lightly.

Respecting his dignity this afternoon was more than just a personal matter between the two of them, for in the background she was aware of a noisy crowd of youngsters who were swimming at the Community Wharf across the arm. They were nearly a quarter of a mile away but their gusts of laughter, the shrieks and giggles of the girls accompanied by the guffaws of the half-grown boys, came clearly across the water.

Stephen had given up reading the book he had taken down to the wharf; he was lying with his forehead resting upon his folded arms. Whether he was dozing or was acutely aware of every movement that went on across the lake his mother did not know. If asked, he would probably comment that they sounded like a prize bunch of goofs or hyenas or whatever descriptive word came to him. But that judgment, whether springing from his rather mature brain or from more subtle wells of envy would, in either case, worry her. She was deeply worried by Stephen's disinclination to be one of his own generation, to enjoy their horseplay and laugh at their jokes. Only too well did she understand, but she dreaded for him the way of loneliness he was choosing. It did not make her own loneliness more bearable to feel he was sharing it with her. She wanted—passionately wanted—him to be one of a crowd.

To her, those children over there, leaping and shouting, seemed like gods from some Olympus—incomprehensible. Her envy of them was not for herself as a grown woman, but for Stephen and for the keenly remembered yearnings of a young girl sitting alone on a front step hearing laughter from down the street: laughter that seemed to burst like flowerets of sound into a quiet summer day.

But to try to interpret Stephen by the

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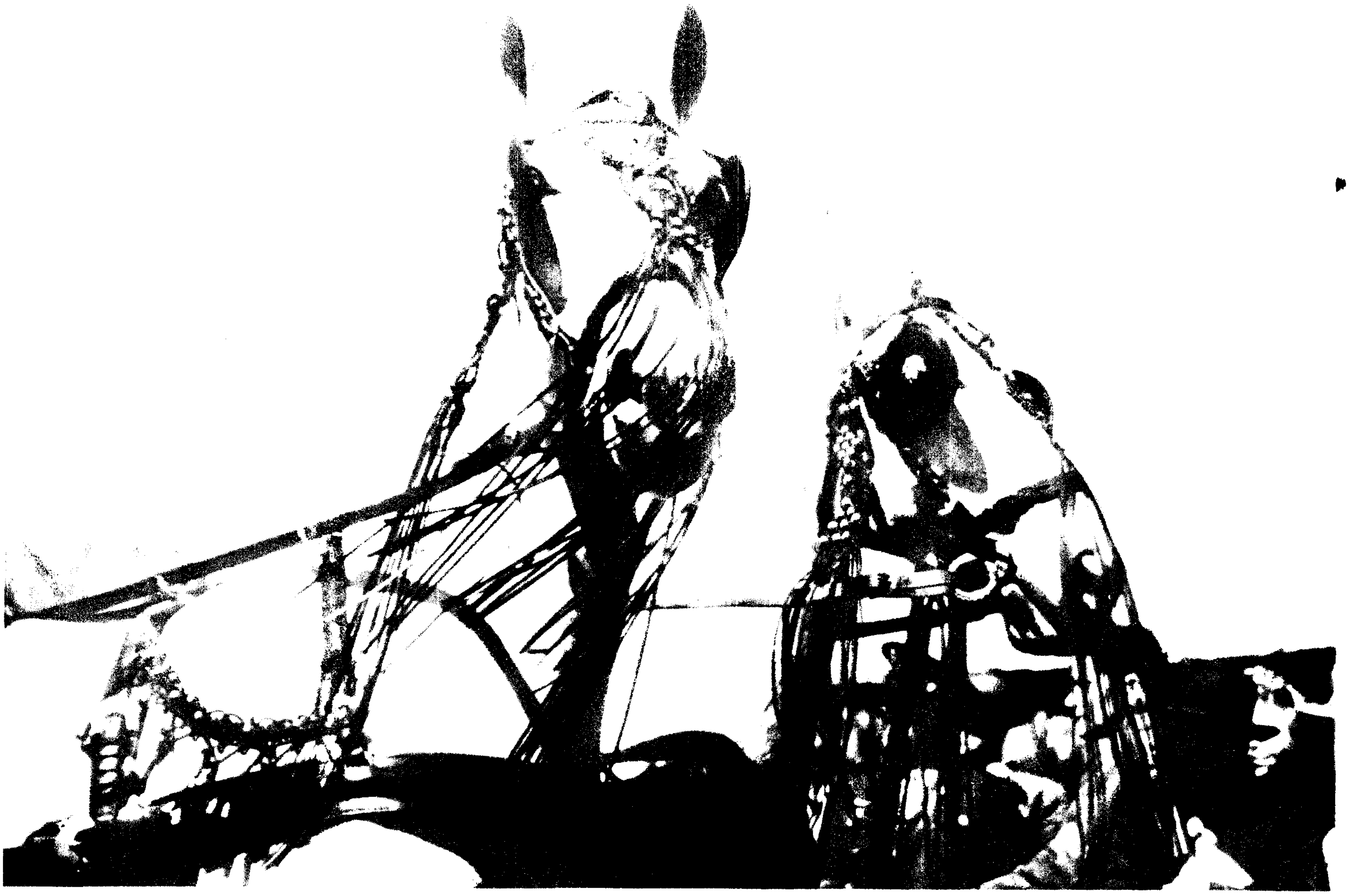
ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL



These Lippizzaners, using this same harness, pulled the Hungarian royal coach. This breed descends from the horses used by the knights of old

THE SUPERHORSES ARE OURS

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Ten dollars will pay the stud fee of the finest stallion in the world. Breeders can thank the Army, which has brought Germany's finest horses to the States

WHILE our troops were attacking the little German town of Monsbach, a Wehrmacht officer appeared carrying a white flag and wearing the uniform of a veterinary surgeon. As soon as he got within earshot, the officer shouted, "Do you Americans know anything about horses? We have here the finest string of horses in the world."

The veterinarian then proceeded to tell the astonished doughfoots what is probably the most fantastic tale in the history of horses and horse breeding. When the Germans overran Europe, the High Command decided to create a race of "superhorses," bred from the best blood on the Continent. They intended to form the most terrible cavalry corps in history; a corps that could cut through rough terrain to get behind an enemy and hold him until the powerful mechanized units could be brought up for the kill.

They began by looting from the conquered countries some of the most famous horses in the world. In France, two of the outstanding stables belonged to Baron Rothschild and the Aga Khan. The Germans promptly passed a law that no Jews or foreigners could own horses. Then they seized the stables. All of Poland's privately owned Arabians, generally admitted to be the finest Arab stock anywhere, were sent to Germany. From Hungary, the German breeders took all the horses from the Hungarian government stud at Kisber, including such horses as Pax, winner of the Hungarian Oaks, and Taj Akbar, second to Mahmoud in the English Derby.

To these was added the finest blood the Germans had been able to purchase from England and America before the war, plus the best of the Germans' own great East Prussia breed—the Trakehner, especially bred for the swagger *Junker* cavalry officers. Now, with practically everything in their stables except Man o' War and Pegasus, the Germans began to produce some of the most magnificent foals in horse-breeding history.

"Of course, it is too bad that our splendid breeding program has to be interrupted like this," said the German veterinarian regretfully. "But an unbelievably terrible thing has happened. We are receiving reports that the Russians are shooting our wonderful superhorses and eating them. Monsbach was one of our remount depots and I have 350 horses here. I want you to take them to save their lives. Then we can go on fighting."

By the time the transfer of the horses had been completed, the Germans in Monsbach decided that they didn't want to fight any more and the town surrendered.

Our troops had no accommodations for 350 superhorses, and the officer in charge hastily cabled Washington for instructions. His cable was referred to Colonel Fred L. Hamilton, Chief of the Army Remount Service in Washington, D. C.

Colonel Hamilton is an old-time cavalryman and horse lover. He looked through the sheaf of records that had been sent him from Europe. And Colonel Hamilton dreamed a dream. To understand his dream, you'll have to know something about the Army Horse Breeding Plan which in 25 years has made available to the American public the largest group of fine riding-horse sires anywhere in the world.

In this plan, the Army loans to recognized breeders purebred stallions of types the cavalry would like to see perpetuated. The breeder keeps the horse for four years and is permitted to charge a normal stud fee for the stallion's services. There is a "gentleman's agreement" that when the young colts are sold, the Army will be notified so they can buy any likely ones. This plan costs the taxpayers very little for the support of the horses, has raised the value of horses in the districts where it has been tried $150 to $200, and provides the Army with a pool of saddle horses in case they are needed.

In his little Washington office, Colonel Hamilton dreamed of seeing the best blood of all Europe—invaluable strains that no money could buy but that were now doomed to extinction—distributed throughout America. He saw the graceful Polish Arabians galloping over the deserts of our West. He saw the powerful Trakehners on the great cattle ranches. He saw the handsome Hungarian Shagyas, an ancient Barb and Thoroughbred cross, as saddle horses in Pennsylvania and Virginia. He saw the racing Thoroughbreds brought to Kentucky to train for the Derby. Then he thought of the troubles involved, and he decided this wasn't a dream; it was a first-class nightmare.

The Wehrmacht would do everything possible to hide these horses, knowing their value as the nucleus for a future cavalry corps. Expert horsemen, acting

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

as "horse detectives," would have to travel through Germany identifying horses. With all railroad facilities tied up, they would have to get the brood mares and stallions to some port and then get them on board a ship. After that, their troubles were virtually over unless the ship, crowded to the gunwales with highly irritated stallions, happened to encounter some heavy weather.

Colonel Hamilton went to the War Department and asked permission to bring back 150 mares and stallions on one of the cargo ships returning from Germany. "Impossible! That space is needed for valuable machine tools and instruments," he was told.

"How valuable?" asked the colonel. In a few minutes he had convinced his astonished listeners that the horses were more valuable per cubic foot of shipping space than any other cargo available. The colonel got his cargo ship.

Then Colonel Hamilton flew to Frankfort, Germany. He had assigned to him six officers, two of whom were veterinarians, to act as "horse detectives." These men were: Major W. L. Slisher, Major H. F. Sibert, Captain G. MacLean, Lieutenant Alex Wilson, Lieutenant W. D. Quinlivan and Lieutenant T. J. Smith. They had all volunteered for this duty, one of the most curious assignments in the history of the United States Cavalry.

Lieutenant Smith, who had been a horse dealer in New Jersey before the war, had spent most of his life outguessing Yankee horse traders, and he reasoned that he could outguess a few Prussian ones. "My first chance came when a soldier who'd been a ranch hand reported having seen a peasant driving a string of dirty, tired horses. The soldier noticed that the 'peasant' seemed to be treated with unusual respect by the villagers. He took a closer look at the horses and nearly jumped out of his skin. They were obviously purebreds, worth several hundred thousand dollars.

"I jumped into a jeep and ran over to the town. Dirt had been rubbed into the horses' coats, and their manes had been matted up, but there was no question as to their value. The 'peasant' turned out to be an ex-government official who'd been at the farm and intended to keep the horses. I got their breeding papers and we were able to identify them positively. Later we cross-checked with the stud book at the breeding farm where they'd been." Smith rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "Of course, I had to have a heart-to-heart talk with the 'peasant' first before he'd give me the papers."

The Luxurious Stables of Altefeld

For some time the Americans had been hearing rumors of the great Altefeld Breeding Farm. "The best horses in all Germany are there," they were told. After taking the best horses in all Europe, the particular Germans had selected the best of these, and this ultraselect group was sent to Altefeld. When the "horse detectives" arrived there, they found the Germans most co-operative, hurrying to open the luxurious box stalls and produce the horses' papers. The horses were indeed magnificent, but somehow the Americans were vaguely disappointed. They had been led to expect even more.

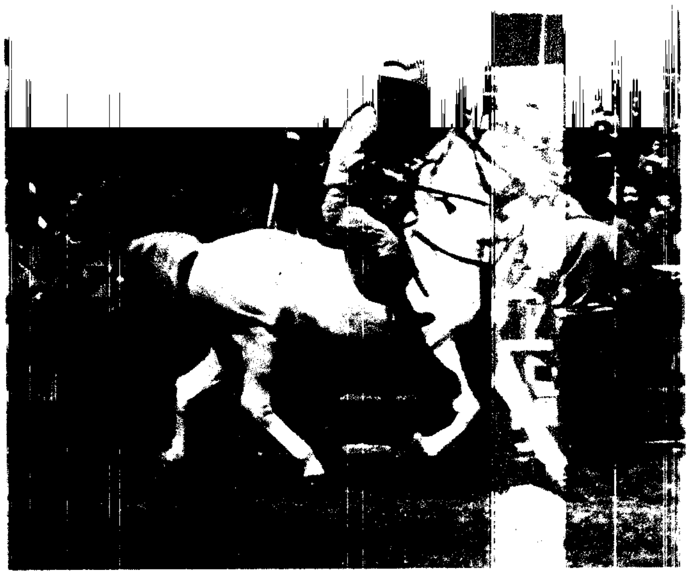
"Finally, we decided to take a stroll around the grounds," explains Lieutenant Smith. "I happened to pass an old stableman who looked so hungrily at my cigarette that I handed him a pack. He ripped one out, fairly ate the smoke with relief, and then said in a low voice, '*Mein Herr,* you might wander over by those old sheds near the woods. The scenery is very interesting there.' "

In the sheds, Smith found Tagfalter, considered by the Germans to be their finest young stud. The "horse detectives" also discovered Nalewka, a splendid mare said to be the fastest horse in Poland, and the very cream of the German superhorses, complete with their registration papers kept in the typical meticulous German manner.

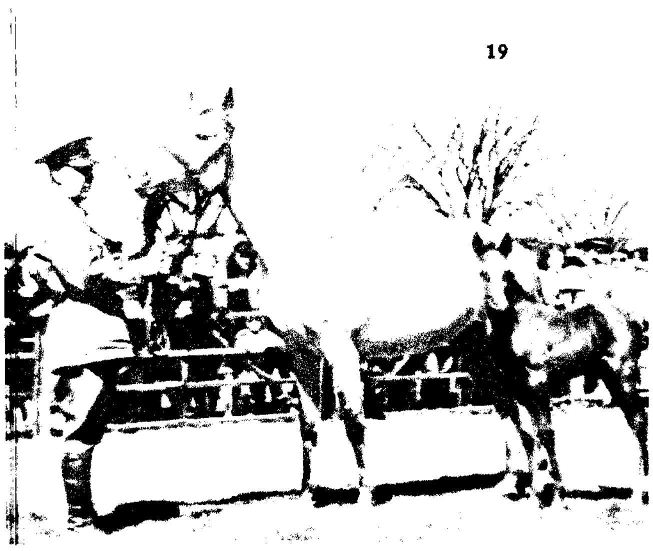
Now the Americans understood the Germans' policy—sacrifice the second best willingly in order to save the best. At the famous Erlenhausen breeding farm, the Americans only glanced at the fine horses the grooms eagerly trotted out. They began to wander around the outlying buildings and rickety sheds.

After a few minutes they returned with a magnificent chestnut Thoroughbred stallion. The head groom gave a disgusted look and said, "Well, you have the best now. That is Nordlicht, the finest horse in Europe."

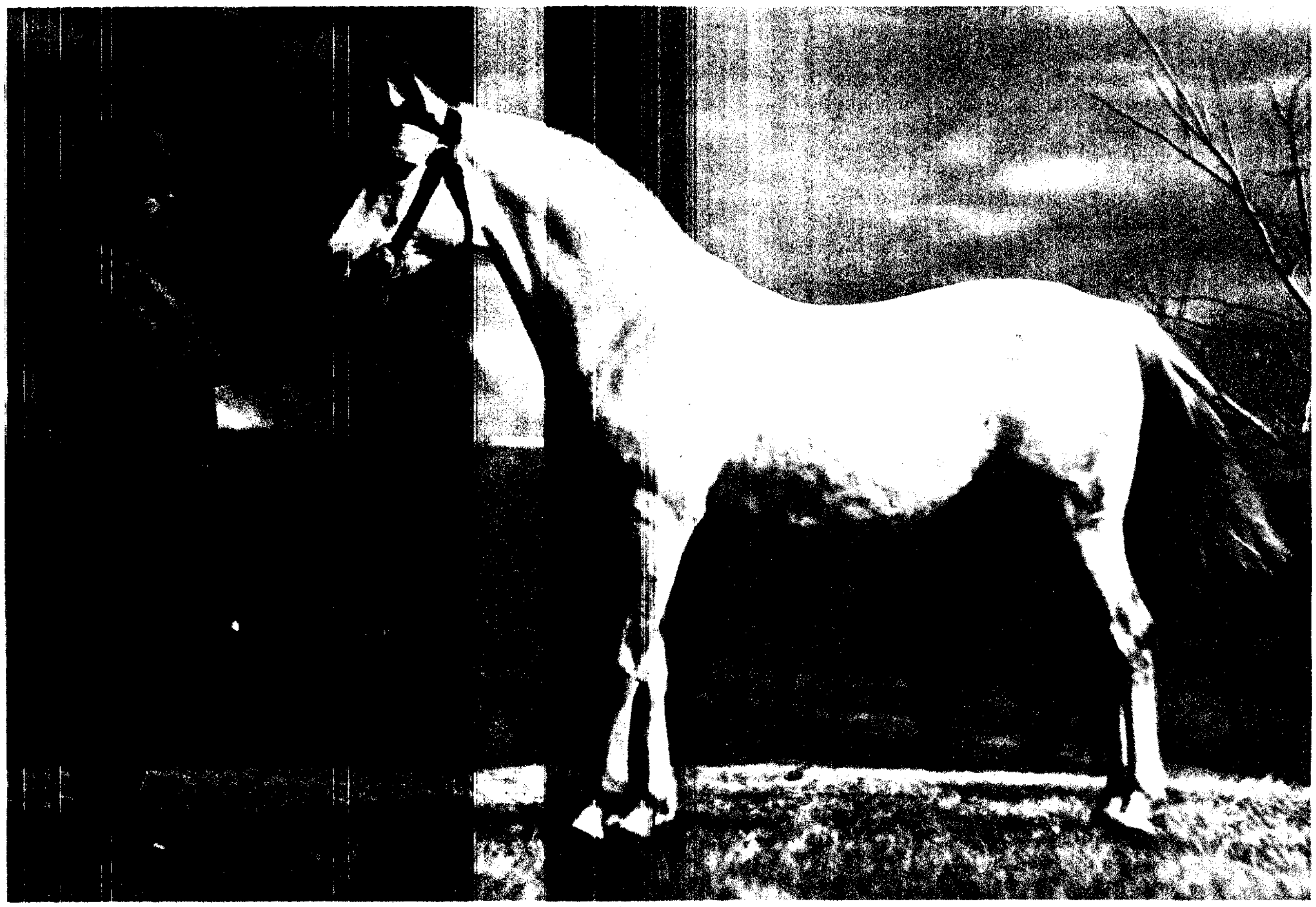
It was indeed the famous race horse, winner of the German Derby and one of the most valuable young sires in the world. Nordlicht was by Oleander, the famous captured French stallion, out of Nereide, a German mare that had also won the German Derby and had never been beaten in a race. "This horse in himself would have been worth all our trouble and expense," said *(Continued on page 76)*



A Lippizzaner stallion showing paces. These **horses excel at fancy side-stepping, rearing** and **pivoting**



Young Lippizzaners are born black, and turn white as they get older. This foal was born here



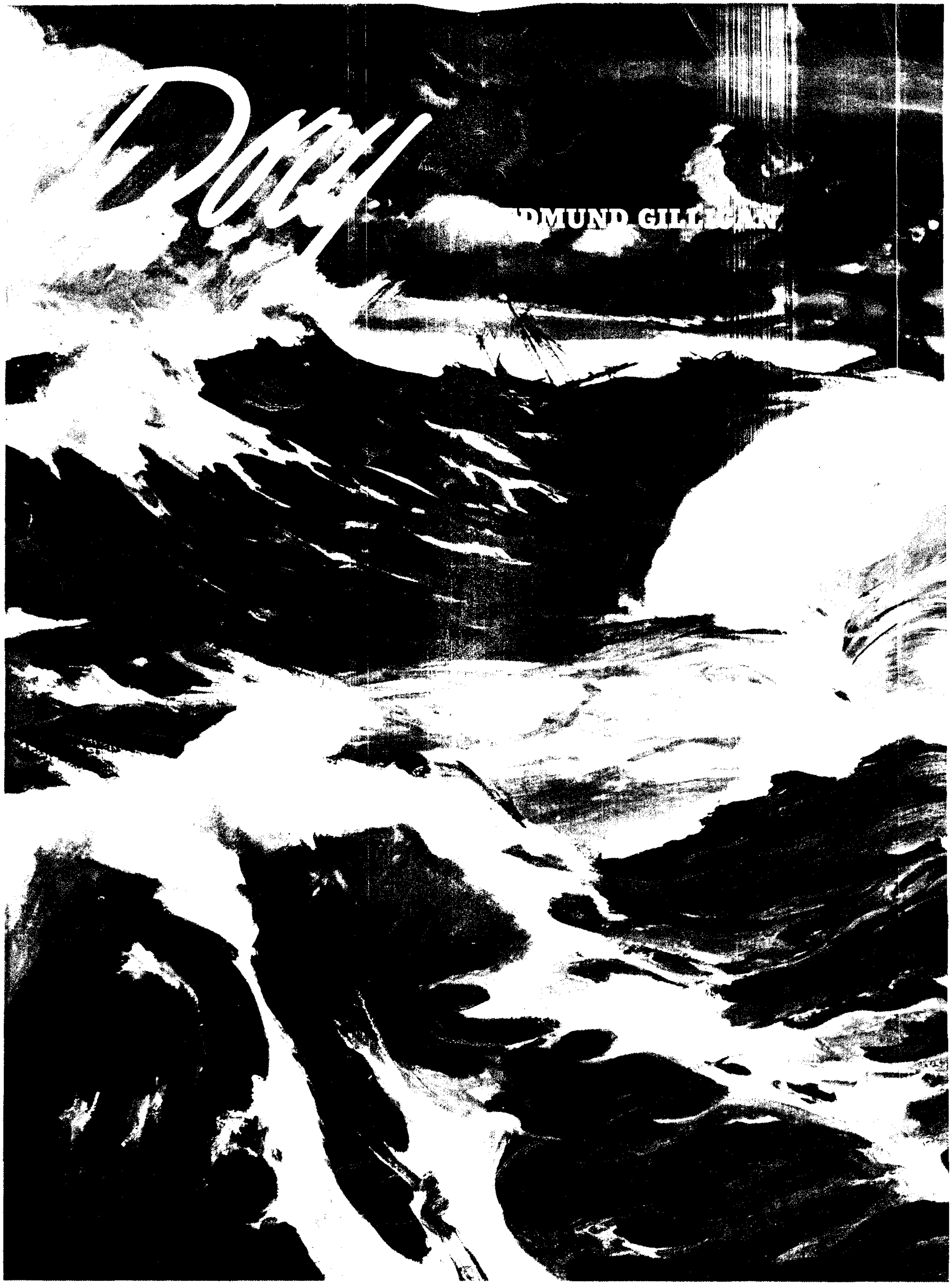
"Horse detective" Lieut. T. J. Smith displays Pluto, which is probably the world's most valuable "high school" stud

The Half-breds were especially developed for Junker cavalry officers. This is the Half-bred stallion, Formas

Major W. L. Slisher, who handled the rail shipment of the horses, takes a jump with a Thoroughbred

The Dory

DMUND GILLIGAN



A story of great human courage and faith ranged against the fury and treachery of the sea

BEFORE noon, their mile-long trawl with its hundreds of baited hooks had been set and lay along the bottom of Quereau Bank. They had tossed over the buoy and had tied up their dory to it to await the fishing signal from the Mara. There had been a flurry of snow. The cold increased suddenly until, at times, spray froze on the gear.

Stephen said, "I'm famished."

His brother sat up on a thwart and took out the sandwiches. He handed two of them to Stephen and said, "This will keep you till we get aboard."

A flight of birds passed westward over the dory toward distant Sable Island and the mainland far beyond. The wind hauled around to the north, blew fairly hard, then lessened and began to blow steadily from the northeast. For a little while the sky became dappled. Rain clouds jumped up from nowhere.

Abel began to look around with a livelier interest. From far away there came a singular sound: a widespread clanking as if a giant had come across a great glass window and had merrily kicked it in. This racket came from the southward. Abel looked in that direction. The sky shone blue there. Nothing stirred.

As if to assure them that no harm was meant by all this racket, the sun cleared away the shadows. The wind became warmer.

Abel waited, his hand on the gunwale, while the dory slid easily down into a trough. When the next sea heaved under her and jolted her sunward, he saw the schooner jogging around as before two miles to the eastward. She had such a bustling, sheep-dog air about her that Abel couldn't help smiling in satisfaction, familiar as the sight was to him.

He said, "Nothing bothering the old lady much."

Just as he said this, the Mara blew the fishing signal. This single note of her horn rolled smartly across the whitecaps. Abel leaned out and caught the buoy with his gaff.

Stephen went into the bow. " 'Tis all right then. I'll haul for a start."

Abel made his way aft with the buoy, stowed it, and carried a trawl tub forward between the thwarts. Stephen hauled. His first hooks were bare. The next brought up a few haddock. The cod then began coming up in good style and his excitement grew. He shouted to Abel.

"I'll finish it off here!" These were his last words for some time.

It was then that the no'theaster began.

The dorymates had just one warning: a repetition of that uproar of glass breaking. This time it clamored on a grander scale, as if the sky itself had frozen and had fallen into smithereens. The gale came slewing across the world.

Stephen and Abel bowed their heads to take the first assault of hail. The seas bounded crosstrees-high. The wind tore off the crests and flung them westward.

Brain and hand failed before that first onslaught. Only one thing cunningly and stoutly resisted the new master, and challenged it and began the battle at once. One thing: the dory.

This dory was the child of such gales, had been created by an age of them. Here a little, there a little, a tenth of an inch added up forward and a tenth taken off amidships, she had changed in centuries of striving for perfection. Her sides had become higher, her sideboards stronger, her stern blunter. She had been made to receive and sustain ten hard blows at once; and to yield and rise again. The Yankee dory had always been a cradle for heroes. A cradle created by heroes for their own use.

She required only one help; a true man to stand by, to lend a hand, and haul her up, high and dry, when the gale had gone. This dory had such men—the two Delahantys.

Now the dory took the first blow broadside on.

She had been halfway up a sea at the time. The gale caught her there and pounded her so hard that she went deep into that tumbling wall. She climbed across the sea, just the same, and slid down into a chasm, a cleft in the world. There, under a canopy of foam, she lay cozy for a second or two while the gale drove over her.

Thus she gave to her men the time they needed. No more, no less. Abel rolled onto the thwart, seized his oars and struck short and deep.

The dory now ascended lightly from that poor shelter. The wind took hold of her and tumbled her. Round and round she danced until, once again, she soared high on a crest and darted down a hillside. There, Abel caught her and turned her into the wind. He rowed hard and held her so.

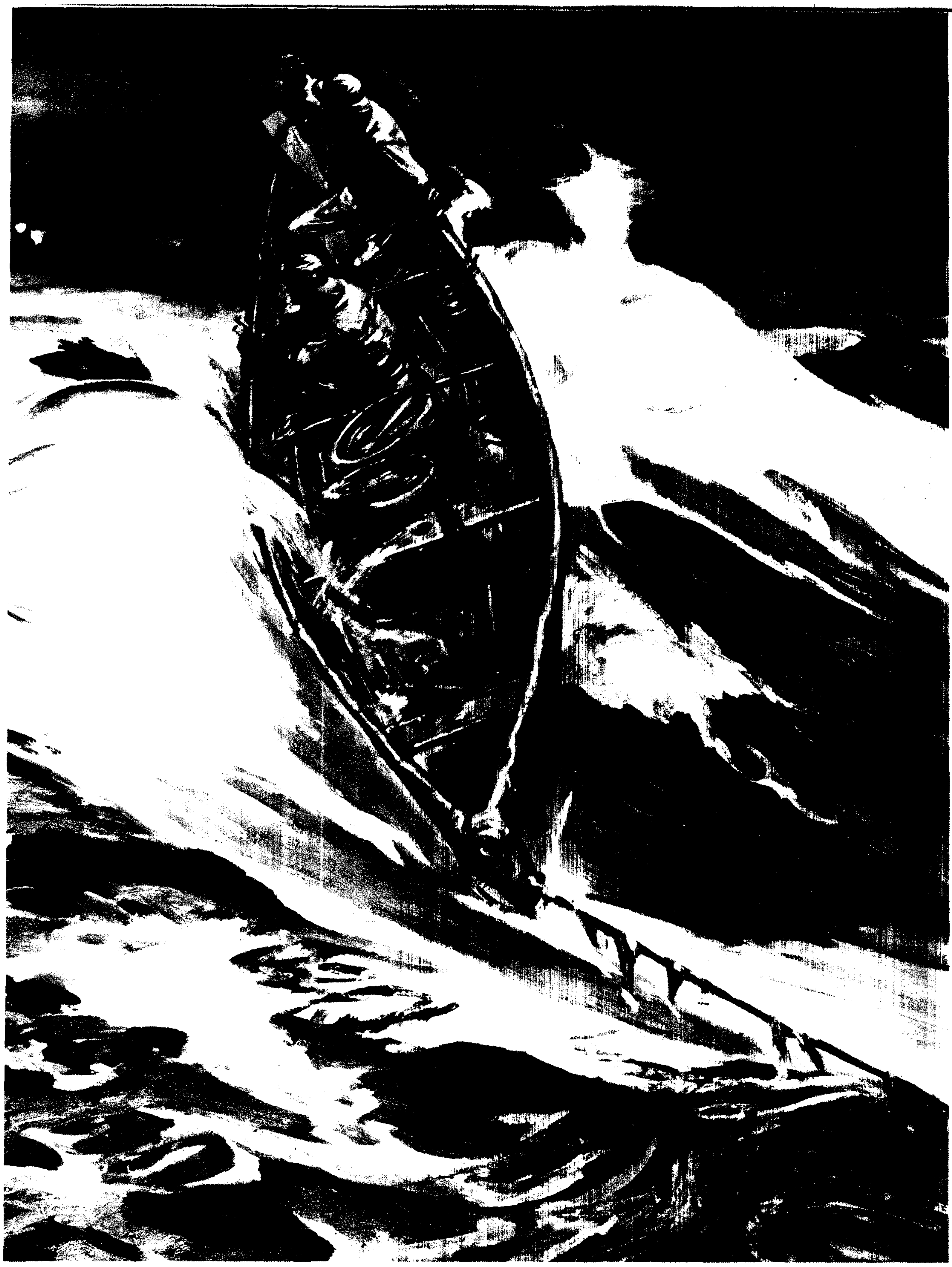
Stephen began to bail. He got some of the water out of her; then he cleared her of fish. All but one fat cod. This he gazed at briefly and looked at Abel. Abel nodded. Stephen lashed the trawl tubs and the single anchor together. He bailed again.

So the afternoon passed.

The gale had swung around swiftly to the northeast. This had a grave meaning to them: it would stay there. It had become a no'theaster, which must blow itself out, according to some universal need. Toward sunset, a graver sign was shown to them. The sky cleared in the west. The sun gave a little light. There came a lull in the gale.

STEPHEN rose in his place. He saw the Mara under a reefed foresail. She had taken up several dories and now steered toward another. He began to bail, kept at it until he had cleared the dory. When a big sea lifted the dory again, he saw the vapor blowing in. It rose, thick and white, out of the sea, like smoke from a great fire. He made a sign to Abel, who brought the dory around and began to row toward the Mara.

A conch horn called faintly. This appeal came from a dory already hidden by the vapor. Stephen took up his horn and waited. Once he put it to his lips. At



Crouching on the thwart, Abel gazed at the Mara sailing through the beam of light. She was making a shrewd search. There was no doubt of that. Nevertheless, Abel and Stephen growled in anger

that moment, the other horn repeated its beseechment to the schooner. Stephen fell back to the stern sheets and lay there, horn in hand. He listened. He waited for a sign that the other dory had been picked up. The Mara called out in a vexed tone: *Hoo-roo? Where are you? Where are you, dory?* The small horn answered. This time the voices were closer together.

The sun went down. A flurry of snow swished through the vapor; after that, the first slap of spray froze. Ice began to make on her. It was plain that the sun, dim as it had been, had kept the balance between freeze and flow.

Abel rowed toward the Mara. He had seen her twice; and had heard her at times in the wax and wane, clucking away and scolding. He rowed an hour. Since he ran no risk now of delaying help for the other dories, Stephen lifted his horn and blew. No answer came. He stood up and waited for the dory to reach the top of a comber. There, straddled in the pell-mell of foam and spray, he blew again. No reply came. Once more he waited until the dory sped out of a trough. In the little time she spent amidst the high foam, he blew louder than ever and added a piercing note at the end. A note which had an angry quality in it. His horn accused the Mara.

THE whole night came upon the dory. She soared or plunged in a double darkness—darkness of night, darkness of vapor. Her leeward gunwale shone black; the other gleamed with ice. They were now unable to see each other clearly.

Abel began to row with a longer stroke. Snow began to fall, lessening the chance of making out a light if the Mara came up. Abel struck his boot against Stephen's. This signal was plain enough. Stephen blew his horn many times.

The last peal drew an answer from the Mara. Her signal came down the wind. This showed that the dory had passed her. The Mara had been searching in the traditional zigzag course up and down the line of buoys. Rather, the line where the buoys had been. In turning, she had run away from them. Now she turned again. Her horn called at regular intervals. Stephen answered.

The schooner's responses became clearer. Other horns, blown by dorymen on her deck, joined in. A bell chimed above their chords. Soon the bell rang alone, a pleasant song, at times muffled by pour of snow and headlong plunges of the dory down the sides of seas, yet nearer, always nearer, and sweetly singing out the story of safe deck, warm galley, and a hot dinner.

A light appeared. Stephen saw it and shouted. Abel changed his course and began to row with a quicker, deeper stroke. The gleam apparently had come from the Mara, riding a high sea not far away.

With no notice at all, an enormous sea rose behind the snowfall and fell upon the dory. The sea beat down the stern and rolled completely over it, filled the dory and bore it down. They could never have escaped by their own hands and cunning. A second sea followed. This one came at a sharp angle, lifted the dory, tipped it. Half the water poured out; the two men narrowly escaped going out with it.

They bailed. Hour after hour they hurled the water out of her until, at last, they had cleared her.

Close onto midnight, the vapor settled. A few stars came out directly overhead. This was a sign to them that the gale had not yet begun to blow. A stroke of good fortune came to them now. Stephen had taken the oars. Just as he struck them in, the bow gave off a dull, thumping sound. In the next instant, one of the Mara's buoys almost jumped into the dory. Abel seized it, found it fast to an abandoned trawl. He tied up to it with the dory painter. The buoy had this value: it gave them a mark whereby they might keep near the Mara if the buoy anchor didn't drag.

Here they passed the night.

MORNING came. By now, Abel's hunger had become an agony. Stephen had famine in his belly. Abel took up the water bottle. He waited until the dory lay on an even keel. He drew the cork and sipped lightly. Stephen did likewise. Abel reached into an inner pocket of his woolen jacket and took out the folded cloth which held the last of the sandwiches. One. He cut it into eight squares. He gave one to Stephen and put another into his own mouth. He put the other morsels back into his pocket and began to chew his portion slowly. He lay down on the bottom boards.

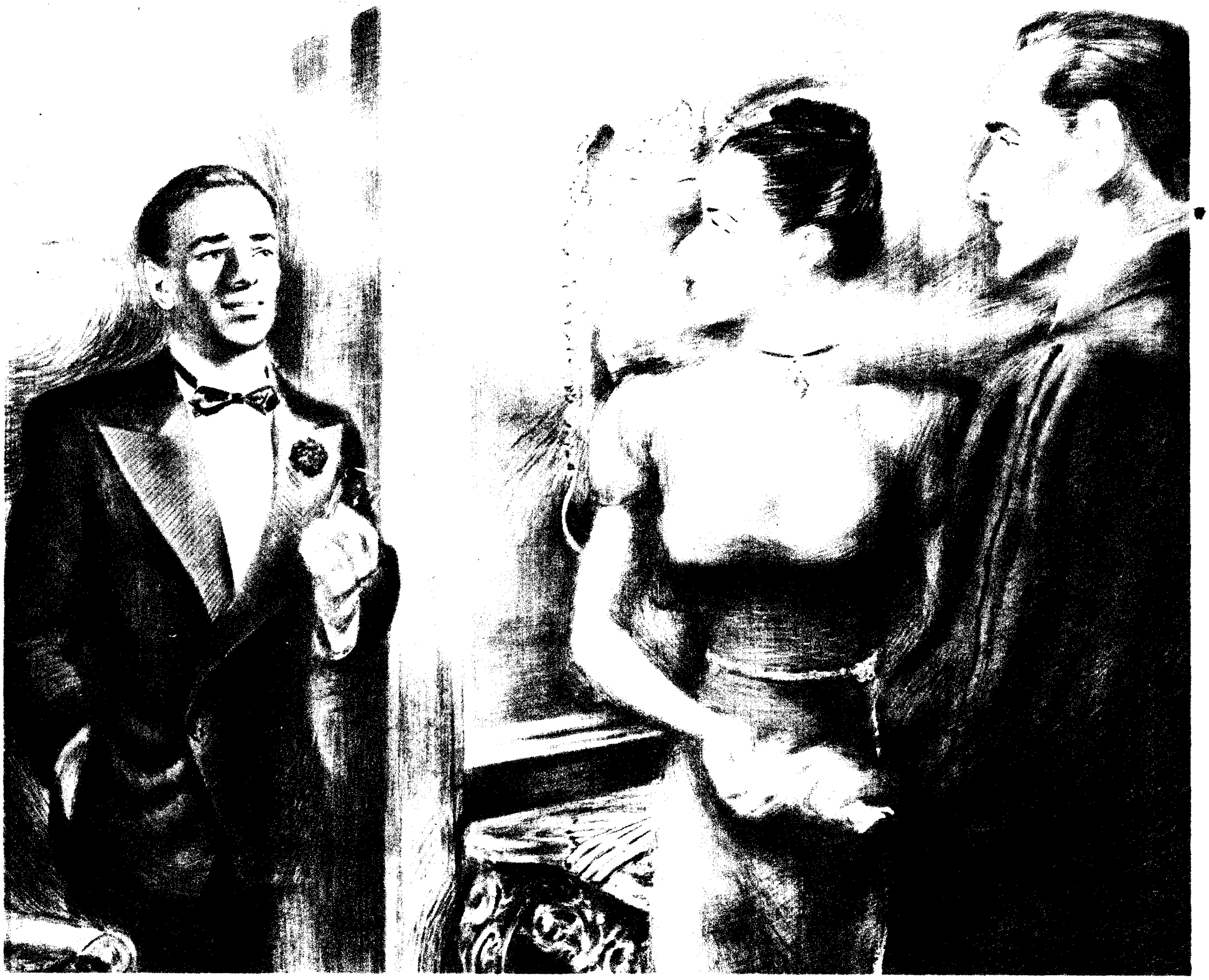
Stephen kept watch. There was nothing to see. Squalls and flurries of snow kept passing over the dory. Abel lay still. Soon the spray froze thick in the wrinkles of his oilskins. Seeing this, Stephen kicked him on the behind. Abel got up and sat on the thwart. He bailed an hour. When he had cleared the dory, another sea came in over her bow and filled her to the thwarts again. He bailed two hours. At the end of this task, he broke out the bag of crackers which was part of the dory's usual provision. He ate one cracker and gave one to Stephen.

Near the noon hour Stephen sighted a schooner a mile to the northward. She was hove to and having a hard time of it. He watched the vessel for some time. It was necessary to make sure that she wasn't going anywhere. Finally, Stephen took in the trawl buoy and began the hard row into the wind. Abel bailed. In an hour or so, they saw the dory had made headway. If the vessel was really the Mara, she certainly would keep near the trawl buoys, if possible. By early afternoon, the dory had gained so much that Abel made the vessel out clearly. He leaned forward in the stern sheets and shouted to Stephen. "The Mara! . . . I'll spell you!"

He took over the oars. Stephen had become warmer at his labor. He had also become much weaker. Once, while he bailed, the scoop fell from his hands, but he kept at it until she was clear. This was a good help to Abel, who had stepped things up until he had her making a knot. A squall set him back; then a thick flow of vapor came down on the dory. There wasn't much harm in this. Abel knew where he had to go. In time, he came to that place, where he turned

(Continued on page 29)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



"Elcott!" Cordeley's voice cut between them like a knife. Alison and Elcott turned automatically. Cordeley was standing in the doorway, smiling

Sleep, My Love

BY LEONARD Q. ROSS

The Story:
Because his wife, Alison Cordeley, loves and trusts him, Richard Cordeley finds it easy to deceive her, to make her think she is suffering from a dangerous sleep-walking malady. Over a period of weeks, Cordeley has doped Alison's food, forcing her to lapse into hypnotic trances, during which she will do anything Cordeley suggests. He plans to lead Alison to "accidental suicide" during one of these attacks. Then, rid of his wife, Cordeley will be free to marry Daphne Vernay. . . . One night, at a party, Cordeley leaves Alison with Bruce Elcott, a man Alison knows only slightly, but to whom she is powerfully attracted. Elcott admires and believes in Alison, wants to help her. Delighted by Elcott's easy humor, Alison forgets her worries, is momentarily happy. Cordeley, meanwhile, meets Daphne, gives her a strand of pearls, then goes home to await Alison's return. Alison enters the house alone, finds Charles Vernay, Cordeley's accomplice, in the living room. He threatens to kill her, and she runs upstairs to Cordeley. Vernay escapes, and Cordeley assures Alison that she imagined the whole scene. Since this is the third incident of this nature, Alison is terrified. Elcott suddenly reappears, is struck by the conflicting accounts of the event told by Alison and Cordeley. . . . Alison goes to bed, after drinking a cup of drugged cocoa, prepared by her husband. She falls into a trance. Later, Cordeley tries to force her to climb over the edge of her balcony, but she does not fully respond to his suggestion. In the morning, Alison remembers little of the "nightmare," but does recall the oversweetness of the cocoa. She questions the maid, Mary, and learns that Cordeley has pledged her and the butler, Haskins, to secrecy about the events of the night. . . .

IV

ALISON stood up; then saw something in the newspaper at her feet that made her stop. It was a picture of Bruce Elcott, looking very grave, his mouth open, caught by the camera in the middle of some portentous statement. She picked up the paper and read the column next to the picture.

O.S.S. AGENT EXPLAINS
C.B.I. OPERATIONS

Bruce Elcott, Boston socialite who served for four years as an undercover agent for the Office of Strategic Services in the Far East, declared today that effective espionage activities . . . Elcott, who was wounded and captured by the Japanese in 1943, was recently awarded the Bronze Star for conspicuous bravery . . . The Manhattan Men's Forum, which Elcott addressed yesterday . . .

Alison reached for the telephone book, thumbed the pages quickly, and dialed a number. "Mr. Elcott, please."

The girl at the switchboard at the Kensington House said, "Mr. Elcott is not in. Is there any message?"

Alison said, "Tell him to call—no, there's no message." She put the receiver down slowly.

THE hired chauffeur brought the car to a stop in front of a house across the street and down a bit from the Cordeley residence. Elcott got out. He went up a few steps to the brownstone portico and rapped the lion's head knocker. A severe-looking, elderly woman opened the door. Elcott took his hat off with a flourish, smiling and said, "Good morning."

"We don't want any," the woman said.

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

HARD-LUCK KID

BY HANNIBAL COONS

IF JACK KRAMER of Montebello, California, can refrain from eating clams during the National Singles, if he doesn't have his appendix taken out again, if he keeps a certain promise he has made to Mr. Walter Pate, captain of the Davis Cup team, and if he doesn't fall down a well between now and game time, then the tennis situation for this year is all set.

With the tennis big leagues scarcely under way, Kramer has already been tabbed as the racket man of the year. All he is supposed to do is win the National Singles, team with Ted Schroeder to take the National Doubles, and then ride off to Australia with a few friends and bring back the Davis Cup, tennis' Holy Grail.

He may not make it. Since 1942 things have happened to Kramer that shouldn't happen to a dog. But don't bet anything of value that he won't. In May at Los Angeles, after more than three years in the Coast Guard, Kramer re-entered the national tennis scene like a man who has just purchased the place. In the Southern California Championships, he beat National Champion Frank Parker in straight sets, took the doubles with Schroeder in even straighter sets, and added the mixed doubles assisted by Mrs. Helen Wills Roark.

His play can best be described as atomic. Almost before he had left the court, urgent telegrams began arriving from the usually staid United States Lawn Tennis Association. Welcome home, Jackie boy. Did he need any new rackets or anything, and when could he leave for Wimbledon?

In England, Jack wasted no time in having his annual burst of bad luck. A one-quarter-size blister on his racket hand forced him to withdraw from the Queen's Club tournament at London after sweeping through to the semifinals, and the following week, still not healed, caused his upset defeat at Wimbledon by Drobny of Czechoslovakia. It is difficult to play your best tennis wearing bandages and a glove. Even thus encased, however, Kramer teamed with Tom Brown of San Francisco to win the men's doubles, chasing Dinny Pails and Geoff Brown of Australia off the premises in the finals in straight sets. Even with his glove on, Kramer was unanimously conceded to be the best man on the court.

Six feet one, powerfully built and a natural athlete, Jack Kramer has been the logical heir to the American tennis throne since he was fourteen. Successively National Boys Champion, National Interscholastic Champion, a Davis Cup veteran at 18, and three times National Doubles Champion, twice with Schroeder and once with Parker, Kramer has for four years been shoved away from the singles title only by the whim of circumstance.

Just turned twenty-five, Kramer is a young man who has had his lumps. In 1942 he had also beaten Parker in straight sets. He had not lost a match during the entire year. With the engravers already roughing out his name on the National Singles trophy, he was stabbed in the innards by appendicitis.

Clams Before Tennis—the Wrong Diet

The next year, 1943, the honor was snatched from him by a group of clams. The night before he was to play Segura in the semifinals, he had clams. The next two days the clams had him. So sick he could hardly stand up, he pulled himself together to beat Segura, but the next day, even sicker, he lost the title to the late Joe Hunt. In 1944 and '45 Kramer was unable to attend, being out in the Pacific on an LST.

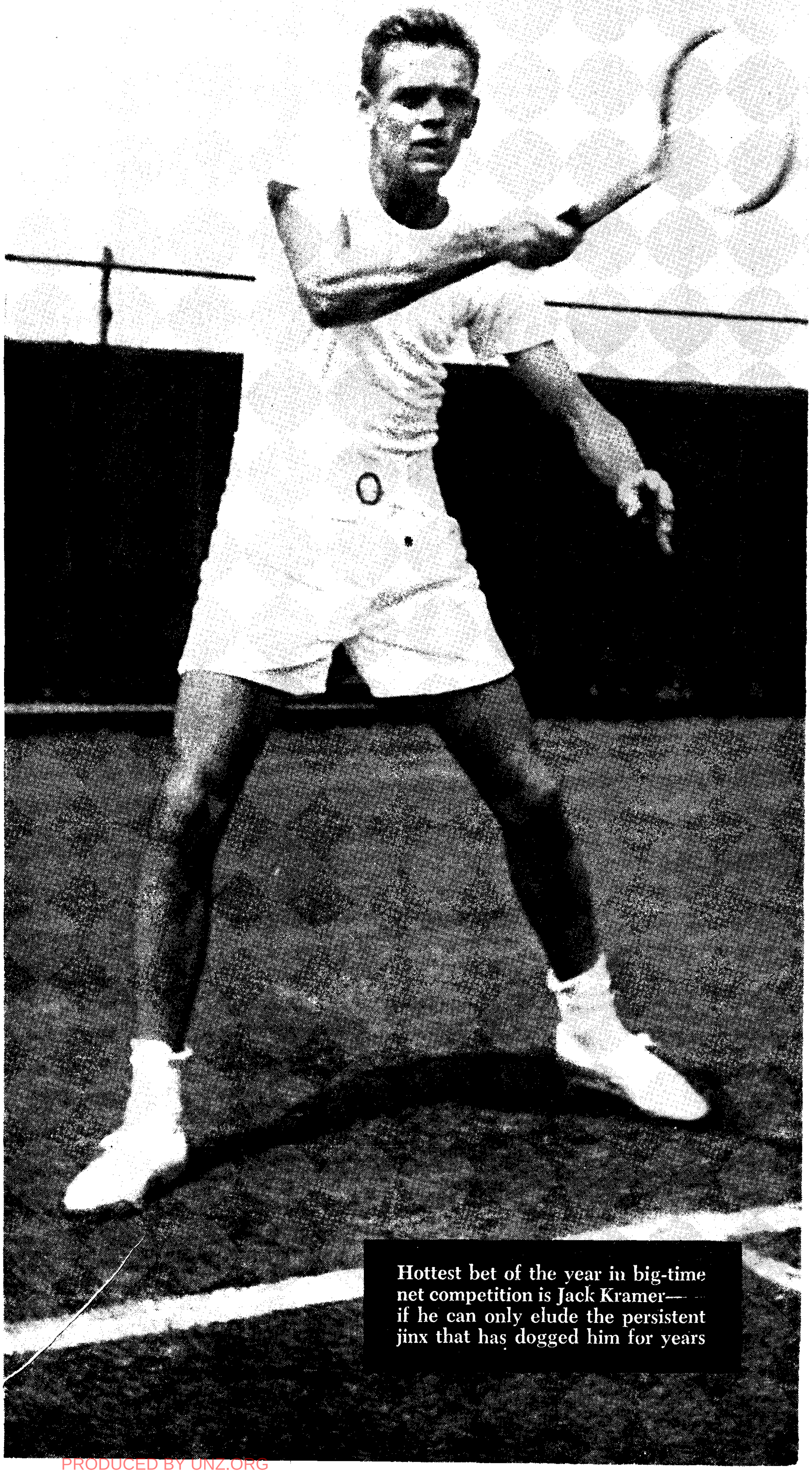
When he's right, Kramer is fully capable of beating any man in the world. This year he should make it. If he does, it will bring joy to all sorts of people, for Kramer has always liked everybody, and practically everybody has always liked him. He's a big, blond, friendly, honest kid, and his head is set on very solidly.

In March of 1944, before he left for the Pacific, he married a Montebello girl, whom he met at a small home-town dance after his return from touring South America.

Kramer has never looked particularly like a tennis player. He's too big and strong. Out on the court, with his oaklike legs sticking out of his shorts, he looks more like a hammer thrower. Like Ellsworth Vines, he looks slow, but don't be fooled.

Kramer's game, like that of most Californians, has always consisted of one simple principle: He just knocks your ears off. Even when he was a kid in high school, he had a big, ripping serve, a tremendous overhead game, and a smashing

(Continued on page 48)

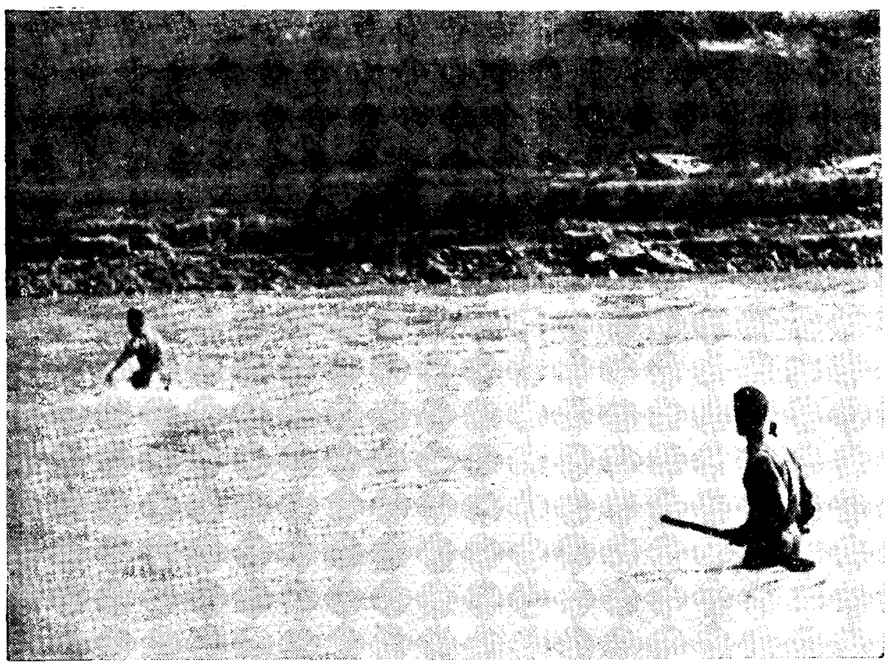


MAX HAAS—EUROPEAN

Hottest bet of the year in big-time net competition is Jack Kramer—if he can only elude the persistent jinx that has dogged him for years

RIO GRANDE

The border stream has become a trap for helpless Mexican workers, many of whom are killed for the money they've earned in Texas



NOT long ago, a Mexican laborer and his wife, who had put in a good season working in the Texas citrus orchards, decided to take their savings and return to Mexico. They had entered this country illegally, and the only way back was across the Rio Grande by stealth—the way they had come. Awaiting the boatman, they camped in the brush near a pumping station at Donna, Texas.

The brush country of the Rio Grande is as wild and desolate as any in the world. It is so dense that a man can be lost a few feet off the highway. Here the Mexican couple, safe from law-enforcement agents, might rest for a night. But out of the darkness and the brush walked four Mexicans. They tied up the husband, tortured, raped and slew his wife before his eyes, then killed him. They tossed both bodies, weighted with scrap iron, into the river.

The Rio Grande, River of Death, had claimed two more victims.

Eventually the Donna Pump murderers were brought to justice, but the slayers of other Mexican workers are still at large—and still operating.

In the Magic Valley of the Rio Grande they call these Mexican workers "wetbacks," because they often wade or swim the river, emerging in the dead of night, their backs still wet from the muddy waters.

Or a wetback may pay a Mexican boatman a few pesos to pile his pitiful possessions, and maybe a wife and kids, on a rude raft and ferry him to the Promised Land of Plenty a few dark yards away.

Going over he risks nothing more than a dunking if the raft upsets. It's when he has worked a few months, saved a few dollars to bank against starvation back home, and makes the return trip across the river that he gambles with his life. A blow on the head, a knife in the back, and his pockets are turned inside out. His body goes over the side.

During the past two years it is estimated that more than a hundred bodies have been fished from the Rio Grande. No one will hazard a guess as to how many have floated to the Gulf of Mexico to be picked clean by fish. No one knows how many have been weighted down and never come to the surface. And who can tell how many have been left in rude graves in the brushland?

Last year the Mexican government charged that an organized murder ring was operating along the river. Thirty-eight bodies, all with broken heads, were taken from the river. One was that of a woman who bore evidence of torture by crucifixion to force her to reveal her hidden savings. General Eulogio Ortiz, Mexican army commander at Monterrey, ordered an investigation.

"Wetbacks" are Mexican aliens who enter this country illegally by crossing the Rio Grande. Upper picture: Three wetbacks landing on U.S. soil near McAllen, Texas. They were picked up by patrolmen. Lower picture: The boatman who brought them over escaped to the Mexican side after a chase

Below: The three wetbacks take orders from patrolmen. These three will have an easier time than some who make good their entry. They will be returned to Mexico unharmed. Many who try to sneak back are victims of thugs. Despite risks, wetbacks still cross the Rio, lured by better wages

River of DEATH

BY DON HINGA

Agents posing as surveyors and wetbacks rounded up 27 men, one of them a Dr. Roberto Morales Leal, of Monterrey, who was accused of being at the head of Mexican Murder, Incorporated. In the course of a year, all but one, a border thug named Juan Mancho Macias, with a long record of brushes with the law, were released.

Since that time there have been repeated killings.

Bad as the wholesale murders have been along the Rio Grande, they are not as bad as the economic conditions that make them possible.

Across the border in the Mexican state of Tamaulipas, more laborers arrive daily by bus, train, wagon and broken-down jalopy, some from as far in the interior as Guadalajara, below Mexico City. All want just one thing—to cross the river and trade the average wage of two pesos a day for $2 a day in Texas. With the peso worth about twenty cents American, that's urge enough.

Ask any Juan or Pancho or José why he has made the long, weary trek to toss with death in the Rio Grande, and he'll answer you in a few words:

"Tengo hambre" (I'm hungry) or *"Mis hijos tienen hambre"* (My children are hungry).

For Mexico is clamped in a vicious vise of inflation that grips hardest those who cling to the lowest rung on the economic ladder.

Simple Living Tripled in Cost

The average Mexican laborer can live on just about as little as the Chinese coolie. All that he asks is a few frijoles or beans, a few *tortillas*, a small piece of meat seasoned with chile peppers, a pot of coffee sweetened until it drips like honey. These few necessities cost him more than three times what they did a few years ago.

A pound of sugar costs him 75 centavos, or about 15 cents American. A couple of pounds of frijoles set him back 70 centavos, a dozen tortillas 40 centavos, with coffee in the same proportion. Just to eat takes practically all of his daily wage.

And across a thin trickle of water Juan and José and Pancho are needed desperately to harvest the crops before they rot in the fields. Once across those few feet of water, the only question asked is, "Do you want to work?" And the pay is five to ten times as much as at home. The valley has always had alien labor. Its whole economy was built on a combination of cheap labor and soil so fertile that you can almost plant an orange tree one night and have the fruit fall on your head in the morning.

Before the war, the grower or packer needing labor could contract with the Mexican government for so many hands, work them through the seasonal rush and send them back across the bridges in safety. But the war brought on a surge of nationalistic feeling in Mexico. Officials protested against our treatment of their nationals, and laws were passed forbidding them to work in Texas.

Now a government can pass any kind of laws it wishes, but it cannot legislate pain out of an empty stomach. When a man's belly is empty he's going to fill it if he can, and he can fill it at any harvest time in the valley. Juan journeys to the border and slips across the river on a dark night.

Once he puts foot on Texas soil he's a man without a country. If an unscrupulous grower wants to work him from dawn to dusk and pay him less than the prevailing wage, to whom can he squawk but his consul? His consul then reports to Mexico City, which has forbidden him to come in the first place.

If he's knocked on the head for the few dollars he has saved, who is to know about it? There's no record of his entry into this country. He doesn't exist legally.

Most wetbacks find work readily within 50 miles of the river, but few find anything but squalor in which to live. A grower may have an empty barn for a shelter, some of the larger operators provide work camps with some conveniences such as showers, but they are far in the minority. The chances are that Juan for the first week or so will just pull a few palm leaves from a tree for protection from rain and curl up under an orange tree. Later he may buy a tent or patch up a hut from broken crates or rusty sheets of roofing.

There is little sanitation. Just about the same sewage system that served the Indian when the land was his exists today. Water is taken from irrigation canals.

There being no quarantine stations at the "wetback passes" along the river, there's no barrier to any type of disease the alien may bring in. Border patrolmen have picked up wetbacks suffering from leprosy. Only the fact that they fear to mingle too openly in the border towns has kept epidemics from sweeping the valley.

Take tuberculosis as an illustration. In 1944 the Texas death rate from that scourge was 31 per 100,000 among Anglo-Americans. The Latin-American death rate was 209 for the same number.

The federal government's few migratory work camps in the valley and the camps of the larger operators help somewhat to fight disease, but the average wetback lives in constant fear of being sent back to hunger and dwells apart.

The question naturally arises, "Why doesn't the United States government put a stop to the wetbacks?" There are ready answers to that question.

The valley needs the wetback. He's a ready source of cheap labor, easily controlled.

A. L. Cramer, head of Engelman Gardens, who packs the fruit and cans the juice from the thousands of acres he tills, doubts whether the valley could have harvested more than 10 per cent of its crops during the war years without the wetbacks. Cramer has hired scores of wetbacks, but he'd rather have the old contract system back because you could count on contract labor staying until the job was done. So would most of the larger operators.

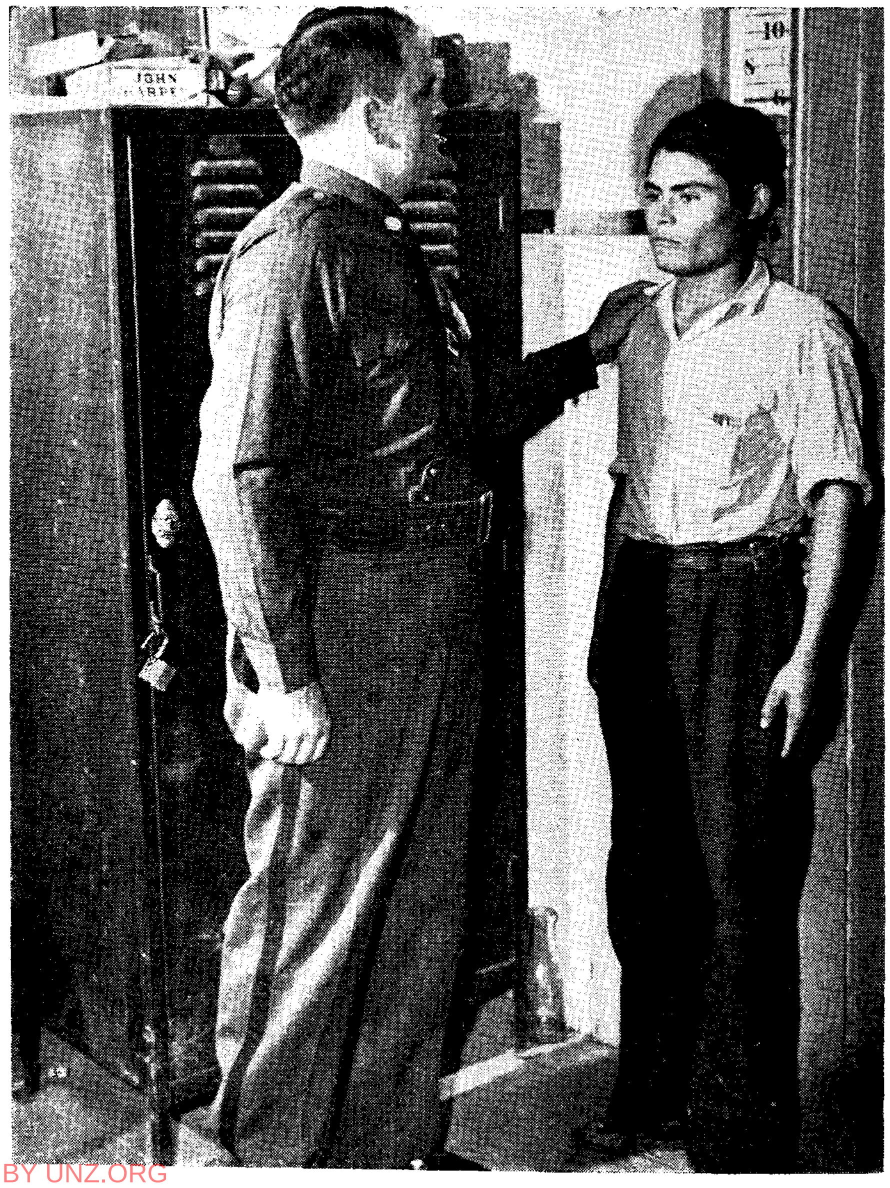
Farther up the river, in the ranch and mine country, the situation is about the same. Very few of the mines and ranches could have operated fully without the wetback. He was vitally necessary if the valley was to do its share in helping feed a hungry world.

The immigration service and border patrol, with its limited personnel, might just as well try to dip the river dry with a tin cup as catch all the wetbacks. John R. Peavey, of McAllen, who has been everything from Army scout to assistant

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

The aliens put on their shoes before trekking through the dense brush to headquarters. There are about 50,000 wetbacks in the Magic Valley

The Immigration Service cannot possibly catch all wetbacks. The brush (above) is too thick. Once at headquarters, aliens are processed. First step is description of apprehended person (below) taken by a patrolman



chief immigration inspector in nearly 40 years on the border, says it would take a man stationed every ten feet along the river to nab them all. The border patrol scouts the river in an autogiro. The giro observer will look for a raft drawn up on the Texas shore, or footprints in the sand, or a break in the brush that marks the beginning of a faint path. He then flashes word by radio to the patrol cars, and they scurry to the general location.

Two years ago the Mexican government requested a system of voluntary returnees to cut down discrimination against her citizens and help her keep farm help. Under the "VR" arrangement a wetback can surrender voluntarily, have his Mexican citizenship record checked, and be returned safely.

Afraid to Take the Safe Course

The "VR" system, if carried to perfection, would stop the murders that have reddened the Rio Grande. But the average wetback, having smuggled himself in, goes back the same way. The fact that he lives outside the law while he's here makes him leery of fooling with the law going back.

The government has regular statutes for deportation of aliens, but they are long and tedious processes full of legal loopholes. And until the process is complete, the alien must be kept in jail.

"You couldn't build enough jails along the border to legally report every wetback," Peavey says.

There are two factors that may bring some pressure to reduce the flow of wetbacks. One is the return of the veteran to the valley. American Legion posts have passed resolutions declaring that aliens working at substandard wages are keeping veterans out of jobs and demanding full enforcement of immigration laws.

The C.I O., too, is stirring. Realizing that as long as a large supply of cheap labor is available, there will be little improvement in the standard of living for the canning and packing plant worker, Earl Caldwell, organizer for the Texas Citrus and Vegetable Workers Union, is out to unionize these laborers.

The wetback is a natural "scab." He's more interested in filling an empty belly than he is in working conditions and more pay.

Even the children of these wanderers work in the fields. A few years ago Katharine Lenroot, chief of the Children's bureau of the Labor Department, probed the situation in Hidalgo County alone and found hundreds of children from 10 to 17, working in what she called "industrialized agriculture."

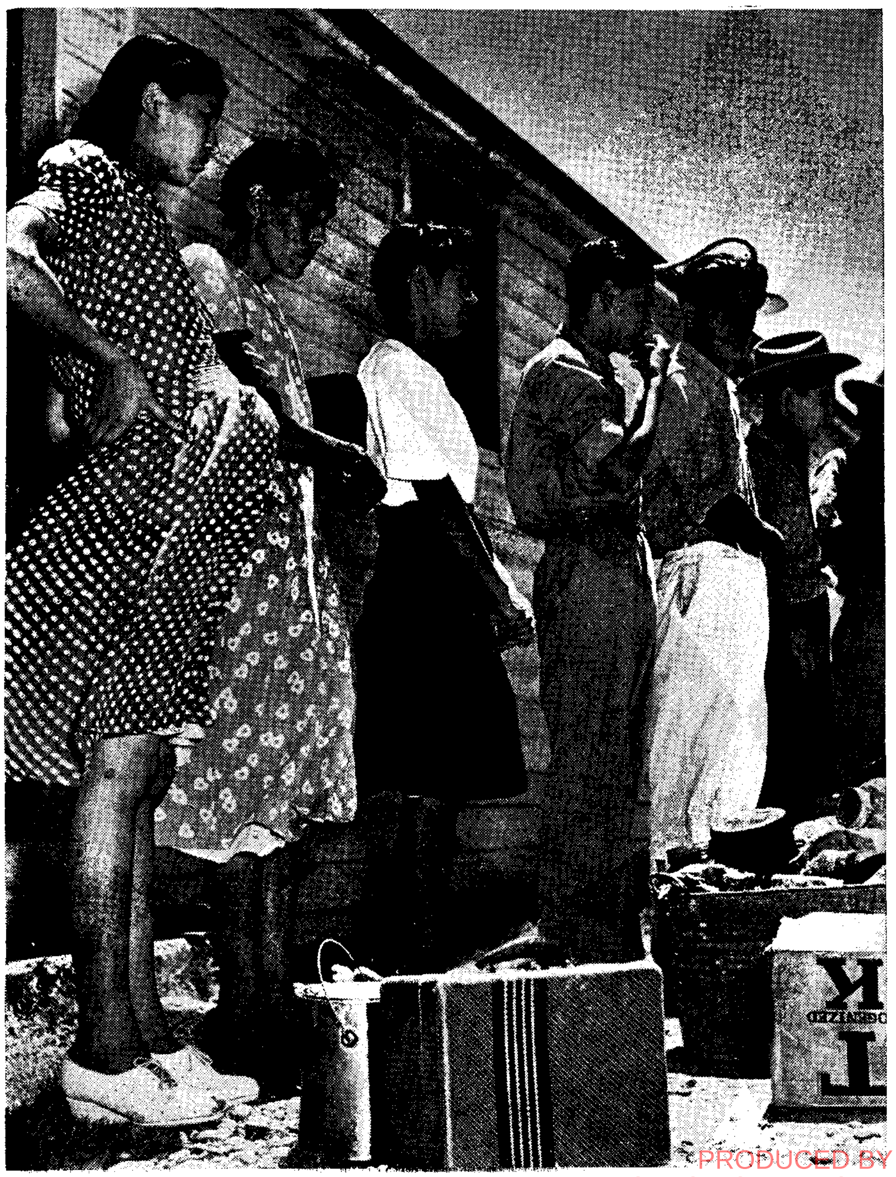
These pitiful by-products of the system have little opportunity for schooling. The Texas Department of Education in 1944 found that out of the 260,000 Latin-American school children in Texas, more than 100,000 had never enrolled in school and the average achievement of those who did enroll was the third grade.

Another angle that causes serious concern: Winking at the wetback aids the entry of subversive elements into the United States. If the wetback can come and go with practically no checkrein, why can't a foreign agent slip in? True he's not needed like the wetback, but he can pay a boatman to row him over. And the smuggler, too.

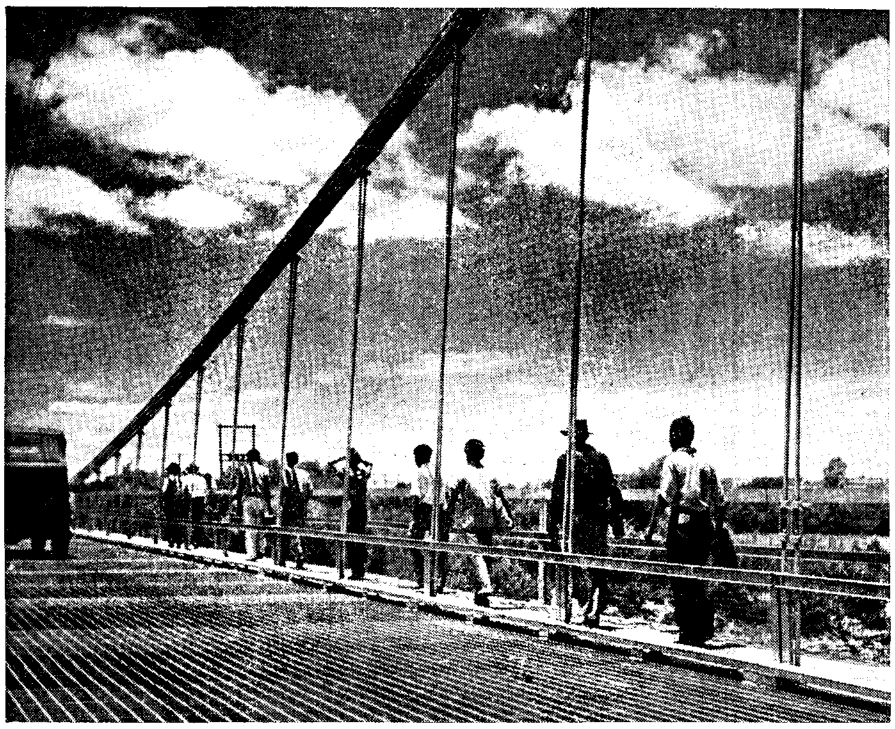
Unless some agreement can be worked out with the Mexican government, the picture cannot but grow darker. Bulldozers and labor gangs are reclaiming more and more brushland for agriculture and this means more and more wetbacks, unless something is done. It's human nature to hire the worker you can get the most out of for the least outlay. And human nature in that case means the wetback. And that means more chapters in the bloody history of the River of Death.

THE END

Through a system requested by the Mexican government, wetbacks can surrender voluntarily, and many do. Hardest to reach are Mexican women who try to bestow U.S. citizenship on babies by having them born here



Many wetbacks are picked up on highways by patrolmen with a discerning eye for trespassers. Usually wetbacks avoid main highways and towns, and are thus prey to hunger, disease and discrimination. Since Mexico has laws forbidding them to work in Texas, they cannot protest injustices



Across the International Bridge at Hidalgo, Texas (above), walks a group of wetbacks being returned to Mexican immigration authorities. Over 30,000 went back that way in 1945; 20,000 already this year. (Below) Wetbacks find work readily on Texas farms. These two are tying mustard greens into bunches. Laborers who keep busy are not afraid of arrest

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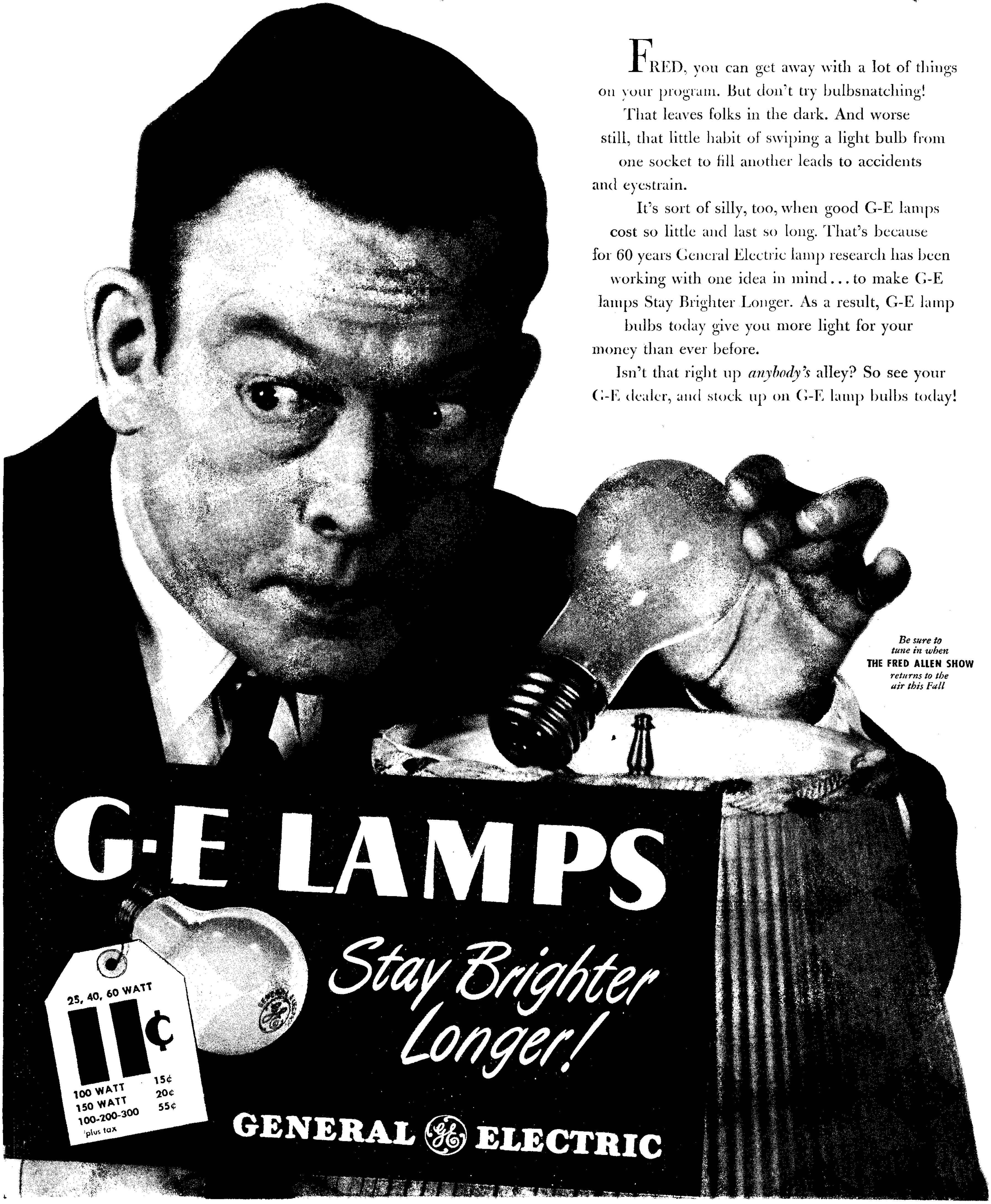
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The Dory

Continued from page 21

the dory away and came swiftly down the wind toward the schooner.

This had been a nice calculation, and well carried out. Suffering had not dulled their skills. Their only new danger lay in the thickness of the vapor, which increased the risk of passing the Mara without seeing her. Now, as the dory ran before the wind, the vapor began to break up. Open spaces appeared and finally the sea was clear.

The Mara had gone.

The brothers exchanged a fierce look. Abel swung the dory into the wind. This proved to be a labor that he couldn't keep up very long. Stephen decided to put her to the drag. He lashed two buoys to the trawl basket. He broke in the head of one of the buoys. This gave him a fair sea anchor. He heaved it over and paid out ten fathom of line. The dory came to rest.

At this time, a curious play of rose-colored flame began in the northwest. Above the world lay a cloud, an immense opaque mass, stretching from sea to sky. No sunlight came through this cloud. The darkness seemed like the dark of night. Then, while the sun still rolled beyond, a part of its light spilled over the top of the cloud and, by some alchemy aloft, turned downward to the sea. Soon a beam of light pierced the under part of that cloud and widened to a swath across the water to the southward. Both of these gaudy illuminations met.

Crouching on the thwart, Abel gazed intently into that splendor. He saw the Mara sail through it two miles away. The Mara was making a shrewd search. Nevertheless, he growled in anger.

Stephen staggered to his feet, hauled on the line and brought the sea anchor to the stern. He failed to bring it in, and couldn't do so until Abel hauled with him. Once free of the drag, the dory moved off briskly. Abel sat to the oars and let her drive toward the position where the Mara had been.

BY THIS time, that wondrous light had left the sea. Full night came on again, attended by a snowfall and a squall that crossed the wind and blew hailstones in their faces. They accomplished the return journey in a tenth of the time that the windward row had taken. The speed wasn't an unmixed blessing; it meant that the wind had begun to pipe up in dead earnest. This didn't surprise them. All the signs had foretold a long and violent gale. There was no doubt that by morning the dory would be under the worst strain yet. Twice they had to stop bailing in order to free her of ice.

Purple blotches came into their cheeks. Each sought in the other a sign of confirmation for a thought unspoken, an acceptance that must now be made. The long glance ended with a nod of each head, a nod and a sad shake. This meant that they now gave up all hope of a rescue by the Mara.

Why? Because the Mara would do well if she saved herself.

Now land became the brothers' hope. No help could be reasonably expected on the sea. They yearned for rest with an intensity almost fatal to their will. Action—a straightaway action—was all that could serve them now. A terrible combat to outlast the night and to fly on into a day that might be blue.

Kneeling between the thwarts to keep the salt off their stock of food, Abel held up the folded cloth. In it were the last of the crackers and the scraps of sandwich. Abel crept forward until he knelt between Stephen's knees. While Stephen held the oars in one hand, Abel handed him his portion and turned to devour his own share. He devoured a torment. To bellies used to pounds of beef in a day, and pounds of solid bread, these tastes were worse than nothing at all. Each drank a mouthful of water.

Nevertheless, they remembered each other at that moment. Abel struck his hand roughly on Stephen's straining knee. Above the uproar of rising wind and falling seas, he shouted. Not a word. Only a shout. And Stephen, bending back to drive oars in deep, came forward in a new sweep and shouted his reply; and his face became beautiful by its look of love for his dorymate.

Whither? Why, to the nearest patch of sand on which they might fall. The name of that curl of earth was Sable Island. And how far to the westward did it lie? Easy to say: the journey of a lifetime. Life could ooze away, gasp by gasp, curse by curse, before that somber ridge lifted itself against the sky. And even then? Hard to say. In times past and times present, many a seaman had triumphed valiantly over the sea and had died in the emptiness of Sable's shores. There was no water there. No food. Sometimes there was snow; sometimes human help from the lighthouses. Thus, many had lived. Therefore, Abel and Stephen pointed the dory that way.

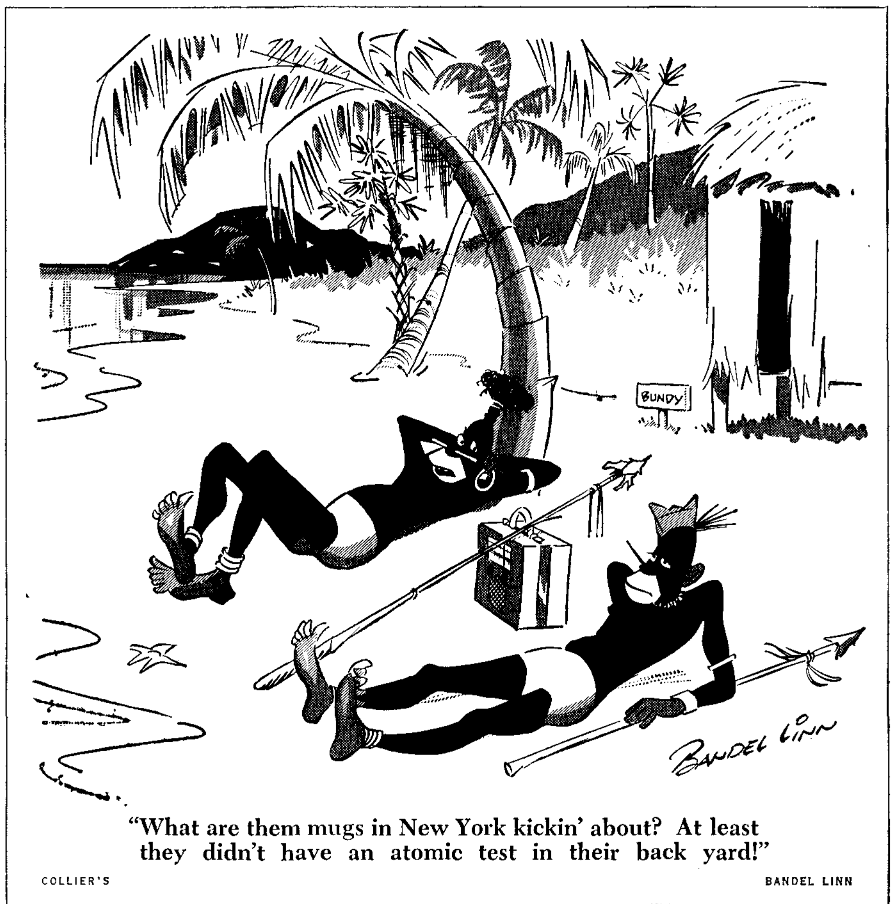
A following sea now sped by them, sometimes breaking over the stern, sometimes carrying the dory along at a rate that made oars useless. Toward nightfall, their advance ceased. The alternate hail and snow had beaten them so cruelly that Stephen could no longer get about except by crawling on his hands and knees. Twice he fell onto the bottom boards and would have drowned in the wash there if Abel hadn't seized him and dragged him to a thwart.

It became clear that they had to make a choice between a reckless gain of a few miles and a safer night spent with the dory to the drag. In the end, Abel put the sea anchor over. The dory took the sea bow on, yielding to the successive blows. They bailed. At midnight they ate the last of the crackers and drank the last drops of water. They cleared her gunwales and their gear of ice. So the night passed; and morning, noon, and a new night jogged by. In all that time, no word passed between them. . . .

Again the daystar, and with it no surcease. The wind changed and blew from the east for an hour, and blew so strong that they didn't dare take in their sea anchor and go before it, as they had resolved to do, once the wind changed. The light having increased, Stephen took out his compass and made ready to set a course for Sable Island. He hadn't enough light to see by. A gray wall of vapor covered them.

STEPHEN knelt between the thwarts, one hand holding the compass, the other stretched on the gunwale. For a time he stared listlessly into the stream of vapor. Abel waited in the stern, his eyes fixed on the waves. His head drooped and the icy brim of his sou'wester fell over his face and concealed its purple hue.

So did Stephen's head droop, at last.



"What are them mugs in New York kickin' about? At least they didn't have an atomic test in their back yard!"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

The hand that held the compass began to fall. Twice he lifted it and pressed the compass to him. In the end, the hand fell. He kept his hold of the compass; his frosty mitten had stiffened around it.

They were beginning to die. Had the dory been caught then in a cross wind, or had a greater sea broken over her, it would have been the end. Even an hour of bailing lay beyond their present powers. Thirst and hunger had destroyed thought. They had nothing. Neither hope nor bread.

Nevertheless, Stephen remembered one thing, a hopeless and, indeed, a dangerous thing: the fish. He crept slowly, with many a pause, to the trawls and, after much labor amid frost and ice, he dragged the fish free. He had dressed the fish before. Now he painfully sought his knife and attacked the salty flesh. He cut a strip. It dangled, yet the skin baffled him. He lowered his head until teeth could close upon the strip.

He cut another strip. This cost so much strength that his knife fell out of his grasp. He let it lie. Long he fumbled on the bottom boards to pick up that strip of flesh. When he succeeded, he couldn't move. He needed his hands to move. One held the fish, the other his compass. He croaked a summons to Abel.

Abel couldn't hear and he didn't see. Stephen began to crawl forward. He struck his head against Abel's knee. Abel looked down at his brother's face. He saw the purple and bearded jaw and the strip of flesh hanging from the bared teeth. Giving no sign of interest, he changed his gaze to the left hand which feebly beseeched him. He closed his eyes.

Stephen chewed at the fish. The salt of it made him retch. He fell face down at Abel's feet.

Thus they remained. At noon, a glint spun out of the gray wall to the southward. Soon a rift appeared in the wall. This deepened rapidly until an area of blue sky showed itself. These changes were accompanied by others: a westerly swell began to run, the seas fell off, the vapor thinned; and, just after the hour of noon, it moved off altogether. For an hour, the snow fell.

During this time, neither Stephen nor Abel moved much. After the snowfall ceased, the sun came out. A gull came down and wheeled with grievous cries over their heads. Other gulls came and cried out in lamenting voices their need for food. The gulls soared, cried out, and steered away down the wind and toward the beaming sun. The last among them wheeled, checked his flight with a wing upraised. He alighted on the bow. He had seen the cod.

Abel stirred. He struck the frost from his eyes. He began to flap his arms weakly. Fragments of ice fell from the wrinkles of his oilskins.

The lone gull hopped down into the dory and struck his beak against the cod's mangled belly. The cod had become a fish of ice. The gull raved against this swindle and ran into the air.

Abel watched him, then slipped to the bottom boards. He brought up the scrap that had been cut from the cod's belly. He found the second scrap and flung it over the side. Lifting his head over the gunwale, he watched the gull seize the flesh, gobble it.

Abel drew a hook out of the coil of trawl, loosed its ganging and some fathoms of line. He pressed the strip of cod flesh onto the hook. This done, he rested for many minutes, his head bowed. The gull came down and shouted. Abel flung the hook over. The gull swooped and bolted bait and hook. Abel jerked the line. The gull soared, and fell.

He dragged the bird into the dory. He struck at its head with his fist. The strong wings beat the fist back. The gull screamed in agony of steel and struck his beak against Abel's hand. Abel roared. He smashed the gull's head between his mittens. He fell upon the bird and sank his teeth into its neck. He killed it. This done, he rested a long time.

ABEL sat up, took off his sou'wester and laid it upon his knees, upside down. A bowl. His hands now obeyed his will. He slashed the gull's head off with a single sweep of his knife. Black blood poured out of the neck. He held the shorter brim of the hat to his lips. He poured the blood deftly into his mouth. He gagged. Flecks of blood reddened his beard. He bent his head back and swallowed.

He waited to see if he could keep the blood down. This proved, he flung the carcass down, folded the sou'wester brim to brim, and crawled toward Stephen, stopping three times to rest. He struck his bloodied hand across Stephen's mouth. When he stirred and

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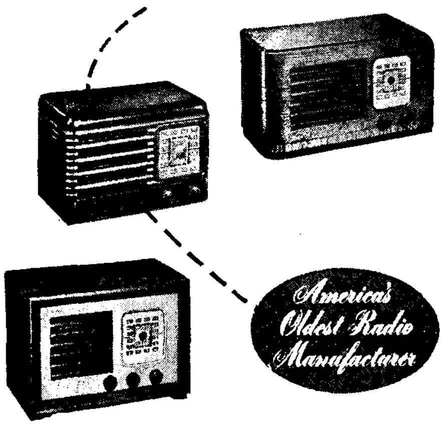

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moaned, Abel thrust the hilt of his knife between the clenched teeth. Thus he pried them apart. He poured in a sip of blood. It vanished.

Stephen stirred and moaned.

Abel poured again, holding the brim between his brother's lips Stephen opened his eyes. Now he had his wits about him. He spoke. "Come closer!"

Abel bent his head. "What say, Steve?"

Stephen lifted his mitten, caught Abel's hand and pressed it to his chest. He spoke with a firmness that cost him all he had to spend.

"I am captain of the dory. Obey me, Abe! Obey!"

"Aye, Steve!"

"You live!" Stephen coughed harshly. "Only one can."

Stephen fumbled at the fastenings of his oilskin jacket. Obeying a sign that he should search inside, Abel thrust his hand between the woolen jacket and the first woolen shirt beneath it. His fingers closed on a bundle. He took it out. It was the towel he had taken from the Mara to carry food. Carefully he parted its folds. Within, lay all the food that had been Stephen's share. He had eaten nothing.

Stephen whispered: "Obey! Eat . . . all!"

Abel crammed the stuff into his mouth. He groaned. He bent over in pain. Nevertheless, a measure of life jumped within him.

Stephen closed his eyes.

Abel did not accept the fact of death. He took off his oilskin jacket and laid it over Stephen's face to keep off the cold. Then he crawled back to a thwart. There he lay sprawled for a few minutes. The sun had become pleasantly strong. The wind blew fair for the dory. He put up the mast and, after resting an hour, he set the little sail. He steered the dory onto the course with an oar and sailed toward the unseen land.

He sailed all the afternoon. The color of his face changed to the usual coppery hue as the sun drove out the purple blotches made by cold. He had to fight off sleep, yet he couldn't help dozing now and then. At the going down of the sun, he began the task of keeping the cold out of his bones. He lifted his legs and stretched them. He struck out with his free hand and beat his thighs. At regular intervals, he left his place, crawled forward, and tried to bring Stephen out of his stupor. Twice Stephen obeyed the shouted commands, sat up and languidly tossed his arms about.

Night came on. Stars came out. Abel sought the polestar, and steered on. Lesser stars came out in the west. One of these was not a star. It was a light, flashing at short intervals. This difference escaped Abel's eyes.

Vapor swept the horizon from north to west. All the stars vanished. At once, a moaning began in the region where the light had flashed. A terrible sound, if heard without wisdom. It began far down the scale, like a man moaning in anguish, and thinned to a crescendo.

ABEL'S senses failed him. He believed this moan came from Stephen. He made his way forward and heaved Stephen to his feet. Stephen fell and groaned. Ice crackled in the folds of his oilskin. Abel struck him gently on the face and heavily on shoulders and thighs. Stephen groaned. He flung up his hands. Abel seized them and worked them back and forth. He dragged Stephen to the after thwart and turned him over so that he crouched on hands and knees. He kicked him on the behind. This started Stephen crawling forward. He had life in him and some heat. He had wit enough to seek his shelter. This pleased Abel. Standing over his brother, he again heard the moaning of the Sable Island sirens. He took up the steering oar. Soon after the vapor had gone away, the signals in the west ceased. The stars shone again.

The wind stayed fair for him. Slouched against the oar, one arm crooked around the handle, he seemed to sleep. In long, unbroken rollings, the swell lifted him into the company of stars, then drew him down into blackness. So he sailed until moonset, until rise of morning star, which came in peaceful glory.

A vessel of some sort appeared directly north of the dory. She gave off a constant and icy flashing. The vessel advanced in a northwest direction. Both she and the dory were on courses that might bring them close to each other.

The sun came up and flung a shower of mild light across the world. This served to change the quality of the stranger's flashing; indeed, the glare came so brightly that it seemed like signals off a glass to Abel. But the flashes were meaningless, when watched for even a minute.

The space between the two craft lessened at a rate that was barely perceptible. The sunlight lost its mild quality and made the sea glitter. The icy character of the stranger's signals did not change. It became apparent that the craft was small, and that ice had been making on her for some time, and had not been beaten off.

At this hour Abel could steer no longer. Twice his steering oar had slipped out of his crooked arm. He took in the oar and let it fall to the bottom boards. That action proved too much for him. He tumbled down. He was apparently so far gone that he had forgotten how he might shelter himself by lying down. He did so now and got some good out of the sun. He lay crumpled in the wash, his face turned toward the light. A bead of blood on his cheek melted and became a stain. He breathed only in gasps. Since he had lashed the sheet insecurely, his sail blew up, cracked, and bagged.

Abel rose. He laid hold of the lee gunwale, and drew himself to his knees. He crawled aft in a sideways fashion and, at last, turned wholly aft. It was then that he saw the other dory following him. He forced his legs under him, stood up, and opened his mouth. He filled his lungs. The cold choked him. He breathed deep again. This time he loosed a scream.

Stephen moaned.

Abel held one hand to his mouth and, once again, his scream rang over the silent sea. He stared at the stranger. A man stood upright in the lee of mast and sail, his right hand lifted. Abel turned to the trawl lying amidships. The conch horn lay there, its mouth full of water. Abel fell in his haste and groaned woefully until he had seized the horn. He blew a single note. He cried out in rage against his weakness. For the first time in all the days and nights of his agony, the tears started from his eyes.

He blew again. This time he succeeded. A round, full chord bowled across the sea. Stephen stirred and cried out.

Afire with sunlight, gleaming like a crystal, the strange dory sailed on. The wind blew upon her crystal sail, and at her silvered bow the waves parted in a ripple of silver. Plainer now, the man against her mast showed his signaling hand, which pointed to Abel. Abel blew again. He stood upright and shouted, "Ahoy the dory! Come along! Come along! Have you food? Water?"

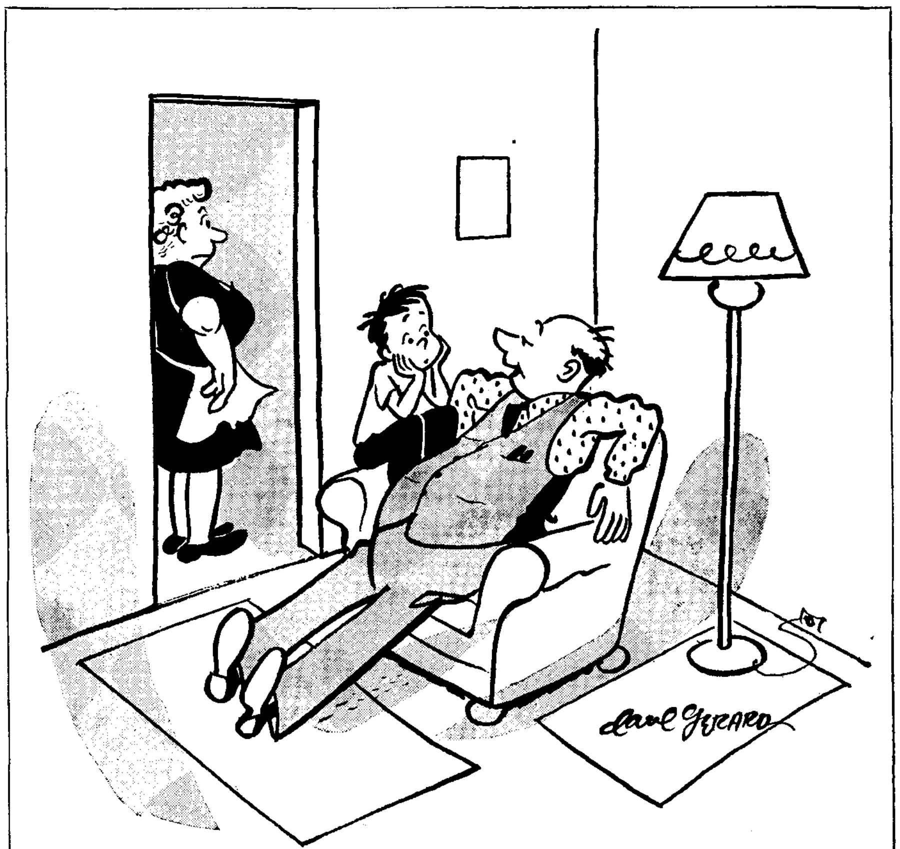
THE man in the far dory didn't alter his assuring posture. He neither shouted nor looked down to speak to his dorymate, whose head, barely lifted above the gunwale, was also turned toward Abel's dory. He was steering, and he held to his task and did it well, not moving, not crying out.

Abel flung the horn down. He struck spray out of his eyes, shielded them with his hands. The sun baffled him He shifted in his place and peered again. It had long been plain that the approaching dory was a Lunenburg boat. Now he saw that the men in it were Negroes.

He turned toward Stephen and said: "Cornwallis' men." He meant that the dory was from the Calypso, a famous Nova Scotian schooner, captained, manned and owned by the Negro fishermen of Lunenburg. Calypso men and Mara men were old chums.

Stephen gave no answer.

Abel shouted: "Ahoy, Calypso dory! Ahoy! Abel Delahanty! Abel Dela-



"It was pure fate we met! Your mother saw me at a party—asked several people my name—badgered someone into introducing us—then pestered me for two years!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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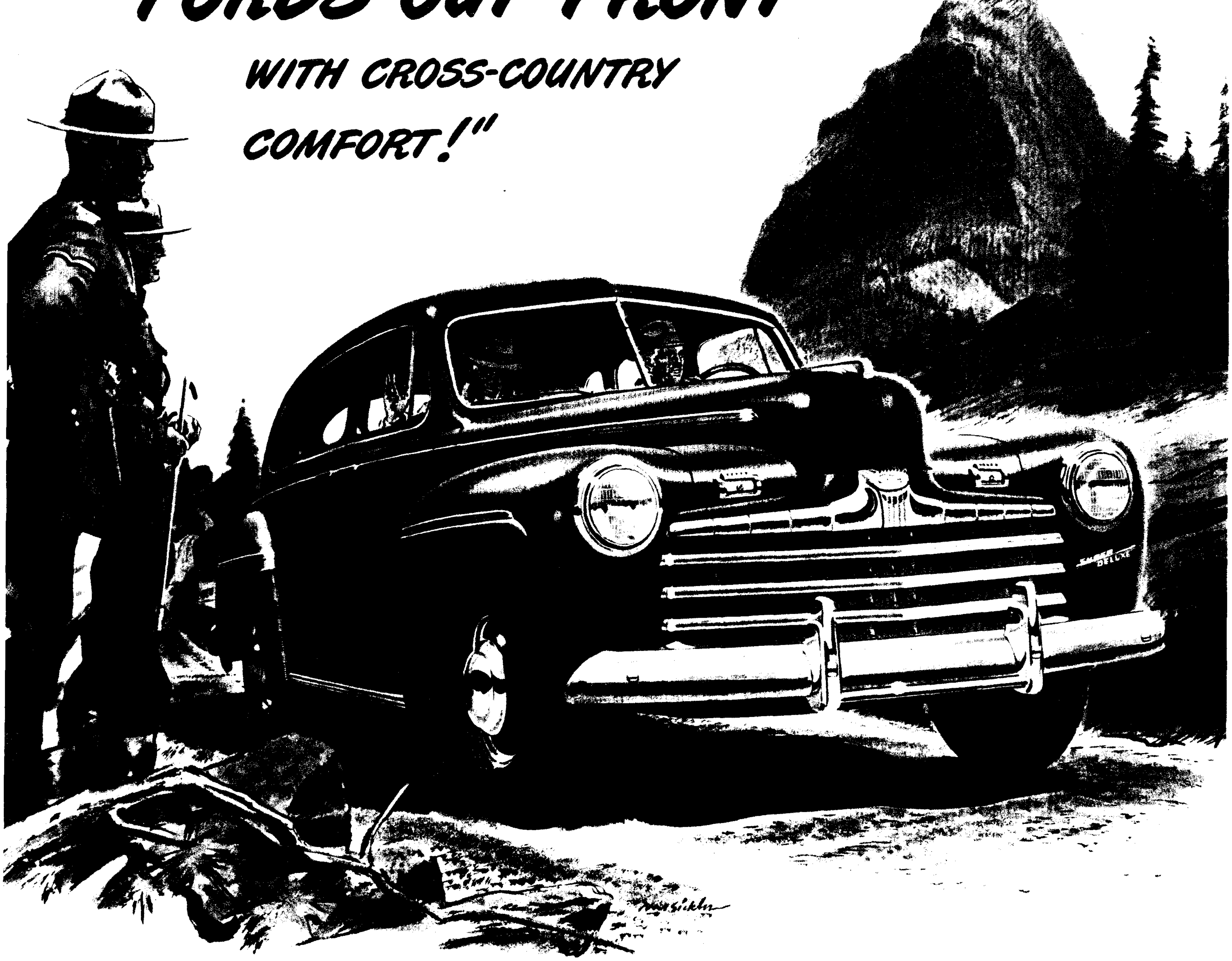

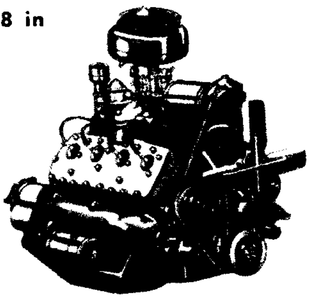

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MOTOR
RYTHM

hanty! The Mara! The Mara! Come alongside! Water? Water?"

The dorymen of the Calypso did not answer. It was time that they should.

Abel crouched in the stern sheets. His eyes sought out a sign to keep his hope strong. He looked at the men who dumbly stared at him. Their faces gleamed like beautiful masks of ebony, and out of the masks their eyes of crystal gleamed. Abel crouched lower, possessed by fear. Onward they came, yet never a word did they utter.

Abel screamed. He heaved himself upward, then fell. And, as he fell moaning, the Calypso dory came up and struck against the stern of Abel's dory. It was not a strong blow, yet it was enough to dislodge the upright man from his place. Knee-deep in ice and snow, he tottered. Bands of ice, started by the sun, fell from his dead, frozen face. With frozen arm still stiffly raised he dived into the sea.

In falling, Abel had touched the tangled sheet. It may have been, indeed, that he had reached for it, in the convulsion of horror, with the intention of hauling. In any event, the boom came in and the sail filled. When it began to draw, the dory started on its way, and thus continued through the afternoon until the dunes of Sable Island rose out of the sea.

Here, in the shoal water, the westerly swell waned. Now the dory passed into tide rips, and crosscurrents. Once the dory ran eastward rapidly when the wind fell off, and it seemed that it might pass into the dangerous shoals of the Northeast Bar. A mariner could never tell what awaited him there. Where, in the morning, his lead told him ten fathoms, in the evening he might find three. The wind freshened in time and the dory passed northward of the bar, and then began an erratic passage westward along the smoother shore of East Point. Once again, the easterly fell off. The sail did not draw. The dory turned slowly round and round, touched by many forces, mastered by none.

Abel slept.

THE sun set. In the flood of rosy light the island became a thing of beauty. White rifts of sand, dry and brittle in the frost, sparkled like tinsel. Above the little hills, the East Point light flashed and glowed. In its outward sweep, the light struck regularly upon the Mara. She lay at anchor in the shelter of the bar. A light shone at her masthead. The ruby of her port lamp beamed. She seemed peaceful. Frayed, beaten, the poorer by much gear and the best of her men, she nevertheless appeared triumphant.

A dory, full of men carrying torches, came away from her and leaped toward the island.

The fury of sunset waned. Night came on unhindered. Above the uproar of surf and breakers beyond, there came a medley of minor noises, a windy neighing. Living creatures were then revealed against the sky, against the springing lines of foam, and against the earth. These were the wild horses of Sable Island.

The herd wheeled—stallions, mares, and cantering foals—the greatest of them not twelve hands high. Shrilly the stallions whistled. These were the horses of the sea. Cast up in a wreck long, long ago, the sires and dams of Europe had made their way through shoal and surf to the grassless dunes of Sable. They found it no nourisher of horses, yet the tribe had survived the salty centuries. Eaters of cod and crabs and sea weeds, sippers of salt water and snow and hail, the hardiest had lived and now throve when winters were mild and summers fruitful of grasses, sparse at the best.

Neither the night nor the fury in the skies could make these horses bound in terror. A fire did this to them. The fire burned to leeward of a mound, which sheltered it against surf and squalls. A man off the Mara had piled driftwood there, had lighted it and left logs and ships' timbers crackling. Its light had been dimmed by the rainbow hurtling in the skies. Now the darkness seized all else, all other hues, and dyed the sea. Only the firelight stayed, flaming in green and red and violet because of the sea salts burning in them.

Within the circle of firelight were some bundles of Mara gear: rolled blankets, water jars, a kettle set on a bed of coals, and two bottles. Farther away, there lay some debris of the first centuries of the island: a horse's skull, tipped in a flow of sand and partly covered; and, next to it, the skull of a man. Had he slain the mare for her milk and flesh? Or had she slain him, given him his quietus with her hoofs?

Far down the beach, a man off the Mara hurried, a lantern swaying to his stride. At times, he ran knee-deep into the surf, holding his lantern high.

The dory ceased to whirl, held steady, her bow turned seaward. As before, infinite and infinitesimal powers strove with the wood. The wind could not fill her sail because it lay bagged. Against her high sides, the wind struck, yet not so forcefully that the tidal impulse failed. She required only a little to sway her to sea again or to shore. But the tide triumphed; the dory glided shoreward. A breaker bent beneath her and carried her out of the sea. There the surf took her, swung her sideways, and violently cast her onto the rippled sand.

The dorymates' long journey had ended.

A sea struck the dory, turned it halfway over. Abel sprawled on the tilted sideboards. His eyes opened. He witnessed the rising of the moon, and saw, beneath her beaming splendor, the shape of earth. His right hand struck the earth. He clung to it, embraced it with return of strength. He flung his left arm upward and over. This action caused him to roll out of the dory. He raised himself to knees and hands. When he again lifted his head, he saw the fire.

He began to crawl toward the flames. Breakers pursued him, covered him in foam, washed the sand out from under him, and left him on his belly. He resisted. He crawled forward, waiting at times for his strength to return. He passed beyond the reach of waves and came to the dry sand. There he lingered in joy. He laid his cheek on the sand. He crawled again and made his way up the rise of land until the fire lay before him. He groaned and plunged onward. The flames enthralled him.

He laughed. A delirium made by brine—brine in his belly, brine in his soul. He raised himself to his knees, flung up his hands, and then, in an astonishing play of his warming muscles, he stood up. He swayed. He looked down at the distant earth, and, for the second time, he cried a little. It was then that he turned. He went in short, delicate steps back to the dory.

ABEL laid hands on Stephen. He rolled him out of the dory and Stephen sank into the slough. Abel placed one hand on Stephen's thigh, the other on his shoulder. He heaved. Stephen didn't yield. Abel lowered his head and butted. Butted and pushed. Stephen rolled over.

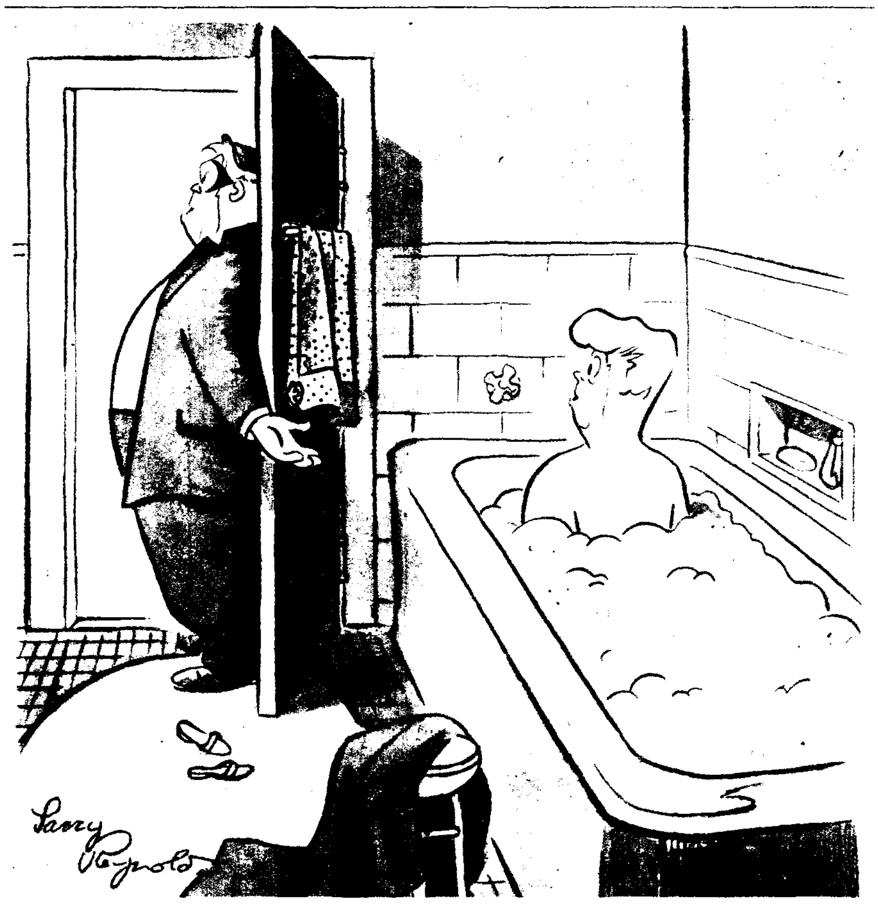
Abel repeated this again and again, grunting at the task. The labor revived Abel, broke his numbness. He toiled without rest up the slope and on toward the fire.

At the end of an hour, the things of earth that had given him life had their way with Stephen and enlivened him. He spoke a meaningless syllable or two. He cried out in his anguish of frost. He even tried to crawl. At first he failed, then succeeded.

Again, Abel stood up. Leaving Stephen to follow, Abel stumbled nearer to the fire. Twenty feet away, he paused and held out his hands. Thus he judged the heat of that mass of coals and logs. He knew the danger of too great a warmth for a frostbit man.

He gulped the warmed air. He began to straighten himself. His shoulders widened; his head went up. He became tall again. He faced the moon. Water ran from his sou'wester. He flung it

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"You wearin' any rings, earrings, bracelets or jewelry of any value, lady?"

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IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Coming right up
with the makings of a matchless good time!
The gardenia's snowy perfection . . .
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Here's beauty and quality and jollity . . .
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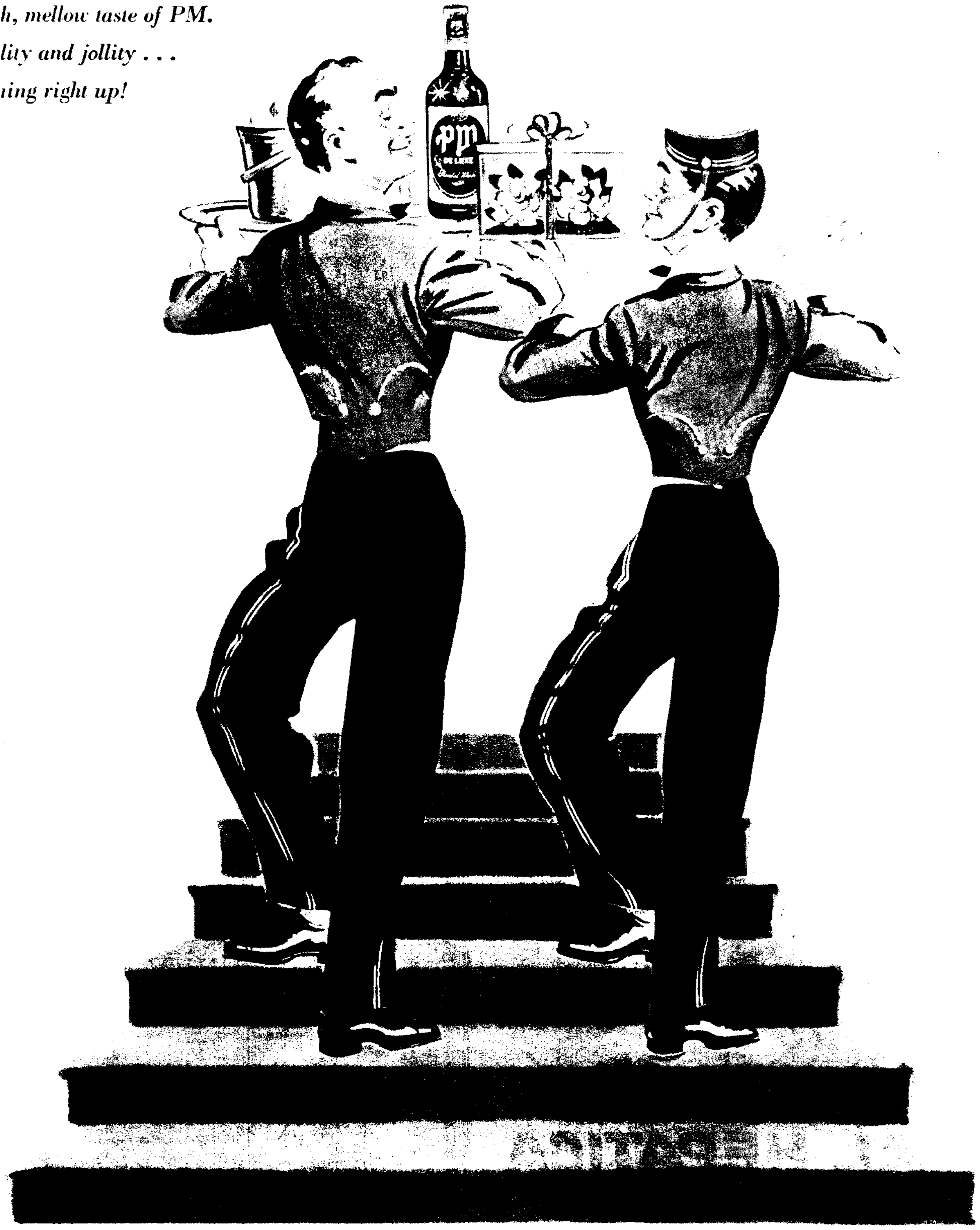
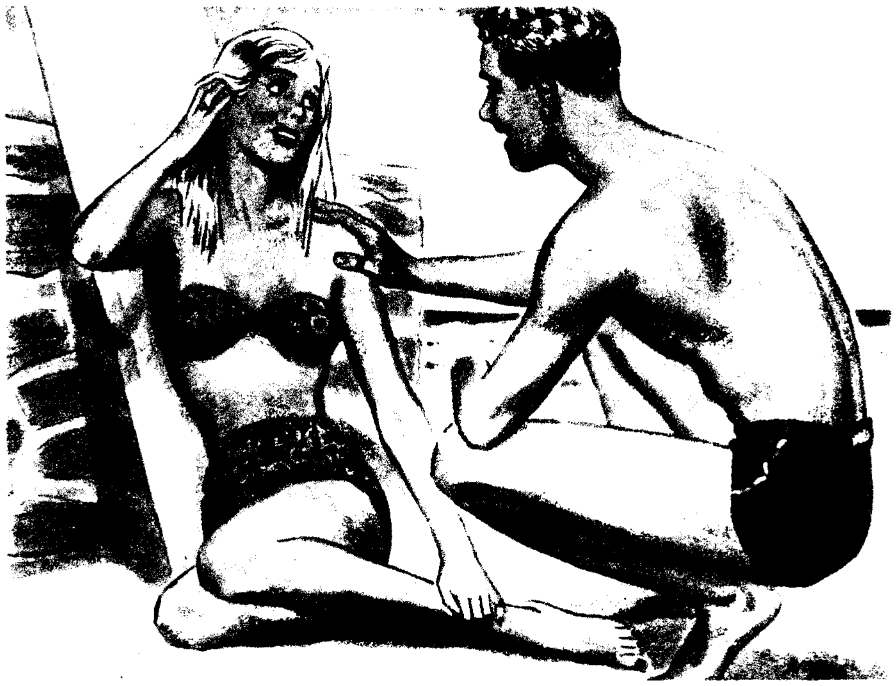


National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

LIFEGUARD GETS SAVED!

It's 7 A. M.—Due on the beach at 9. But I'm feeling terrible . . . Headachy, dull, logy—sure need a laxative. Seems hopeless till kid sister Pat, the family brain, makes with a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. "Drink," she orders.



At 9 A. M.—On the job, feeling great. I pull a scared blonde out of the surf. Sal Hepatica saved me from missing a thrilling encounter.

Taken first thing in the A. M., this sparkling saline laxative usually acts within an hour—gives quick, ever-so-gentle relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet, too.

Not surprising that a country-wide survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time you need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

down. Once he looked at the sea whence he had come. He wished to size things up, wished to know on what earth he stood.

Ordinarily, such a skilled seaman would not have hesitated long. He did now. He looked at the West Point light and measured its intervals as best he could. He swayed. He swayed and pondered, then lowered his gaze. This change brought his eyes directly to the water jar, the bottle of rum, the tea-kettle, and to the other gear. His gaze passed over these things without seeing them. Even the fire did not have its obvious meaning.

He twisted his head and looked at the eastern light. This addition of one light to another proved to be a sum that he could do. His head drooped. His whole body shook. He whispered sadly: "Sable Island!"

Now he stood assailed by the knowledge that, after all, he had not escaped death of hunger and death of thirst. This knowledge toppled him. He fell by Stephen's side. There he lay a time, until the fire called to him. A timber burst into green flame. The warmth flowed over him, into him. And, as ever before, he roused his heart for the sake of the man next to him.

HE STOOD up and walked closer to the fire. He saw the skull. He seized it and staggered away. The forthrightness of this action showed that an excellent idea had come to him. He lost hold of the idea at once. He fumbled the bone. He looked in lively curiosity at the crown and sockets. He even turned the face toward the fire so that he might examine it in ease. And he did so quite calmly, as if he himself were a hale adventurer with a bold interest in a man who had come to a wilderness before him and had failed.

He brought the relic somewhat nearer and turned the sockets toward his own eyes, which were now not much more than sockets. He croaked one word, skull to skull:

"Water!"

And the skull replied: *Water? There is none on this isle, Companion. There was none for me!*

Abel fell to his knees. In the last outlay, he wielded the skull in furious sweeps until he had scooped a shallow grave. He rolled his brother into it, covered him with hot sand, leaving only his face open to the setting moon. This done, he set the skull down in a respectful movement, and laid himself between Stephen and the sea. . . .

Trudging now up the dune that lay between fire and sea, the doryman off the Mara came. He was the oldest and best of the Mara's men, a man who had fished near Sable Island for forty years. His eyes were empty now and shed the firelight dully.

Six days the Mara had fought and searched. In the end, he had been set ashore to search. His somber look of speculation changed into one of grief. He had loved Abel and Stephen as he might have loved his own sons. It was over.

If his love for them had caused him to put too high an estimate on their abilities as fighters, his own wisdom and his own ability now proved his beatitude lost forever.

He stepped forward to pass beyond the fire. This movement carried him closer to the leveled place where he had laid the skull. Perhaps, even in his fresh grief, his absolute grief, he had remembered an honor due the relic of mankind. He cried out and leaned forward. He looked down and saw the furrowed sand, the marks of dragging boots, the prints of groping hands.

He turned.

Thus he found them, wrapped in Sable's sands, lying bone to bone with the old dead, skull to skull with the wild mare's skull. Alive!

THE END

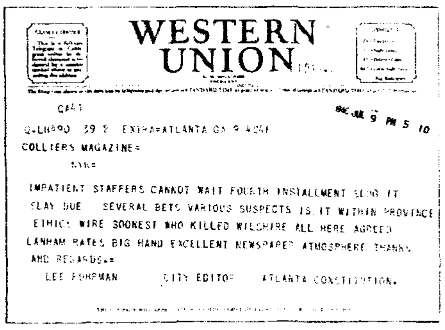
The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: Senator Morse—whose article, D-Day on Capitol Hill, appears in your issue of June 15th—should realize the basic reason the Senate filibuster will continue to live: only through its employment can crackpot, coercive legislation be defeated. It's an effective bar to vicious and sectional laws. Long live the filibuster! CHARLES J. SHIELDS
Scotland Neck, S. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Your dog cover for the issue of July 13th has our hearty approval. Why do you not similarly honor a magnificent cat? Give us a cat cover, Collier's! TRUMAN T. PIERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Pierson is president of Allied Cat Lovers International, Inc., which he founded. The society's slogan is: "A good home for every cat."



WESTERN UNION

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IMPATIENT STAFFERS CANNOT WAIT FOURTH INSTALLMENT SLUG IT SLAY DUE SEVERAL BETS VARIOUS SUSPECTS IS IT WITHIN PROVINCE ETHICS WIRE SOONEST WHO KILLED WILSHIRE ALL HERE AGREED LANHAM RATES BIG HAND EXCELLENT NEWSPAPER ATMOSPHERE THANKS AND REGARDS=
LEE FUHRMAN CITY EDITOR ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

DEAR EDITOR: Oh, dear! On page 15 of the July 6th issue did Artist Rackow slip in coloring his design of the Bennington Battle flag or did I misunderstand Writer Pollack's description saying that "the stripes are in reverse of the usual order, starting with the white instead of red." Where do the white stripes start? (MRS.) PAULINE MCALLISTER
Washington, D. C.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Artist Rackow did slip.

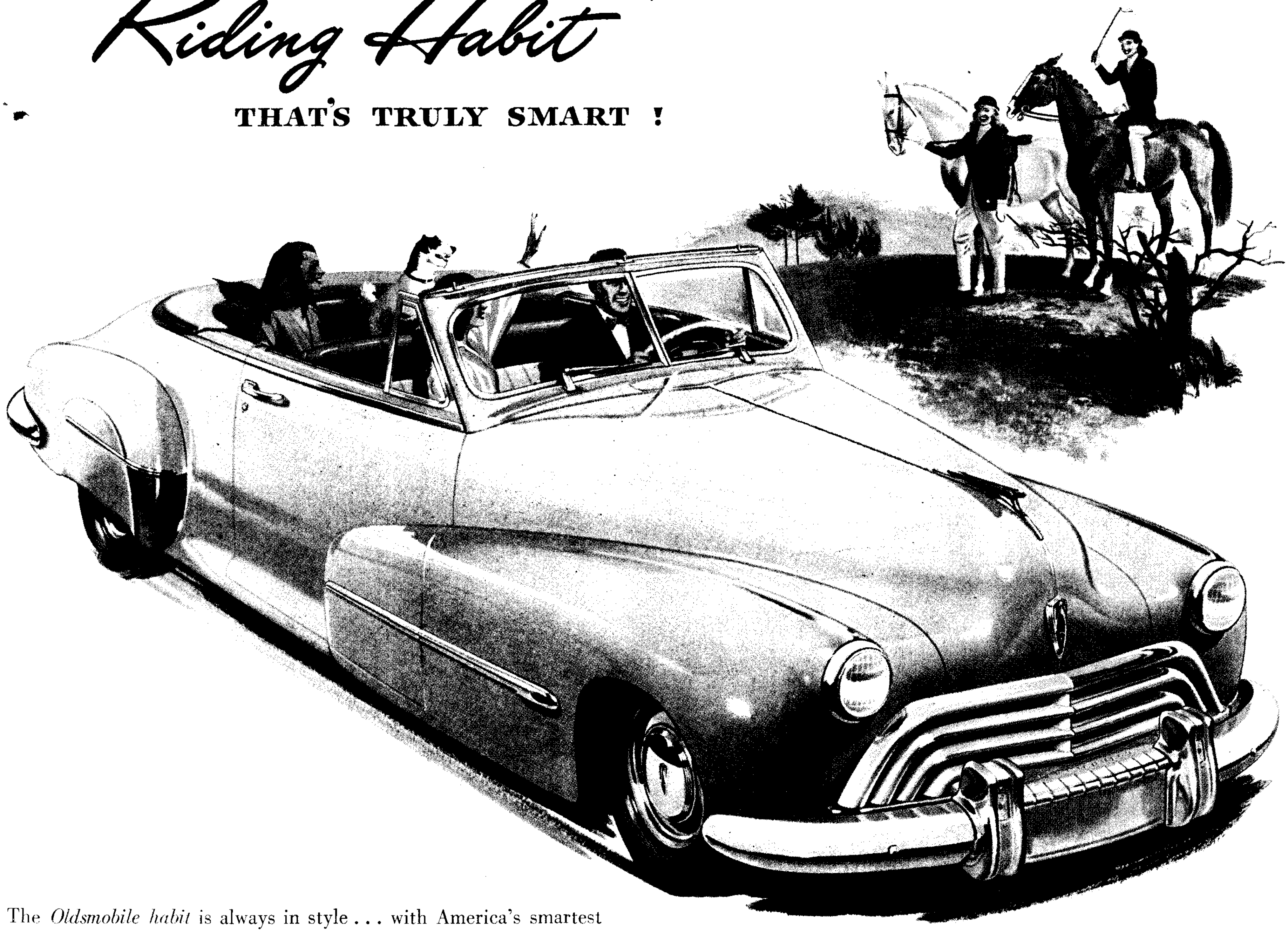
DEAR EDITOR: In Home for the Fourth, by Norman Corwin (July 6th issue), the author says, "and you will note that our flag is still there." In the accompanying painting by Francis Chase there isn't a flag in sight, not even in the hands of the spectators. Tch, tch! The first postwar Independence Day in an American small town, and not a flag showing!
MARY ANN CONNOLLY
Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: In your issue of June 22d you slight (unintentionally I'm sure) three fine American ballplayers when you say: "Monterrey, with no American players on its roster, was leading the league in early May." Jesse Douglas, Gregg McKennis and Art Pennington, all from the Chicago American Giants, did much toward establishing that lead in May. ROBERT FRIERS
Miami, Fla.

Kyle Crichton, author of the article referred to, says Mr. Friers is correct. He adds that, as a matter of truth, the Negroes, both American and Cuban, form the backbone of the Mexican League.

"Riding Habit"

THAT'S TRULY SMART!



The *Oldsmobile habit* is always in style . . . with America's smartest people. They like the flowing smoothness of Oldsmobile's lines . . . modern . . . streamlined . . . in perfect good taste. They enjoy the gliding comfort of Oldsmobile's ride . . . cradled on Quadri-Coil Springs . . . steadied by 4-Way Stabilization. They respect Oldsmobile's reputation as a "thoroughbred" . . . the latest and greatest product of America's oldest motor car manufacturer.

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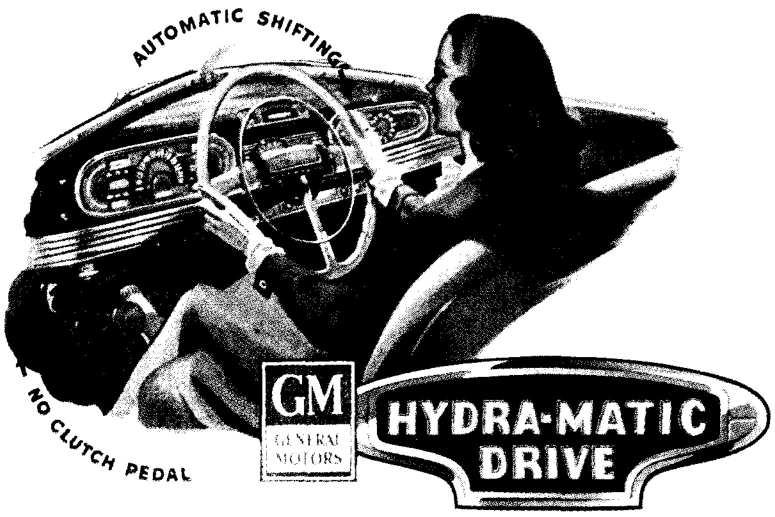
It's *smart* to ride in an Oldsmobile . . . *smart* to drive one . . . especially if it's a *new* Oldsmobile with General Motors' *new and finer* Hydra-Matic Drive. (Optional at extra cost on all new models.)

KEEP AMERICA'S HIGHWAYS SAFE—DRIVE CAREFULLY

"Driving Habit"

YOU'RE SURE TO LIKE, TOO!



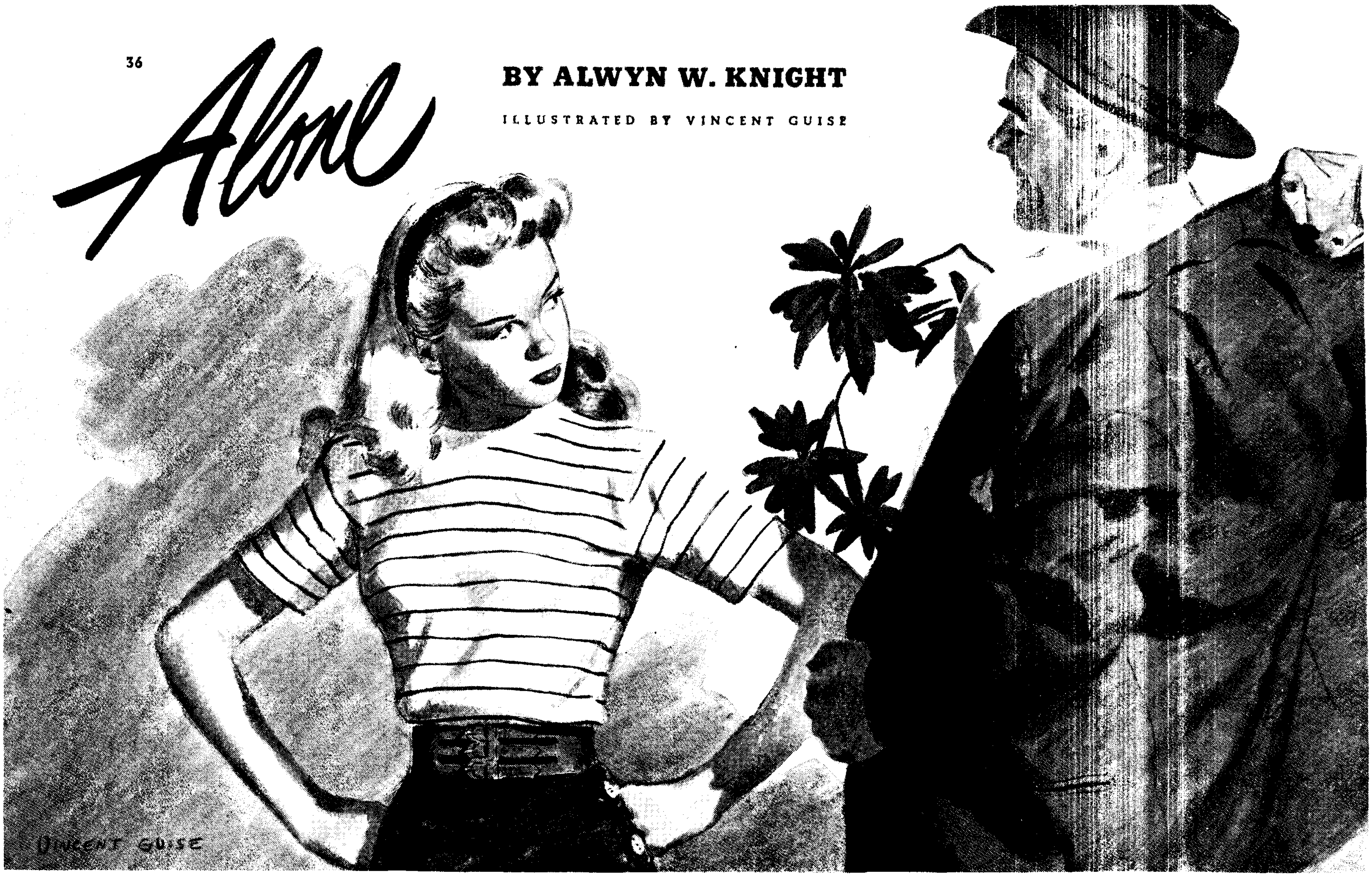
Oldsmobile

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Alone

BY ALWYN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



a short short story complete on this page

GEORGE didn't begin to worry until he walked off the 18th tee, and then it was only a nagging awareness. Hattie, at fourteen, was so darn' young; and he had told her earlier that he would be home by seven o'clock at latest. But golf with Fred was partly business. The 19th hole was important as well as fun.

He stopped to post his score for the kickers' handicap, thinking how ironic it was that Hattie should be on his mind. He'd always had it figured that some time he wouldn't have to watch the clock. If he wanted another highball, he'd have it.

Well, Bernice was gone now, so he could. Bernice used to get pretty upset when he came home late from the club. Of course she'd been right the times he had come looping in at nine or ten o'clock to a ruined dinner. Not that he'd done it often. The boys kidded him about being a model husband, even. But it had been a bone of contention between them—sort of an act. And it was odd, now, that so small a thing had come to symbolize their closeness before . . .

In the locker room he took off his clothes and stood patiently under a needle shower. *She'd gone so quickly, so without warning.* If only he had some things to do over again, like getting home on time. Standing there, feeling the bite of the needle shower, he experienced an aching loneliness.

He'd experienced it so many times of late. You could rationalize it, but you couldn't lick it. And you couldn't explain it to anyone. Strange, but no one else could understand. You walked alone, and tried to make believe that it wasn't killing you inside. You went to bed at night and bleated like a goat, quietly, and were glad that Hattie and Jud didn't know. Oh, they missed their mother too; but already they had snapped back, whereas he had irrevocably lost a part of himself.

He toweled himself briskly, and even pitched a brave tenor into the shower-room quartet. Funny how once he'd thought this was so important: being able to take your time and not having to watch the clock. . . . It was three months now, and he could still visualize Bernice meeting him at the door, her foot tapping, ice in her eyes. The old argument all over again. "Honey, I swear I—" . . . "Well, you certainly put me in a fine position . . ."

He passed a hand over his eyes. *Bernice, this time I'll be there on time. Please be there tonight, Bernie.*

He scuffed into his paper slippers and went to his locker. Clean underwear, socks, the tingling feeling after the game and bath. He got into his trousers and sat down at the round table with the leather dice cups, and yelled at Johnny to bring a couple of Scotch-and-sodas. Fred whistled over to the table in shirt and shorts. "Roll for the drinks," he said companionably.

Bob Hartley drew up a chair and the game really got rolling. Not high stakes. Just enough to make it interesting. Good guys. This was the stuff.

He glanced at the clock and it was 7:15. But he didn't really have to worry, did he? He'd give Hattie a ring in a sec and tell her he would be a bit late getting home. She could keep his grub hot in the oven. Hot or cold, it would be all right. Right now, he was shooting to beat three sixes in one, and by golly, he could do it. He did, too.

With a small corner of his mind he wondered how Hattie was doing. *Quarter to eight.* She'd have Jud in bed by now. Good kid, Hattie. But Bernie wouldn't be there to give him the old Harry. *And who could he tell how dreadfully he wished Bernie were there to bawl him out again?*

Hattie was too young to understand. She grieved in her own right, but she couldn't know the awful, lasting pain he knew. George took another drink from his glass and thought he'd better go along pretty soon. Hattie might worry.

It was quarter to nine when he left. He could imagine the boys saying later that old George had left feeling no pain. Good for the poor guy, too; you knew about his wife, of course? . . . But they didn't know at all. How could they know about the emptiness?

HE DROVE carefully, as he always did when he'd had too many drinks. Only halfway home, he remembered that Bernice wouldn't be there to take him to task, and he drove faster, as though he might surprise her in the living room if he got there early enough.

Once he saw a telegraph pole looming up, and he thought how easy it would be to smack into it head on. But he'd thought that before, and there wasn't a bruised pole in the county. He hadn't the guts. Or maybe he just wanted to live, anyhow. Bernice had said at the last that he should take good care of the children. "Hattie's so young," she had said. "She doesn't understand, and there will be so much on her shoulders." . . . No, Hattie didn't understand.

He'd forgotten his door key as usual, and Hattie answered his ring. She wore faded blue shorts, and a striped jersey, and her long yellow hair fell softly to her square, young shoulders. At first he didn't notice that anything was wrong. She took his coat and hung it up and stood watching him, her violet eyes cool and intent.

"Well," he said, "the Old Man is late." Then he saw that Hattie's eyes were angry. "You might," she said distinctly, "have called up"

"Well," he said jocularly, "the Old Man is late. Hope you saved me some spinach."

Then, incredibly, he saw that Hattie's toe was tapping, and that her eyes were angry.

"You might," she said distinctly, "have called up when you knew you were going to be late. I fixed chops for you and Jud, and yours are ruined. Completely ruined!" The timbre of maturity in her thin voice was so at variance with her skinny body and soft mouth.

Without thinking he said apologetically, "Honey, I meant to call. No kidding. But—"

"But, nothing!" she said disdainfully. "You just simply didn't bother, that's all. All my work wasted. But that's okay, Pop. Think nothing of it." And her attitude bespoke put-upon martyrdom, a beginning of the slow anger which he so well remembered.

For a moment he said nothing, too taken aback to speak. Then he knew. Hattie understood about the void, the loneliness. Her chin was upthrust and there was the brightness of tears in her eyes, and he was sure. He scaled his hat at the radio and mumbled, "Sorry, honey,"—grinning, just as he had used to do—and went into the dining room, swallowing at the lump in his throat.

Hattie's anger had been deliberate. And because he knew this, the loneliness, shared, was less hard to bear.

Let's go, boss!

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- ***FULL POWER*** — Your car "glides" uphill on Fire-Chief's accurately adjusted balance of power and smooth action ingredients.
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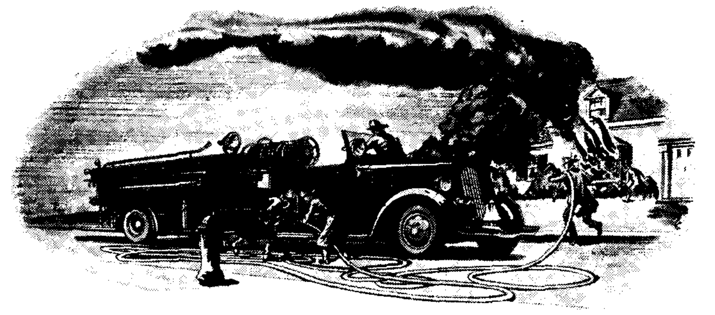

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Standard protection

Sleep, My Love

Continued from page 22

"I haven't got any," Elcott told her.

"Any what?"

"Any whatever you don't want any of. This is the Parkhurst residence, I believe."

"It is."

"Fine. Is Mrs. Parkhurst in?" Elcott asked.

The maid examined him for a moment. "*Mrs.* Parkhurst?"

"Mrs. Parkhurst. I'm from the Society Section of the Herald Tribune."

"*Mrs.* Parkhurst is not in. In fact, I'd say Mrs. Parkhurst is not *ever* going to be in."

"How distressing. She left Mr. Parkhurst just like that?"

"Mrs. Parkhurst was cremated ten years ago!"

"Sorry. Well, perhaps you can help me. There's been a terrible mix-up at the paper. The reporter we sent to cover your wonderful party last night had an accident. Hit by a trolley car. She's at the hospital—and no one has the faintest idea of what happened to the guest list she prepared. I wonder if you could give me the complete list of names—"

"*Guest* list?"

"Yes. For the party last night."

"Last night?"

"Of course. Come, come, my good woman."

"Young man, you're crazy. You ought to be in an asylum. Mr. Parkhurst has been in Florida for two months. Now go away or I'll call the police!" She slammed the door in his face.

MR. HARRY FELSCH looked like a real-estate broker who had once played football, but the sign on his door read: Private Investigator. "Let me get this straight, Mr. Elcott. *Did* you see that man on the street?"

"No," said Elcott. "There was no one on Sutton Place."

"Did *anyone* see the man there, at the time you mentioned?"

"There's a difference of opinion on that point, Mr. Felsch. I made a bet, with a friend, that there *was* a man in the house in question."

"Who was the man?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"You don't give me much to work on," said Mr. Felsch.

"I haven't got much to work on," said Elcott, "except faith in the judgment and sanity of the lady I mentioned. All I can tell you is that the man was middle-aged, heavy, and wore horn-rimmed glasses."

"There must be a hundred thousand middle-aged men in New York—"

"But I'm counting on the glasses, Mr. Felsch."

Felsch pinched a heavy jowl with his fingers. "You're not making it easy. You tell me I can't talk to the lady or the husband, or sweat the servants."

"That's part of the bet, unfortunately. You can't try the obvious ways. It would arouse suspicion." Elcott paused. "And perhaps it would increase the danger to someone."

"What does that leave me to sink my teeth into?"

"Into a man named Richard Cordeley," said Elcott.

"Is he the one you made the bet with?"

"That's right."

Felsch went to the water cooler and filled a paper cup. "Maybe you're wasting your time, Mr. Elcott. What makes you so sure there was a man at that house?"

"Because Cordeley was too positive that there wasn't," Elcott said. "It's curious how people betray their fears. If someone told me he saw a man coming out of my house after one o'clock in the morning, I'd say, 'Really? What did he look like? Where was he? Where did he go?' I wouldn't say, 'You're wrong. It's quite impossible.'"

"You would if you were positive."

"Ah. But how could one ever be positive about such a thing?" Elcott smiled. "That's the whole point. How could you ever be positive? No, Mr. Felsch. You'd only say that if you thought someone was crazy—or if you were damned anxious to squelch anyone who *might* have seen someone you did not want seen.

"Mr. Cordeley called someone the minute I stepped out of his office," Elcott continued. "I'd like to know who was at the other end of the wire."

"Forget it. There's one chance in a million of finding that out. We'll try—but don't get any fancy ideas. I'll put a man on Mr. Cordeley right away. We'll see where he goes, what he does, who he talks to. What else can we work on?"

"Mr. Cordeley's affairs," said Elcott. "Business, personal, financial, anything, everything about him. Mr. Felsch, it's got to be done very fast! I'm dining with the Cordeleys tonight."

"What will you do with what we get?"

"I'll know that when I need to," said Elcott. "It's ticklish, isn't it? You can't tell a woman things about her husband even if they are true. It's worse when you can only draw inferences. And the last thing in the world to do is let the husband suspect anything is—is going wrong." He paused. "But there's no law against dropping hints and seeing what happens. I want to drop lots of hints. Perhaps someone will recognize a hint as a hint." He pulled out his checkbook. "I always pay for overtime. Will a thousand grease the wheels of routine?"

"That will burn up a lot of rubber," said Mr. Felsch.

"I want to borrow some keys," said Elcott, "for a desk. I assume you have an adequate collection?"

"You going to break into someone's office? Let one of my boys handle it."

Elcott shook his head. "He wouldn't know what to look for."

"Do you?"

"No. But I'll recognize it if it's there."

Mr. Felsch opened a box which he took from one of his drawers and tossed Elcott a large ring of keys. "Don't lose them. They're hard to replace." He waved the check in the air to dry the ink. "Just to satisfy my curiosity, Mr. Elcott, how come you chose me?"

Elcott got up. "You're the one a friend of mine in the district attorney's office cussed out the most. You're the one the police most hate to work with. They say you cut all the corners, Mr. Felsch. They say you are utterly unscrupulous. Good day."

THE red-haired waitress primped her hair and said wearily, "Will you have more coffee, sir?"

"No, thank you," said Elcott. He was sitting at the corner table in the Restaurant Gremellet, at the window. He could see the entrance to the Shipley Building across the street.

"You mean eight cups is all you can take?"

Elcott looked at his watch. It was six-thirty. "Do the people in that building work all night?"

"Ain't Baby come out yet?"

"No," Elcott sighed, "Baby ain't." Just then Elcott saw Cordeley come out of the Shipley Building and drive off. Elcott tossed a bill on the table and left the restaurant. He crossed the street and was about to enter the building when he noticed that the stationery shop was still open. He went in. "I want a clamp board, please," he said. "And a pad of column paper."

"What number?"

"Any kind. And a red pencil."

Elcott put the columnar pad under the clamp, scribbled "Plus," "Minus," "Safety," in red pencil, made a few random check marks and went into the lobby. The lobby was deserted at this hour and the elevator light showed that only one car was operating. Elcott pushed his hat back, loosened his tie, and undid his collar button. He looked around. He saw a fire extinguisher on the wall. He took it off the wall and pressed the elevator button. The car came down.

"Where's the manager?" Elcott demanded.

"Manager?" the elevator operator asked. "You think he sleeps here?"

"He should have slept here tonight! He's in trouble." Elcott held the fire extinguisher up accusingly. "Dried out! Carbon tetrachloride all molded below the minimum absorption index! Not worth two cents in case of emergency!" He slammed the extinguisher down and made several red checks on the pad. "Now I'll have to check the automatic ampere load safety circuit breakers! A fine way to run a modern office building! My last job today and this has to turn up. And I haven't even had supper! Take me up. I'll have to spot check and sample. I haven't time now to go through every floor I'll take twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight it is."

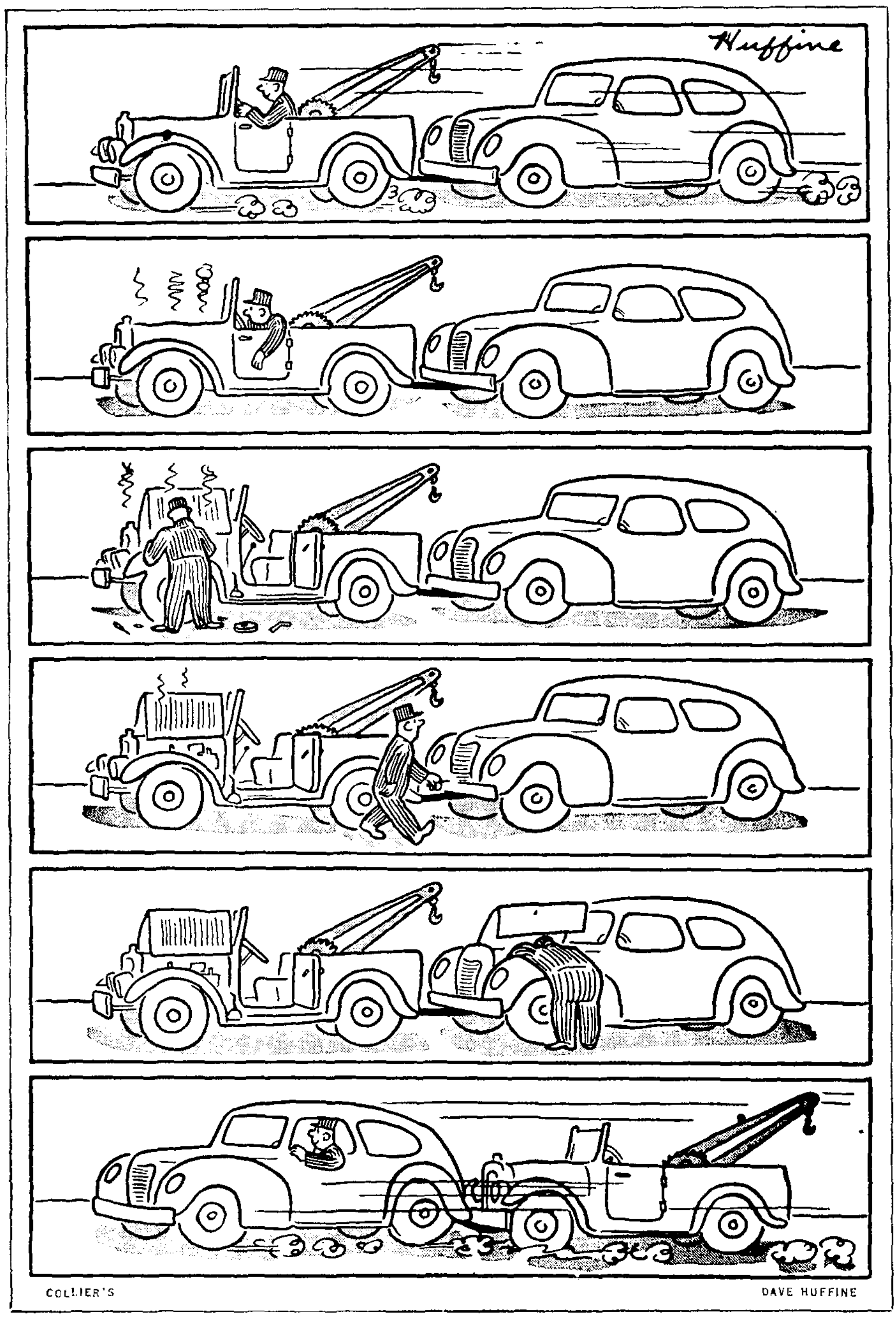
"You tell the manager he's in plenty of trouble with Inspection and Prevention Analysis!"

He got out on the twenty-eighth floor, snorting his irritation. "Come on, open some offices," he said. "I got to check the ceiling sprinklers."

The buzzer sounded in the elevator. "Take care of the tenants," said Elcott impatiently. "Go on! You're only in my way. Leave me that key. I can check the offices without you."

When the elevator went down, Elcott walked around the corner and opened Cordeley's door. He snapped the lights on. The top desk drawer was open. He took out some letters and read them quickly. The left-hand drawers contained letterheads, contract forms, pipe tobacco. The bottom drawer, the double-height drawer, did not open. Elcott bent down. There was a lock on this drawer—a separate lock for this drawer alone. Elcott got the ring of pass keys he had borrowed from Mr. Felsch and the fourth key he tried opened the drawer.

ELCOTT pulled several books out of the drawer. His brow wrinkled into furrows when he saw the titles: Varieties of Somnambulism, by J. F. Sadgett, M.D. and 28 Cases of Sleep-Walking, by Marshall De Long and V. Jordan Cherin. Under the books he found several folders, marked Income Tax. One folder contained a carbon copy of a filled-out income-tax form: the tax paid was $28,415.22. The second folder contained a copy of a tax return—for $243.75. Elcott studied the forms for a moment and then he examined the names on the folders. The tax for Alison Cordeley: Estate was over $28,000. The tax for Richard Cordeley's income for the year was $243.75. Elcott sat back in the chair, rubbing his chin. Then he took the checkbook out of the drawer and thumbed through it. The balance was only $249.71. There were checks for rent, to Marjorie Watkins for steno-



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graphic services, to the University Club for back dues, to the telephone company. And there was a check to Cash, dated two weeks ago, for $1,800.

Elcott heard the elevator door opening far down the hall, and then he heard the operator's footsteps approaching. Just as he was shoving the checkbook back into the drawer a folded sheet of heavy paper fell to the floor and opened. He picked it up and read:

WARRANTY

This will certify that the enclosed pearls are natural pearls, not cultivated in artificial beds or simulated, and are guaranteed to be free of natural flaws or imperfections. . . .

At the bottom of the warranty was stamped:

Aylmer & Morrison
Jewelers—Silversmiths
Received—Cash $1,800

The sum was written in over a signature. Elcott jammed the receipted bill into his pocket and closed the desk drawer, but before he could lock it he heard the elevator man opening the outer door. "Hey, Mr. Inspector. Yoo hoo."

"Coming, coming!" Elcott went out.

"I got the manager," said the man. "On the phone. He wants to talk to you."

"Ha!" Elcott cried. "Two out of four ceiling thermostats clogged and he wants to talk to me. I've seen enough, thank you! Take me down! Tell Mr. Building Manager it's no use trying to bribe *me!* He'll get the official report in the morning, and if he wants to talk his way out of *that* he can find me in my office between ten and eleven. Good night!"

THE red brocade on the dining-room walls was the color of old burgundy in the glow of the candlelight from the big sconces; the room was old, gracious, magnificently proportioned, rich with dark wood. Cordeley sat at the head of the long marquetry table. Alison had Elcott on her right and Roger Crossworth on her left. There were two other couples. Cordeley was telling a story about a trip he and Alison had once taken to some ruins in Yucatán.

Elcott was not listening to the story. He was watching Alison. She was wearing a long gown of soft gray, with a neckline and bodice he could only identify as Elizabethan, and a belt of braided silver cord. The blackness of her hair seemed compounded of warm colors in the play of light. She might have stepped out of a Romney or a Gainsborough.

Elcott leaned toward her and whispered, "I like your gown."

"Thank you."

"I was thinking how nicely your pearls would go with that gown," he said.

"I prefer this." She touched the emerald pendant that hung from the thin band of black around her throat. "I'm a slave to tradition, I suppose. It was my grandmother's and her grandmother's. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It's beautiful," said Elcott. "But pearls—somehow pearls would set off the gray perfectly and complement the silver in the cord."

"Do you design clothes, too?"

"No. It's just that I have a sentimental attachment to—"

"To pearls," she said. "Bruce, why didn't you tell me you were a hero?"

"A hero? Me?"

"I saw your picture in the paper this morning." She smiled. "Don't be so flagrantly modest. I don't know what to expect of you next. Tell us about it."

"Emerald with gray," he mused. "It's a nice combination. But pearls—"

"What's going on down there?" asked Cordeley from the head of the table.

"I'm trying to get Bruce to confess his secret exploits," said Alison. "And he keeps avoiding the subject by pretending to be interested in jewelry. Did you all see that story in the Times?"

"Tell your story, Elcott," said Crossworth. "Come on, come on."

"Better tell and get it over with. Where did you serve?"

"Oh, Siam, Burma."

"And the decoration?" asked Alison. "You're not going to get any dessert until you tell us the whole thing, so you'd better start talking now. Including the matter of where you learned to speak Chinese! He speaks fluent Chinese, in case any of you are interested."

He made a face. "Women are incurable romantics. It's no trick to know Chinese when you were born there. Well, I was born there—in Peiping, then known as Peking. My father was first secretary at the Embassy. I hadn't been in China for twenty years, but when the war broke out, some idiot got the idea that since I can pronounce several phrases in Chinese, I'd be of use organizing sabotage, demolishing railroads and things of that sort. I joined up with a little group of safe-crackers and—we did a few things. Say, has anyone here read the new book on Andrew Jackson by—"

A short serial in three parts

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

BY

EDWIN LANHAM

In which Lew Gibson, press agent of the stodgy Hotel Westbrook, is caught up in a madcap intrigue involving a hotel manager named Porter Fahnstock, a beautiful redhead named Valerie, an aging ingénue named Wanda Dupree, two newspaper girls — both named Poppy McNaughton—and Senator Tolbert Ashton himself, a gentleman who was, to say the least, ill-advised, incautious, imprudent and—well—indiscreet. Read about the misadventures of the Senator's missing diary, beginning in next week's

COLLIER'S

"Oh, no! You can't throw us off that way! What about the medal?"

"They gave me the medal for falling asleep when I should have been awake."

"You *are* exasperating!"

"That's the honest-to-God truth," Elcott said. "I was always falling asleep. War is really very boring. Only this time I fell asleep in a cave near Sinkiang and when I opened my eyes a regiment of the Mikado's little boys were jabbing me in my side and yelling 'Bingo!'"

"You were behind the Japanese lines?"

"Well, yes. You see, I made a mistake and dropped twenty miles too far to the north of the Lunghai railroad—"

"You dropped," said Alison slowly.

"Well, we had a power station to blow up and two air-detection outposts and the only way we could get there was at night, by plane."

"And the Japs captured you?"

"Well, yes," said Elcott.

"What did you do after you were captured?" Alison asked.

"I had to escape, naturally," said Elcott, "and I did, and then someone at a desk in the Chairborne Command at the Pentagon Building noticed it was Arbor Day and time to pass out a lot of awards and he had one left over, and after you've ordered a certain number you can't turn them back to the Quartermaster's Depot without filling out a lot of forms and looking foolish, so they had to find someone to give the award to and my name began with E, which is pretty far up in the alphabet, so before I knew it I had a pretty ribbon and—"

They all burst into laughter then, and Elcott took a deep breath and mopped his brow with his handkerchief.

Alison raised her wineglass. "That deserves a toast: the fastest confession on record. To our Reluctant Hero."

Elcott turned to Alison and whispered, "I still think pearls would look better than the emerald."

She smiled and said, "I'll tell you the deep, dark secret: I don't have any pearls."

Cordeley said, "What was that, Alison? What did you say?"

"I was telling Bruce why I always wear the pendant."

"I thought you said something about pearls," said Cordeley.

"Oh, he thought pearls would go better with this gown. He fancies himself an expert on clothes, too. Shall we have coffee in the living room?"

They all rose. The women went into the living room. Cordeley took Elcott by the arm and said casually, "Do you really think Alison would like pearls?"

They looked at each other and they were polite, poised, unruffled, and the conflict which hung between them was a duel unknown to the others and unadmitted by each to the other.

Elcott shrugged. "Women generally do."

"I'm glad you think so," said Cordeley, puffing on his pipe; then he whispered, "because I've bought Alison a pearl necklace. Double-strand. I'm going to surprise her with it next Sunday. It's our anniversary." He examined Elcott steadily and smiled. "That's why I rather wish you won't pursue the subject any further. . . . Brandy, Elcott?"

MR. FELSCH'S car was parked behind the Rollingwood Club in the space reserved for the special guests who used the back entrance to get to the rooms off the balcony. He was talking to a thin, sallow waiter. "I can't do a scissorbill on one of the guests," the man said nervously.

"Now, Al, do I look like a man who can't keep his mouth buttoned up?" asked Mr. Felsch.

"It's not that, Harry. The soup-and-fish guys who come here pay for protection. You know that. Mr. Rocco's cannon balls would massage me plenty if he found out I made a speech."

"Johnny Rocco won't find out," said Mr. Felsch.

"No, Harry, I can't and that's all there's to it. I'm not sticking my head into a cement mixer. I got to get back now or the kitchen will raise hell."

"Where's the fire?" asked Felsch lazily, taking the man by the arm. "I figure you got a lot to lose by not telling."

The man hesitated. "How do you mean, Harry?" he asked, wetting his lips. "Look, Harry, you wouldn't tell Mr. Rocco I—"

"I don't want to tell Johnny Rocco what day of the month it is. I don't even want you to give me a whisper about a client. It's the dame he was with, that's all. You saw her, Al. I'm not interested in Mr. Cordeley. All I want to know is: Who is Mr. Cordeley's girl? I got a client who thinks his babe is hitting the triangle with Cordeley."

"That could be hot."

"Would a hundred make you feel cooler, Al? Just for the name?"

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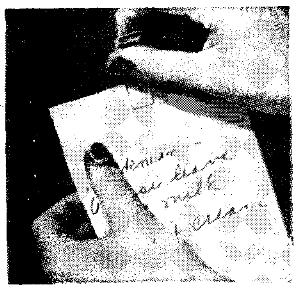

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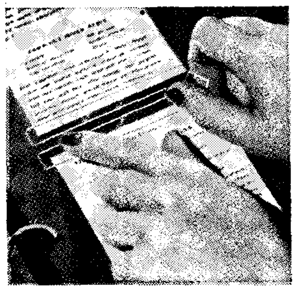

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"A hundred?"

Mr. Felsch nodded. "Take me to that phone in the hall, Al. It'll only take a minute.". . .

Haskins came into the living room, where they were having demi-tasse. "Mr. Elcott is wanted on the telephone."

He went into the vestibule and picked up the receiver. "Hello."

Mr. Felsch said, "Would you pay a hundred extra to know the name of a dame Cordeley has been romancing?"

Elcott's eyes gleamed. "Yes."

"Hold on." Felsch turned. The thin, sallow man was going into the kitchen with a tray. Felsch nodded to him. The man nodded back and went into the kitchen. "You'll have it in a minute," said Felsch. "While I've got you, here are some crumbs. Cordeley's old man was big time in Philadelphia. He left over two million to his wife—Cordeley's mother. And she pulled a cute one when she died by turning it all over to a college for the blind, an art museum, and a big scholarship fund for fiddle players. The will was probated nice and open for my contact in Phillie to find, because Cordeley contested the will like mad. I don't blame him."

"You know what your host inherited? Three family portraits, a leather-bound Bible, and a set of doilies by Grandma Cordeley showing the Second Battle of Bull Run. If you ask me, Cordeley's old lady must have thought he was poison—why, I don't know. Also, I can't see where he gets the dough to live on Sutton Place. The building records downtown show Cordeley hasn't built anything bigger than a chicken coop in three years."

"I know how that's done." Elcott lowered his voice. "What about the man in the horn-rimmed glasses? Have you gotten *anything?*"

"Not a damn' thing." Felsch swore. "Everything I've tried throws a Brodie on me. Hold the wire, Mr. E."

Out of the corner of his eye, Elcott saw a long shadow fall across the vestibule floor, and move across the space of the open doors in the living room. When he turned his head, he saw Cordeley going to the sideboard. Cordeley began to mix a drink elaborately. He was not more than a few feet from Elcott. He could hear every word Elcott said now.

Felsch said into the phone, "Her name is Vernay. She's in a show on Broadway. I'll put my hooks on her in the morning. Anything else you want tonight?"

"Can I call you back?"

"Hell, no. Not here."

"Listen." Elcott lowered his voice to a whisper. "Try—to—" But before he could finish the sentence, Cordeley stepped into the vestibule and held a drink before him, smiling. "Here you are, Elcott. I thought you might want this. Long telephone conversations always make me thirsty."

Elcott said into the phone, "Thanks for making the reservation. I'll be at the airport." He hung up. "Sorry, Dick. An emergency. I've got to get back to Boston."

Cordeley smiled. "Oh, that's too bad. Is it that important?"

"Yes. Very important."

THEY went into the living room together. "Alison," Elcott said, "I'm awfully sorry I've got to leave your party. I've got to catch a plane."

"Bruce! Is anything wrong?"

"No, not exactly. I don't know yet."

"When do you think you'll be back in New York?" Cordeley asked.

"Not for four or five months," Elcott said.

"That long?" said Cordeley. "What a pity."

"I'll see you to the door," said Alison.

At the front door, Elcott turned to her suddenly, his voice low and quick: "Alison, listen. I don't know how to say this. I've been trying to find a way all night. You and Dick—he—"

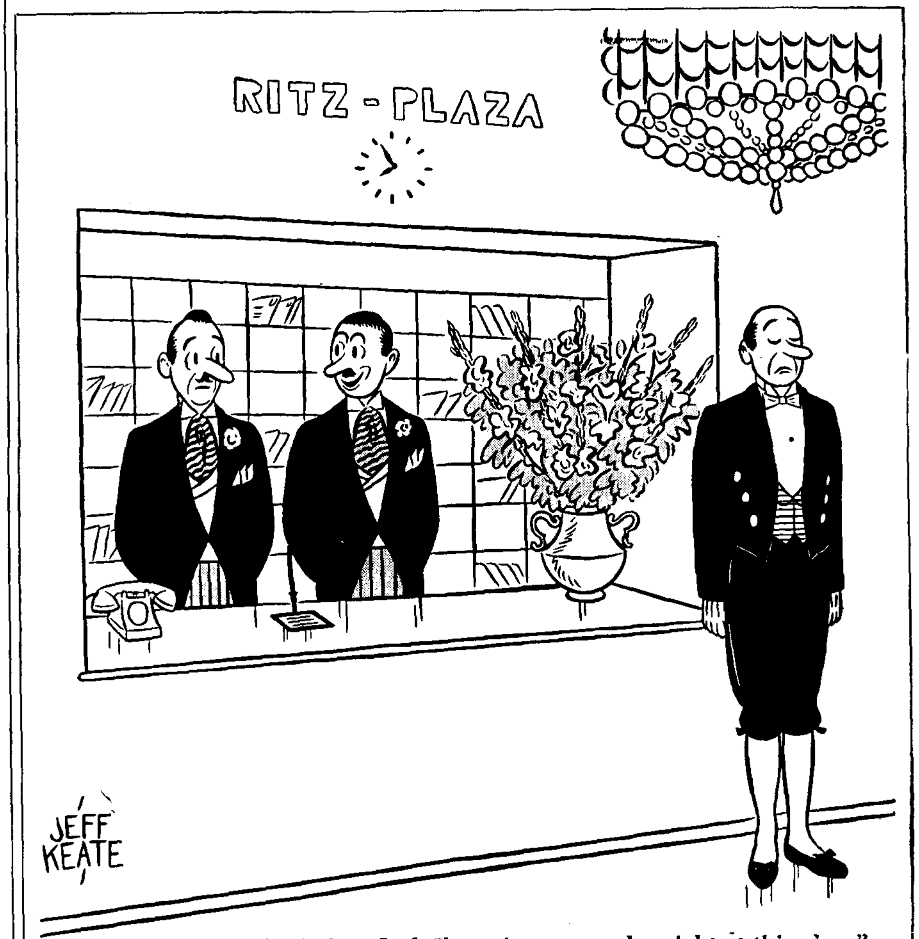
"Don't, Bruce!" she said. "You mustn't."

"You've *got* to know this. I—"

"No. Please. You mustn't talk about that."

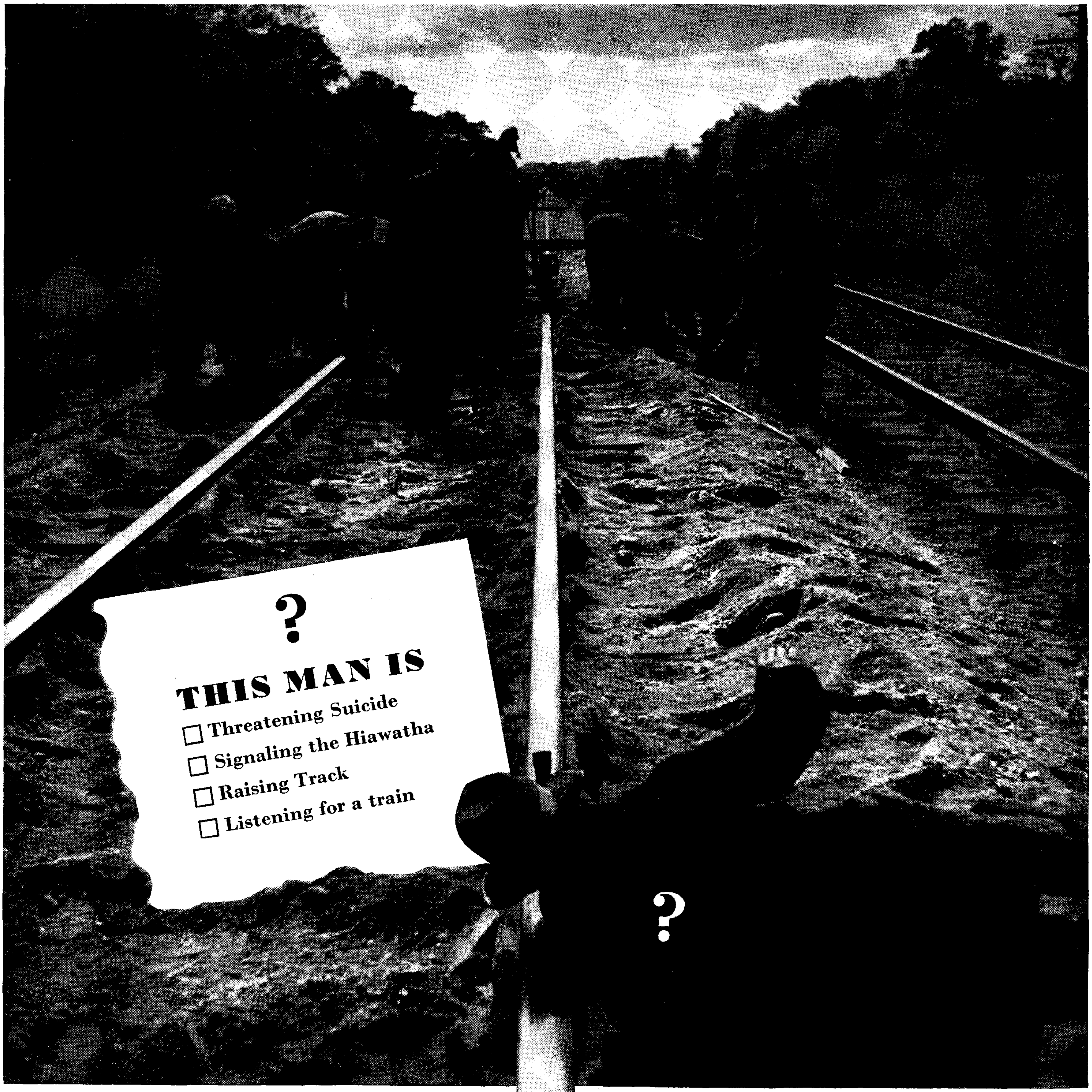
"But you don't understand! I—"

"I think I do understand. I understand you, Bruce. And I think you understand me and I'll always be grateful to you for that." Her eyes were trying to say something to him, too: they were singularly clear and bright, very warm and very steady. "You mustn't say more to me. I hope you find that woman who knows



"Sometime when I'm feeling flush I'm going to spend a night at this place"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE


?
THIS MAN IS
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☐ Signaling the Hiawatha
☐ Raising Track
☐ Listening for a train
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the difference between a problem and a crisis. And I'll always be proud—"

"Alison! It's not that! I—you—" He was trying to break through her wonderful misconception, and his own emotion, to find in her words some word he could return, a key for her to the dark door he could not open. "It's about *you.* You've got to be careful. Dick—"

"Elcott!" Cordeley's voice cut between them like a knife, and like a knife cut all the threads the moment had woven between them. They turned automatically, suspended in the incommunicable.

Cordeley was standing in the doorway, smiling pleasantly, and he came up to them and put his hand out. "We didn't shake hands for goodby. Happy landings—for your flight."

Elcott took his hand. Then he shook hands with Alison and he held her hand a little longer than he needed to; her hand was warm and very firm and she met his glance squarely. "Goodby, Bruce," she said. "Please come to see us soon. I'll always be glad to see you."

Cordeley opened the door. And just as Elcott turned to leave, Cordeley said, "You've forgotten your gloves." He held up a pair of gloves that had been on the hall table. "Someone's always forgetting gloves, isn't he?"

BACKSTAGE, you could hear the audience roar as the strains of That Naughty Girl ascended in saccharine chords. The old man at the desk just inside the stage-door entrance shook his head firmly and said, "They sell tickets in front, sonny."

Elcott took out his money clip. "I'd rather buy a nice side view from the wings. I'm astigmatic." He started to hand the man a bill, but the old man spat a mouthful of tobacco juice into a battered cuspidor and said, "Just wait in the alley with the other wolves and I'll make out like I never saw you when one of the girls slaps your face."

"I want to see Miss Vernay."

"It's always Miss Vernay," said the old man.

"Popular, isn't she? She'll be very put out if you—"

"Her father's order is to put out anyone who tries to get in. Move!"

"One moment, Pop." Elcott tore a sheet off the calendar on the desk and scribbled across the back of it. "Just take this to her."

"It wouldn't do any good."

"I'll bet you five dollars you can't walk that far."

The old man looked at Elcott and shrugged. "Inflation is here, all right. Wait outside." He closed the door.

The audience roared as Daphne rolled her immense china-blue eyes, shocked and surprised, and danced out of sight.

The old man touched her arm. "Daphne." He handed her the piece of paper.

She read, "Mr. Cordeley sent me," and her eyebrows made a little arch. "Let him in, Pop."

She stepped out of the wings to a torrent of applause, her hands crossed innocently across her breast . . .

The orchestra struck up the fanfare of trumpets. Daphne threw the kimono around her shoulders, hurried up the iron stairs to the row of dressing rooms and opened her door. "Cherry, did you see my—" She stopped short.

There was a man standing before one of the dressing tables. He was tall and slender and extremely good-looking. He was in evening clothes. He made a curious bow.

"I haven't been called Cherry since I was a child," he smiled. "Cherry Evans. That's what they called me."

"I didn't expect Pop to let you in here."

"Pop is a man of great understanding," he said.

She smiled. "Would you mind waiting until I slip into something?"

"I'd adore waiting until you slipped into something," he said, sitting down.

"I meant outside."

"Someone is always trying to put me outside," he sighed.

"You're too good-looking to be inside," she said.

He looked at her and twisted his face into a hideous grimace. "Now can I stay?"

She sat down before one of the mirrors and began smearing cold cream on her face. "If you're not afraid to look that way, I'm not afraid to look this way. What do you want, Mr.—Mr.—"

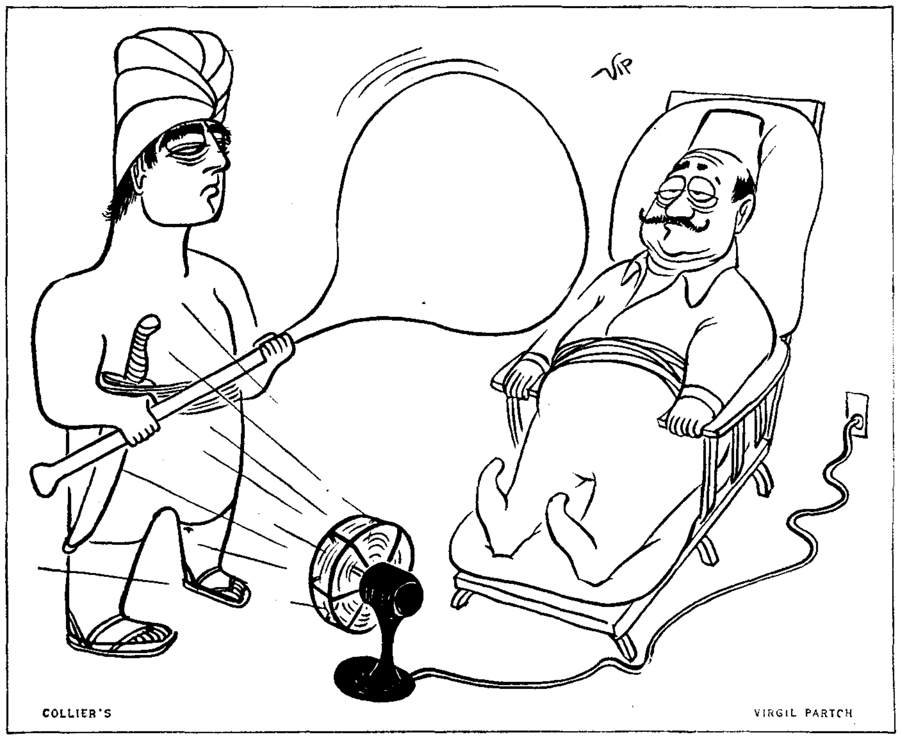
"Evans." His eyes were enjoying her legs.

She put the towel down. "Look, if you're just another Johnny, you're wasting your time and the answer is no. You said Mr. Cordeley sent you."

"Your—appearance made me forget for a moment. I'm sorry."

"Let's start all over." She turned to the mirror. "And stick to business." But she could not suppress a smile.

He pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket. "The company feels, Miss Vernay, that the premium will depend upon some reasonable guarantee of the safe condition under which you will keep the insured items," he explained.



"What kind of double-talk is that?"

"The insurance policy," he said.

She put the hairbrush down and exclaimed, "Are *you* trying to sell me an insurance policy?"

"Heavens, no," he said in alarm. "Mr. Cordeley took out this policy, Miss Vernay. He'll pay all the premiums."

"Policy? What for? He didn't say anything to me about—"

"Didn't he?" asked Elcott. "That's odd. When did you last see him?"

"Last ni—" She stopped.

"Of course," he said quickly. "He called the office this morning. I tried to get you at your apartment, but you were out, and since the company likes to give a man like Mr. Cordeley very fast service, I took the liberty of coming here. It's only a matter of a few details."

"The kind of men they send around from insurance companies these days," she murmured.

"That's just what Mother said." Elcott smiled. "She didn't like my going into the business, but Dad insisted. There's always been an Evans in Transcontinental Bond and Surety. Dad's the president of the company, after all. And he said the only way to learn a business was from the bottom. This is my first week. I'm not really very good at it, am I?"

"You're doing all right," she said. "Go on."

"Well, we need to know where you keep the pearls when you're not wearing them. You don't keep them here, do you?"

"You think I'm crazy?"

He put a finger to his temple gravely. "No. I'll make a note of that. 'Not crazy. Does not let pearls lie around dressing room where can be easily stolen.' Do you have a safe, safety-vault box, or strongbox?"

"No."

"That's bad. Very bad. You should keep valuables in a place that's fireproof, burglar protected, and free from changing humidity, fungi and dry rot."

"*I'll* make a note of that." She smiled. "Turn your back."

He turned his back.

She pulled a dress off the rack behind the curtained closet. "Go on with your business. What else do you want?"

"That's about all—as far as business is concerned."

She slipped into her dress. "Then, goodby."

"Goodby? Just like that?"

"Oh, you can say it in a lower register if you want, like this: '*Good*by.'"

"I'll have to examine the pearls," he said.

"Tonight?"

"It will speed things up no end. Mr. Cordeley asked us not to let them stay uninsured a minute longer than necessary. He's very thoughtful to be concerned about a gift. Would you like to eat before I take you home?"

Their eyes met.

"No," he said. "I can see you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Eat, have a drink, dance, or whatever you do after the show is over."

"I generally go home and go to sleep," she said.

"I'd like that," he grinned. "I mean, take you home so you can go to sleep."

Her eyes took inventory of him from his shoes to his hair. "You're like all the rest of the rich boys. Spoiled, and fresh."

"Do you have a hopeless prejudice against wealth, Miss Vernay?"

She shook her head and her hair gleamed like copper in the light.

"Then where shall we eat?"

She looked at her watch. "You'll have to get me home early."

He picked a coat out of the closet and held it for her. "Your cloak, madam."

She smiled at him, and he put the coat around her shoulders.

They went out together. . . .

They had supper at a glittering chromium and ebony *boîte* called The Ferris Wheel. The place was small, intimate, fashionable, and in appalling taste.

They were on the dance floor now and their heads were close together. They danced without talking, but when Elcott tightened his arm around her waist, she murmured, "You're wasting your time and raising your blood pressure."

"In school I used to get my best marks in effort," he said.

"You must have had a crush on teacher," she said. "Did she teach you how to dance?"

"Why is everyone so amazed when a man knows how to move his feet without breaking all the bones in his partner's toes?"

"You struck me as the type who—"

"Who wouldn't know the difference between the rumba and the Black Bottom."

"That's right. You hit it on the nose." She glanced at him. "You're more complicated than I thought."

The music stopped and he took her back to the table. He held her chair for her and then, leaning down, he whispered, "If I asked you, would you marry me?"

"Are you mad?"

"Yes." He sat down opposite her. "You're the kind of a girl who won't be on the market long. I don't suppose you would really marry me, would you?"

"I don't suppose you're really proposing, are you?"

"That might depend on your answer."

"What if I said yes?" she asked.

"I'd be scared. And if you said no I'd keep trying. That's the way men are. It's a great mistake to think that it's women who can't make up their minds. Women always know what they want. It's the men who don't know what they want and it takes a little time for women to prove to the men that what they want is what *they* want—my pronouns are all mixed up but I think you know what I mean."

"I know exactly what you mean," she said. "Now take me home."

"Why wouldn't you marry me—if I proposed?"

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

"I just have a feeling you're not the marry-in-haste-repent-at-leisure kind of girl. Am I right?"

"You're right."

"But there must be a better reason," he said. "Someone as beautiful as you—Are you, as the wits put it, 'going steady'?"

"Yes." She got up. "Now—"

"Going to marry him?"

"I certainly am."

"When?"

She studied him for a moment. "That, Mr. Evans, is none of your business."

DAPHNE was seated in the far corner of the taxi, her long legs crossed, her hair bronze in the darkness, and she was watching Elcott with unconcealed amusement. When the cab pulled up to the apartment building, she said, "You're not a very good wolf."

"No? I'm a paid-up member of the association."

"You didn't even try to kiss me."

He smiled. "The evening's young."

"How wrong you are." She got out of the cab and put her hand out. "Thanks for—"

"I always see ladies to the door," he said.

"Something Mother taught you?"

"Uh-uh." He shook his head. "Father."

He paid the driver.

"You're wasting your time," she murmured. "I can't show you my etchings."

"Ah, but you can show me your pearls."

"At this time of night? Don't be a square."

"It's never too late to write a policy,"

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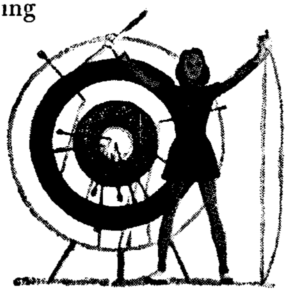

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he said. "One old lady I know insured her Kerry Blue at eleven and he strangled to death on a bone at midnight. That just goes to show you!" They were crossing the little lobby. "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do right now, Miss Vernay. A policy in time saves nine."

She turned at the elevator. "I've heard a lot of get-your-foot-in-the-door-fast lines, but never one like this."

"I'm flattered."

"You're obvious" She flicked his cheek with her finger. "No soap, pet. I'll wear the pearls to the theater tomorrow You can see them there. Good night."

He put his hand on her arm apologetically. "Then I'll have to awaken you at seven in the morning."

"What time in the *what?"*

"I'm awfully sorry, but it's a company rule." He sighed helplessly. "All our new policies go into processing at nine o'clock in the morning. I'd have to have my report completed by the time I arrive at the office. But if you prefer it that way"—he hesitated and smiled—"very well I'll be here bright and chipper at seven!"

She groaned. "If Dick hadn't sent you—"

He bowed and stepped into the elevator.

They rode up to the fifth floor, and at her door she gave him the key

"Do you live alone?" he asked.

"Oh, oh. I knew that was coming."

"My *dear* Miss Vernay," he said, "I ask that strictly in the line of duty to Transcontinental Bond and Surety. The premiums on a policy of this kind are much lower if there's more than one person on the premises. That cuts the risk of fire, burglary, theft, fungi—"

"Or men like you," she said. "I live with my parents. Come in and meet them."

THE old woman was in the living room, in a dressing gown, rocking back and forth in her chair, humming to herself, and when she heard them enter she called, "Daphne, is that you?"

"Yes, darling." Daphne came into the room and kissed her mother on the cheek. "This is Mr. Evans."

"How do you do, Mrs. Vernay," said Elcott. He looked around the apartment.

"Mr. Evans is just going to stay a few minutes," Daphne said significantly.

"I think that's very nice, Daphne. Daphne doesn't have many callers, Mr. Evans. We take good care of our little girl. You must be someone very special. Oh, I hope Charles won't be angry, Daphne."

"Mr. Evans is here on business," said Daphne.

"Well, don't sign anything, Daphne," said the old woman. "Charles ought to be back any minute. He just went out to buy some liquor. He doesn't drink much—just now and then—but he likes to have it in the house when he needs it."

Elcott pulled some old envelopes out of his pocket. "This will only take a minute, Mrs. Vernay. I just want to inspect the pearls. Just check the size, number, quality, and weight against the description on the policy."

Daphne went into the other room.

Elcott said to the old woman, "I think Mr. Cordeley's a wonderful man to do all this for your daughter."

The old woman bobbed her head up and down brightly. "He certainly is. All you have to do is ask Charles about Mr. Cordeley. They're just like that, you know." She held up two fingers close together. "Mr. Cordeley doesn't do a thing without calling Charles, I can tell you. Charles is one of the smartest men in the world. He could of been a millionaire, if not for the crash. That was in 1929, Charles says. You couldn't want anyone any nicer than Mr. Cordeley, the way Charles tells me. I never met Mr. Cordeley, of course. But I will. Pretty soon now. Isn't it a shame a man like that—oh, well, you won't catch *me* gossiping."

"A shame?" asked Elcott. "What's a shame?" He came to the old woman and sat down next to her and smiled. "I'll tell you something if you tell me."

"Will you?" the old woman asked.

"Cross my heart."

"You tell me first," she said suspiciously.

"Mr. Cordeley is—in love with Daphne," he whispered.

"Humph! *That's* no secret."

"Oh, there's more I can tell you," said Elcott. "But you've got to tell me something first. You promised. Before Daphne comes back—what's a shame?"

The old woman shot a quick glance towards the bedroom. "About his wife. Daphne doesn't know, of course, and you mustn't ever tell her. Daphne doesn't know a thing, you understand. Charles is very strict. Do you know Charles? You know he's one of the smartest men in the—"

"What about Cordeley's wife?"

"Oh, well." The old woman shrugged. *"Everyone* knows she's—" She put her finger to her temple and made a circular motion. "If not for that, of course, if not for her being that way and tying up all the money—my little girl—"

DAPHNE came into the room. "Here they are. Say, what are you two up to?"

"The premium should be quite moderate," Elcott said easily. "Your mother's been telling me she's home most of the time."

Daphne handed him the jewelry case and he opened it and saw the pearls inside. He went through the motions of lifting them and holding them up to the light, weighing them in his hands, counting them. "Could I have a glass of water?"

"Are you thirsty?" asked Daphne. "Or is it another stall?"

"I want to test the pearls," said Elcott.

"With water?"

"You'd be surprised how imitations react to water," said Elcott. "Not that these are imitations, of course. It's routine to check, though."

"All right," said Daphne. "But if this goes on much longer—" She went out of the room.

Elcott said to the old woman, "About Mr. Cordeley's wife. You were saying—"

"Oh, it's terrible, terrible," said the old woman. "But I can't say I sympathize with her. Not after the way she treated Mr. Cordeley. It won't be long now, though, before—"

"Grace!"

Elcott had not heard the door open. He turned and got up in one instinctive movement. Charles Vernay was in the doorway, carrying a large brown bag. He put the bag down on the table in the hall, and came into the room. He was wearing a pair of glasses without rims. "Who are you?" Vernay asked.

"This is Mr. Evans," said Daphne, coming out of the other room with a glass of water. "He's here about the pearls. Mr. Cordeley is having them insured."

Vernay's eyes were small and flat and dull as he stared at Elcott. "You got credentials?"

Elcott cleared his throat. "Of course." He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the stiff, folded sheet of paper on which was printed WARRANTY. "Mr. Cordeley turned this in to the company—"

Vernay glanced at the paper. "Any thing wrong with those pearls?" he asked quickly.

"Not so far. The glass, Miss Vernay, please? Thank you." He took the pearls and dropped them in the glass.

"What's that for?" asked Vernay.

Elcott looked at him coolly. "The Korsakoff test, *if* you don't mind."

"In water?"

"Water is only the chemical base," said Elcott, "for the Kleinschmidt solution." He took out his fountain pen, unscrewed the cap, and pushed the plunger carefully: four drops of ink fell into the glass. "Looks like ink, doesn't it? Best way to carry the reagent is in a fountain pen. Never leaks and you can control the drops with precision . . . It's mercury nitrate diphosphate. Watch. Artificial, simulated, or culture-bedded pearls are invariably coated with a substance that will precipitate the Kleinschmidt solution into globular decomposition." He held the glass up to the light critically. "M'mm . . . would you mind, Mr. Vernay? You're blocking the light. Thank you . . . Now, then. No precipitation. No sedimentary residue. Korsakoff factor negative . . . Excellent." He took the pearls out and put the glass down. "Thank you. That's all, I think. The pearls are now entirely covered. Good night, Mr. Vernay, Mrs. Vernay."

Daphne saw him to the door. He gave her his hand. "I'd like to sell you some more insurance," he said.

"I'm not surprised."

"Tomorrow night?"

"No." She opened the door. "I'm running out of pearls."

"Suppose I—er—give you another strand?" he smiled.

"I only wear one man's—at a time," she told him.

As Elcott turned to go, he saw a little picture on the table next to the brown bag. It was a framed snapshot of Vernay and the old woman and Daphne. It must have been taken four or five years earlier: Daphne was in short skirts and a middy. The three of them were on a pier and Vernay was holding a string of fish up proudly. And Vernay was wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

"Good night, Mr. Evans," Daphne was saying.

Elcott tried to keep his voice steady. "Oh, did I leave the paper for you to sign?"

"What paper?"

Elcott tapped his pockets. "I must have left it in the other room. You've got to sign it. You're the legal owner of the pearls, you know."

She turned and Elcott picked the framed picture up and slipped it into his pocket quickly. "No, I guess I didn't bring it. I must have forgotten the forms. Dad will be furious. I hate the insurance business, you know. Well, I'll mail a form out in the morning. Good night."

He closed the door and went down the hall. He rang for the elevator. He took the picture out of his pocket and studied it, and his expression was grim.

VERNAY took a liquor bottle out of the bag and looked at it; then he put it in his pocket and put on his hat.

"Charles," the old woman called, "are you going out?"

Vernay said, "That damned fool at the store gave me the wrong brand."

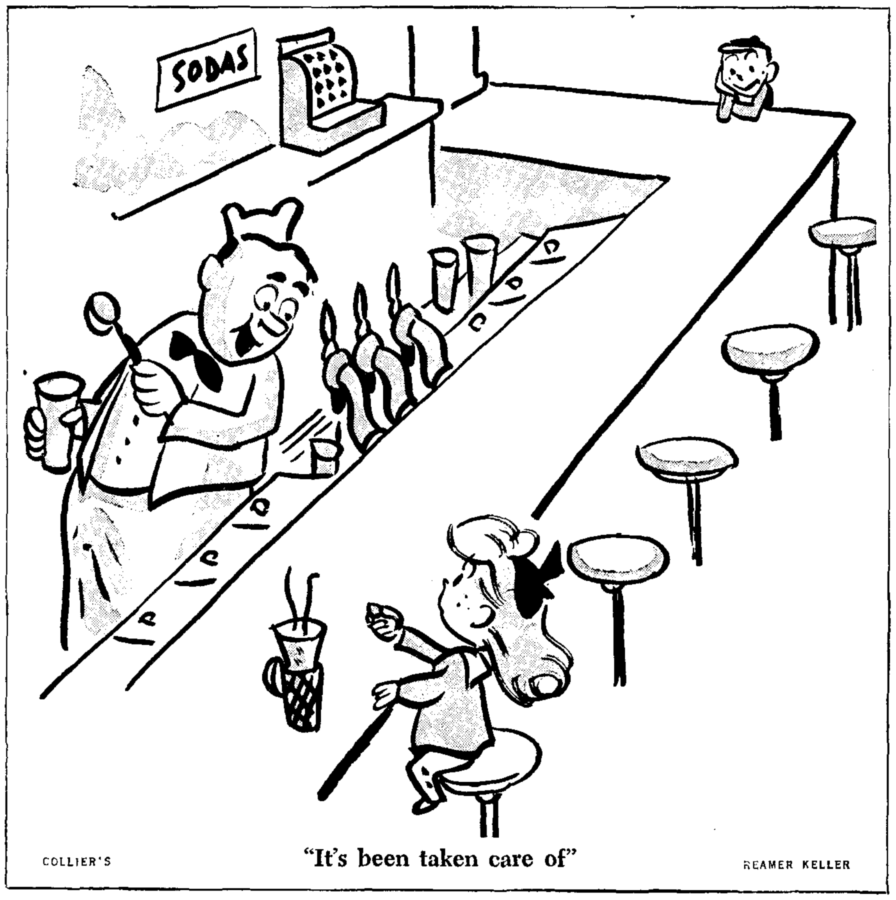
The elevator light showed the elevator passing the fourth floor. Vernay opened the door to the stairway and ran down the steps wildly, his eyes burning with apprehension. He jumped down the steps two at a time, falling against the railing once, but he did not hesitate. Then he leaped over the last three steps to the landing on the first floor. He pulled the door to the lobby open a little, breathing heavily, wheezing, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his hand. He saw Elcott get out of the elevator and cross the lobby.

The street was almost deserted. There were no taxis. Elcott turned to the left and began to walk rapidly.

Fifty feet behind him, hurrying along on his toes, keeping close against the walls of the buildings, keeping in the shadows, came Vernay. Elcott turned a corner. Vernay began to run.

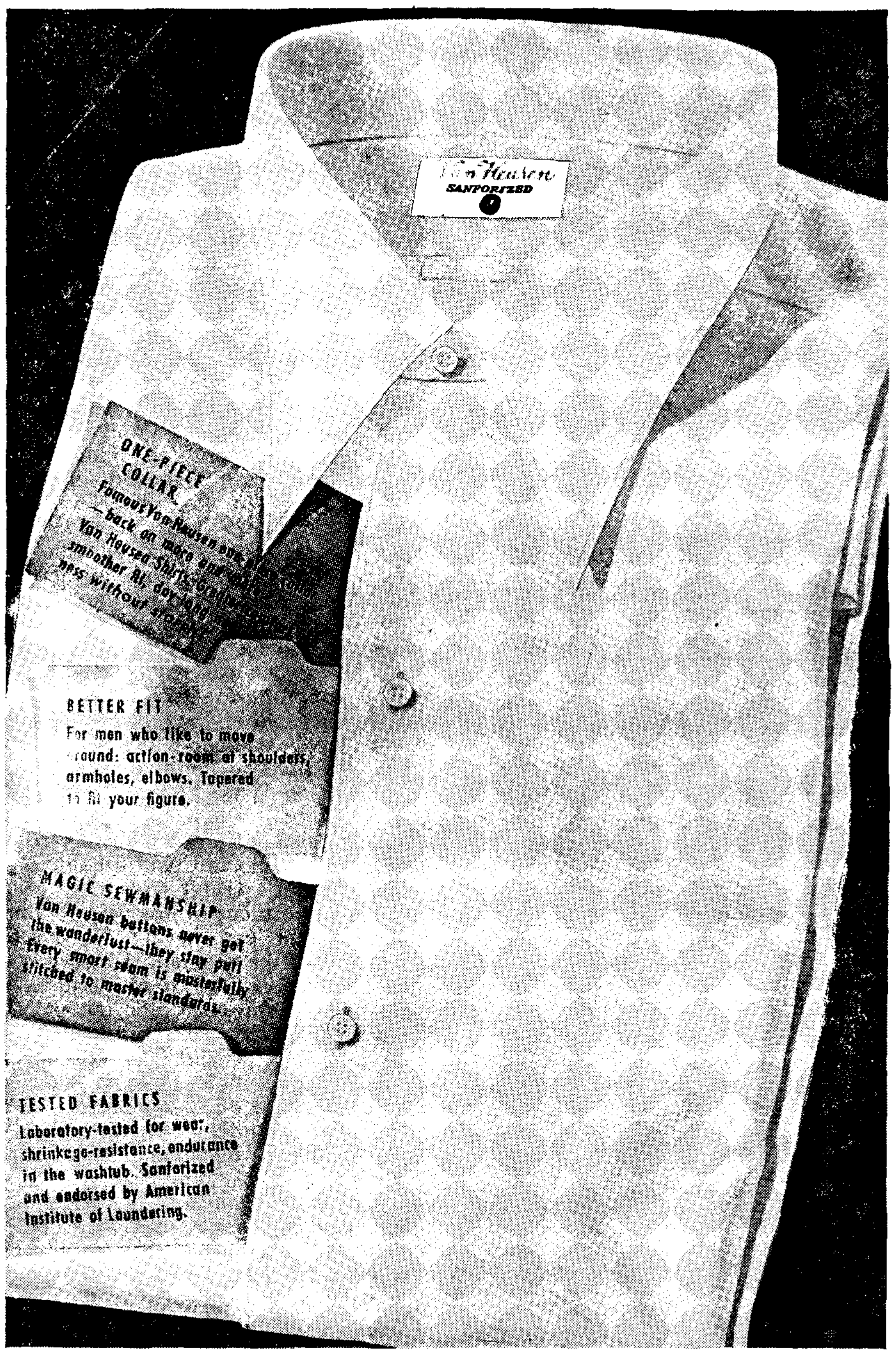
Elcott was just in front of a dark house that had an iron railing and a flight of iron steps leading down to a laundry in the basement, when Vernay came behind him and raised the liquor bottle high and with one terrible, sickening, unhesitating blow smashed the bottle on his head. Elcott's body jerked awkwardly, his hands grasping for his face, his knees paralyzed suddenly in half-bent distortion. The only sound he made was an odd little hoarse sigh, as though his lungs were crying for air, and his body went empty as a sack, collapsing against the iron railing; then he slid down, and as he hit the sidewalk his body turned on its own weight and rolled down several steps until the legs caught in the railing and he lay dead still.

(To be concluded next week)



COLLIER'S "It's been taken care of" REAMER KELLER

how to cook up a successful appearance!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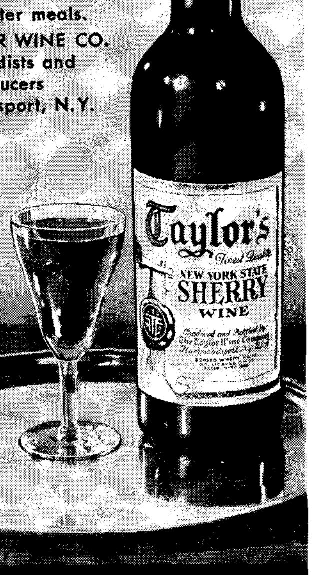

TAYLOR
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Hard-Luck Kid

Continued from page 23

forehand. He found his backhand in South America, while on an exhibition tour in 1941. The troupe consisted of the 1940 National Champion Don McNeill, Kramer, Elwood and Sarah Palfrey Cooke, Dorothy Bundy and Katharine Winthrop.

"Kramer had to develop his backhand down there, or go crazy," said McNeill recently. "His backhand was his only weak shot, and Cooke and I beat on it a little. He finally had to bring it up to the rest of his game in self-defense."

It worked, and Kramer came home with a backhand. He at last had a full set of guns. He landed in California in January of 1942, and didn't lose a match up to the time his appendix flattened him.

Two men are almost equally responsible for Kramer's tennis success—his father, and Perry T. Jones, secretary of the Southern California Tennis Association. Jack's father, David C. Kramer, is a locomotive engineer on the Union Pacific. During the four years Jack was in high school, the Kramers lived in Montebello, a homey little community just beyond the eastern outskirts of Los Angeles. Jack was born in Las Vegas, Nevada, on August 1, 1921. When he entered high school, the family settled in Montebello. When Jack finished high school, the family moved in to the eastern edge of Los Angeles proper, where they have lived since 1939, in a pleasant six-room stucco bungalow.

Jack's father is rich only in the qualities that go to make up a father. He has always encouraged Kramer in whatever he wanted to do. When Jack was in grade school, he had enough baseball equipment to outfit the Chicago Cubs. In early high school, his father built him a complete basketball court in the back yard so that he could outpractice the competition. When he became interested in tennis at thirteen, his father bought him armloads of rackets, chauffered him to tournaments, and paid for tennis lessons without a visible tremor.

The importance of Jones in Kramer's development can hardly be overestimated. At the moment, Kramer is the leading product of Jones' remarkably successful tennis-champion factory. The Californians work on a simple and almost flawless principle: If you develop enough good junior players, you will have enough good senior players. From 1933, when Budge won, through 1942, ten Southern California boys in a row won the National Junior title.

It is worth pausing for a moment to see just what goes on in California.

In 1926 a group of tennis enthusiasts formed the Tennis Patrons Association of Southern California, with the avowed purpose of developing every young Southern Californian of sound mind into a tennis champion. For once, a local tennis association would have all the help it could ask for. Plans included the starting, in 1927, of the big Pacific Southwest tournament held at Los Angeles right after the Nationals each year. Perry Jones, even then Mr. Tennis in the area, was unanimously elected manager.

They could not have chosen a better man. For twenty years Jones has been a combined father and mother to several hundred teen-age boys and girls. He patiently tells the kids what clothes to wear, why they shouldn't have seventeen milk shakes a day, and how to act when Mrs. Terwilliger invites them to tea.

How did this system work for Kramer?

When Jack began to show promise, Jones got him a junior membership in the exclusive Los Angeles Tennis Club. Then he scouted around for proper coaching. Jack had always had one real hero—Ellsworth Vines. So Jones waved his wand and asked Vines to coach Kramer. Grateful for what Jones had once done for him, Vines not only agreed, but refused payment for his efforts.

That's an important feature of the Southern California plan; it's a sort of modern version of the old guild system. Whoever's good today teaches the junior players who are going to be good next year, and they teach the even younger players.

For the next several months Vines and Kramer were at it every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, with Jones sitting in. The rest of the week Jack worked out against other top tennis men, continually watched good tennis, and was carefully guided through his own early tournaments. Each match was talked over before and after.

Kramer has been at tennis in this fashion since he was fourteen. Don't envy him his present ability on a tennis court. All it takes is ten years of hard work. Plus, of course, luck. The whole thing can always be ruined in a trice by a sudden blister, a bowl of clams, or "Greetings" from the President.

No Tennis Practice on LSTs

Kramer went into the Coast Guard in September of 1942 as an apprentice seaman; he came out in January of 1946 as a lieutenant (jg), having participated in five invasions. During his year and a half in the Pacific he had a tennis racket in his hand twice.

What he should have done was take a racket with him, and twirl it in his hand as he trod the quarter-deck. Because as soon as he began intensive play again he broke out in a rash of blisters on his racket hand. Jack has always had tender paws. The main blister on the soft thumb cushion in the palm of his hand that bothered him in England is one that he has had off and on for seven years. It is hoped that pickling in brine will solve his annual calamity for this year.

Jack has been much heartened by the simultaneous return from the wars of Ted Schroeder, who teams with him to form one of the most perfect doubles combinations imaginable. Schroeder entered the Navy two days after winning the National Singles title in September, 1942. He came out last December as a full lieutenant.

Since January, the Kramer-Schroeder combination has won the doubles in stirring fashion in four tournaments against most of the nation's top teams. Schroeder, who defeated McNeill at Orange, New Jersey, in June, does not intend to compete in the National Singles at Forest Hills this year. He's already won that. He will, however, be on hand with Kramer at the Longwood Cricket Club at Boston starting August 19th.

He wants to cap his tennis career with a third win of the National Doubles there with Kramer, and, if invited, go on in December to the Cooyong Courts just outside Melbourne, for our coming Davis Cup finals with the Australians. Happily employed as a sales engineer, Schroeder expects this to be his final year of big-league tennis. And one of those gallon-size permanent National Doubles trophies would look awfully nice on the mantel.

By the calendar Schroeder is exactly twelve days older than Kramer; actually, he's about forty-seven years older. Smaller than Kramer, but just as forceful and daring in his play, he has a solid-citizen side that just naturally settles Jack down; they work together with a power and harmony that has proved most discouraging to the opposition.

Those who know Kramer believe that this may be the year for which they have all waited. The only thing that has held Jack back since the addition of his backhand in 1941 has been lack of top physical condition. Jack has never been a juvenile rounder in any sense of the word; he has just always been young and foolish. As he puts it, "Having three or four milk shakes and a bunch of pickles, and then going and riding on a roller coaster."

He has now seen the light. When he got home from sea he had a little chat with Mr. Walter Pate and promised that before he consumes or does anything at all he will stop a moment to think: Will this help my game, or hurt it?

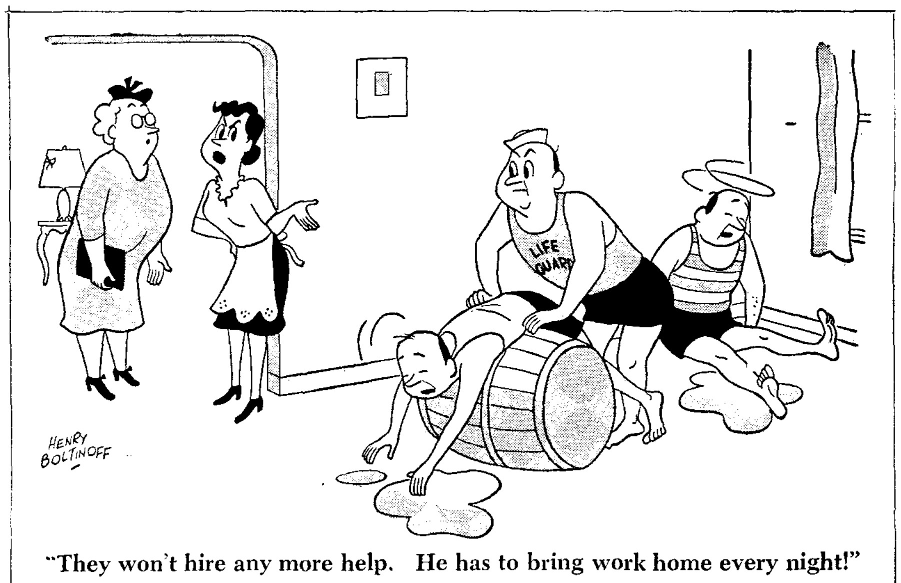
In addition, Kramer is now happily married and he would like to slay a few dragons for his wife, Gloria.

Kramer's plans for the future are indefinite. Somehow he's managed to pick up a fairly serviceable education, although no one knows exactly how. He drifted in and out of the front door of Montebello High School for four years, but most of his teachers were under the impression that he was delivering packages. After high school, Jack followed his parents' wishes and enrolled at the University of Southern California, but after one semester, everyone concerned gave up with mutual relief. Jack cut classes, he refused to study, and besides, people outside the walls were playing tennis all the time.

For his second try at college, Kramer packed his bags and headed for little Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida. There he took a curriculum consisting largely of tennis, fresh air, and plenty of good drinking water. It was an interesting experiment in higher education, and in Kramer's case it worked out amazingly well. No longer forced to study, Jack suddenly decided that he wanted to, and in one year he studied more than he ever had in his life.

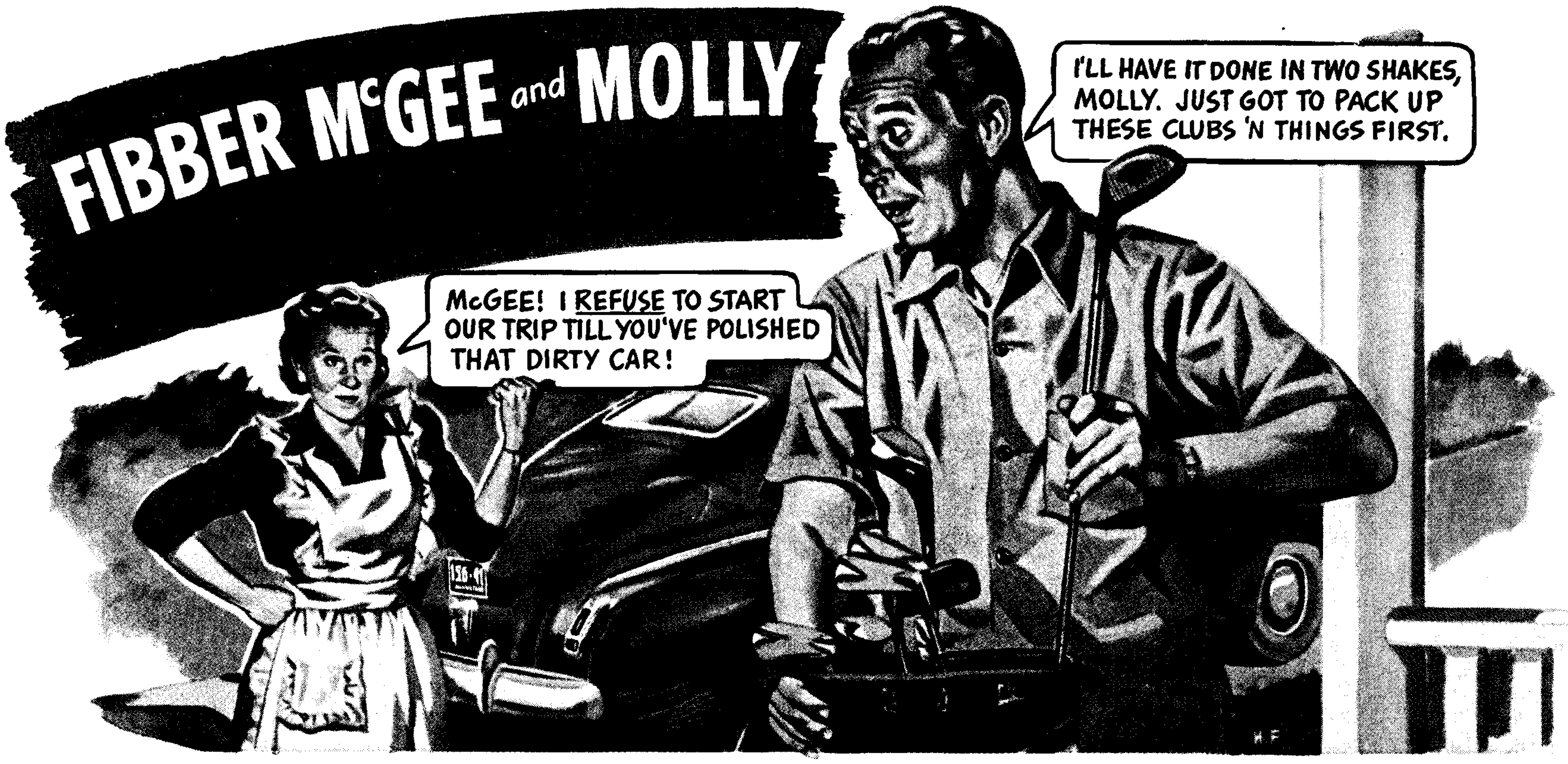
Kramer long ago decided that he really likes only one thing—tennis. This year should determine whether tennis likes him.

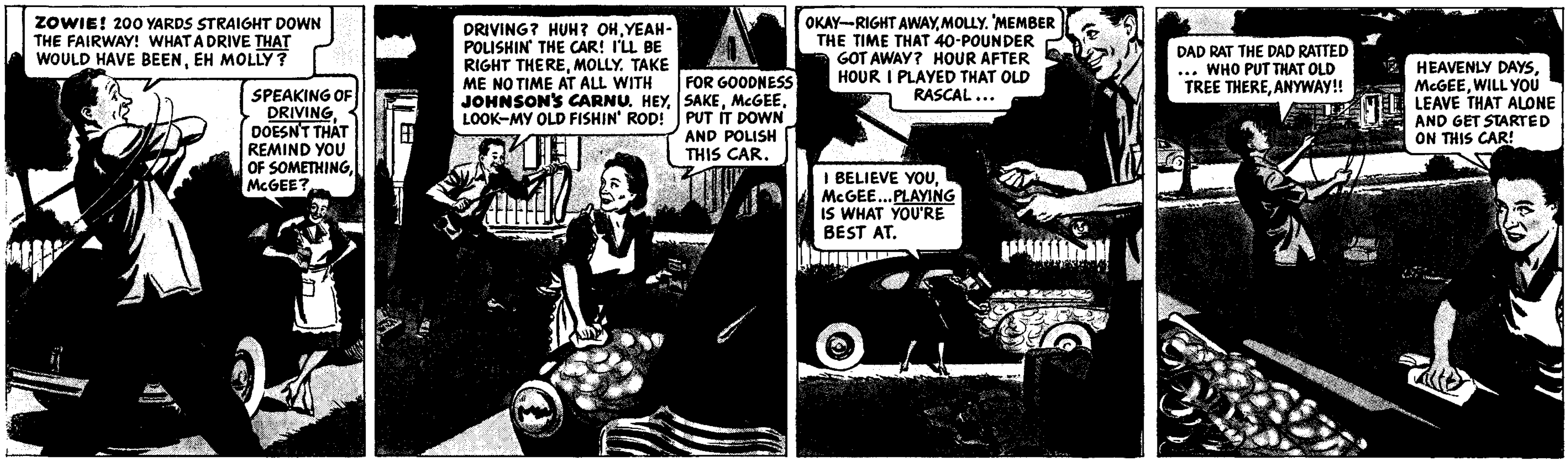
THE END

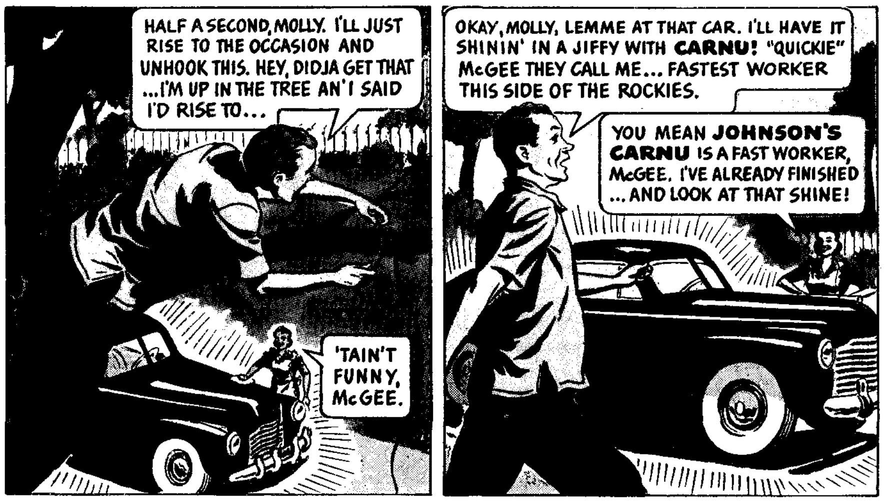


"They won't hire any more help. He has to bring work home every night!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF


FIBBER McGEE and MOLLY
I'LL HAVE IT DONE IN TWO SHAKES, MOLLY. JUST GOT TO PACK UP THESE CLUBS 'N THINGS FIRST.
McGEE! I REFUSE TO START OUR TRIP TILL YOU'VE POLISHED THAT DIRTY CAR!


ZOWIE! 200 YARDS STRAIGHT DOWN THE FAIRWAY! WHAT A DRIVE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN, EH MOLLY?
SPEAKING OF DRIVING, DOESN'T THAT REMIND YOU OF SOMETHING, McGEE?
DRIVING? HUH? OH, YEAH-POLISHIN' THE CAR! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE, MOLLY. TAKE ME NO TIME AT ALL WITH JOHNSON'S CARNU. HEY, LOOK-MY OLD FISHIN' ROD!
FOR GOODNESS SAKE, McGEE, PUT IT DOWN AND POLISH THIS CAR.
OKAY—RIGHT AWAY, MOLLY. 'MEMBER THE TIME THAT 40-POUNDER GOT AWAY? HOUR AFTER HOUR I PLAYED THAT OLD RASCAL...
I BELIEVE YOU, McGEE...PLAYING IS WHAT YOU'RE BEST AT.
DAD RAT THE DAD RATTED ... WHO PUT THAT OLD TREE THERE, ANYWAY!!
HEAVENLY DAYS, McGEE, WILL YOU LEAVE THAT ALONE AND GET STARTED ON THIS CAR!


HALF A SECOND, MOLLY. I'LL JUST RISE TO THE OCCASION AND UNHOOK THIS. HEY, DIDJA GET THAT ...I'M UP IN THE TREE AN' I SAID I'D RISE TO...
'TAIN'T FUNNY, McGEE.
OKAY, MOLLY, LEMME AT THAT CAR. I'LL HAVE IT SHININ' IN A JIFFY WITH CARNU! "QUICKIE" McGEE THEY CALL ME... FASTEST WORKER THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKIES.
YOU MEAN JOHNSON'S CARNU IS A FAST WORKER, McGEE. I'VE ALREADY FINISHED ...AND LOOK AT THAT SHINE!

LADIES... WHEN YOU GO MARKETING, GET SOME **CARNU** FOR YOUR CAR. YOUR HUSBAND IS PROBABLY MORE HELPFUL THAN MINE ... ANYWAY HE'LL FIND IT REALLY EASY TO POLISH YOUR CAR WITH **JOHNSON'S CARNU**

JOHNSON'S
TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CARNU
WAX-FORTIFIED
Cleans and Polishes YOUR CAR in ONE Easy Application
Made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX
Auto Wax

To preserve the beautiful finish CARNU gives your car, give it a coat of JOHNSON'S AUTO WAX

© S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1946

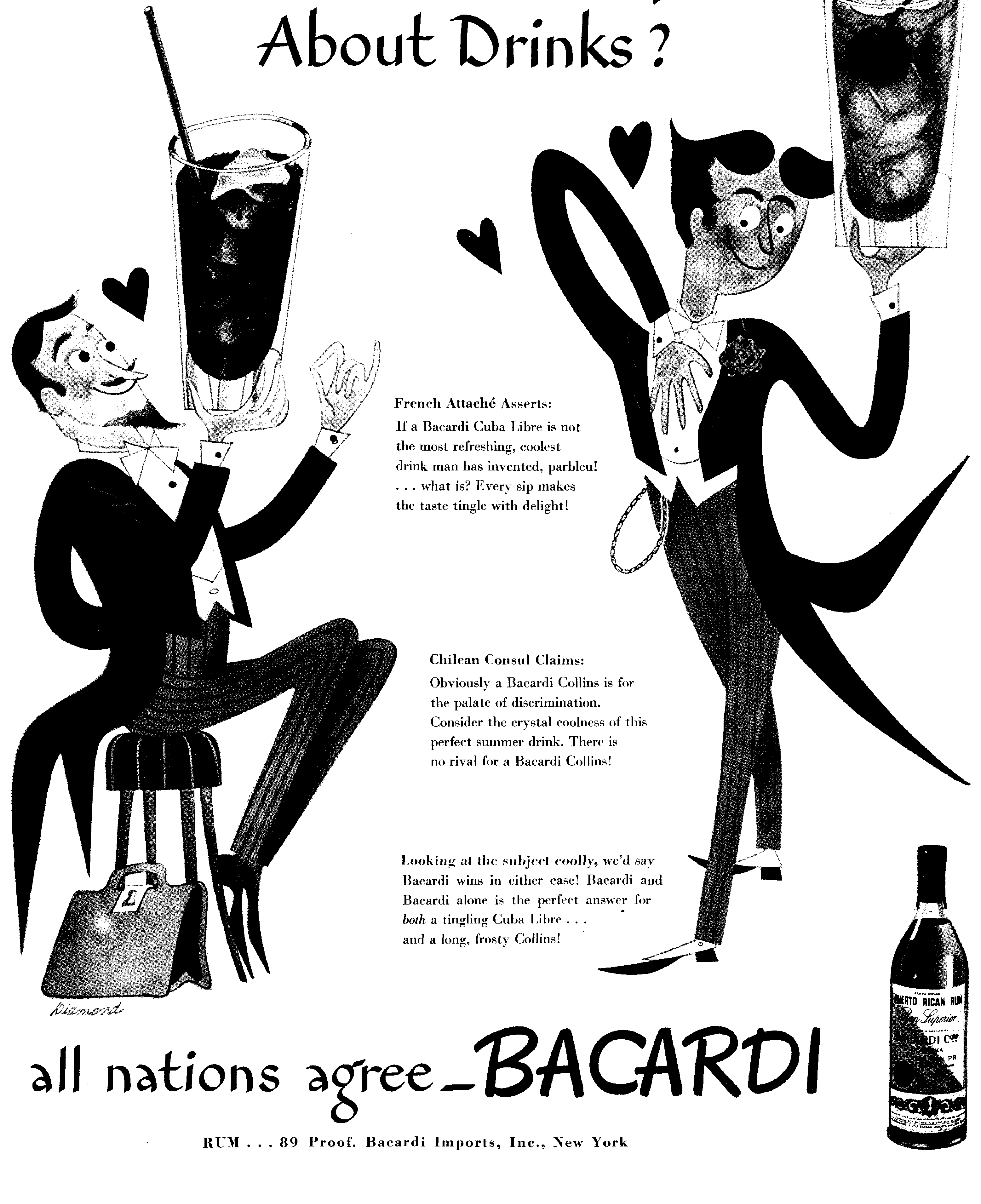
Here at last is a really *easy* way to clean *and* polish your car in one quick application. It's called Carnu, made by the makers of famous Johnson's Wax. Carnu is a wax-fortified liquid polish—you just apply with a cloth to loosen dirt. There's no hard rubbing, no getting tired. Let it dry to a whitish powder, then give it a quick rub up with a clean cloth. Grime and dullness disappear like magic, leaving a gleaming, satin-smooth surface that's mirror bright. Try Johnson's Carnu on *your* car—how pleased you'll be that you did!

Beautiful music — the one and only Fred Waring!
The Johnson Summer Show every Tuesday Night — NBC

Your car looks like new when you use CARNU*
Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

*Trademark Registered

Can You Settle This Dispute About Drinks?



French Attaché Asserts:

If a Bacardi Cuba Libre is not the most refreshing, coolest drink man has invented, parbleu! . . . what is? Every sip makes the taste tingle with delight!

Chilean Consul Claims:

Obviously a Bacardi Collins is for the palate of discrimination. Consider the crystal coolness of this perfect summer drink. There is no rival for a Bacardi Collins!

Looking at the subject coolly, we'd say Bacardi wins in either case! Bacardi and Bacardi alone is the perfect answer for *both* a tingling Cuba Libre . . . and a long, frosty Collins!

all nations agree—BACARDI

RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

Bachelor Apartment

Continued from page 16

in a hurry. I know, but I still can't figure out where this is going to pinch.

"Well, it winds up that I invited them to dinner tonight. This client from St. Louis, and Mr. Hendershot." Mr. Hendershot is Mul's boss.

"Oh. Well, that's fine," I say. After such a build-up as this, it's quite a letdown to discover that all he wants is for me to eat out somewhere. So I tell him, "Sure, Mul, I don't mind eating out."

There's a pause on Mulrooney's end of the line. I can just see him rubbing his bald spot, the way he does when he's trying to figure something out. And then, "Bill, this may sound sort of screwy, but the favor I wanted to ask you was to cook up supper."

Sure, why not? I'd never met Mr. Hendershot, who's a pretty big gun in the advertising business, and here's a good chance to get chummy with him. I tell Mul to call me when he's ready to leave, and I'll meet him in the lobby of his building, and we can pick up the steaks on the way home. And we'll have to get a fresh bottle of Scotch.

There's another pause. Then he slips it to me. The joker. I should have known there'd be one somewhere. "Bill, I guess I kind of got carried away at lunch, but I told them I lived alone and had a houseboy who worked for me. Cook and butler."

"Oh."

"So, if you can see your way clear to doing me one whale of a favor, and put on that white coat we keep, and make like a cook and a butler, it will sure be appreciated."

That crazy Mulrooney. He's got money, he's got a good job, he's pretty good-looking, he's got everything except brains.

I don't mind doing a favor for a guy, especially a roommate, but good gosh! So I ask him why not call the guy that tends bar for us when we toss a cocktail party. But, no, that guy's grandmother has to get sick on him somewhere down in Carolina, according to Mul, and he's not around. And Mul's afraid to call one of the agencies. He's given this client such a routine about this houseboy being with him for six years that he can't have a fellow keep shouting into the living room, "Hey, Mr. Mullaney, you got any pepper in the place?" or, "How do you work the leaves to this table?"

So, as usual when Mul gets himself in a jam, it's up to me to bail him out.

LEAVING an important layout I'd been sweating over, I duck out early so I can clean the apartment. By six-thirty I've got the place all set—ice in the bucket, and the steak ready for the stove. White coat and all. Mul said they'd be there at six-thirty.

When they arrive I'm sitting in the kitchen, reading the race results, like a regular houseboy. But Mul wouldn't appreciate a thing like that. Right away he's got to go into heavy character, and while the door's still slamming I hear him calling, "William, oh, William!"

I go into the living room, and sure enough, this client is a dame. I should have figured there would be a woman in the picture somewhere even with clients and business. Mulrooney, he's a smart guy in many respects, but place him within ten feet of a new dame, and his mind seems to give way at the seams.

"Will you take Miss Atwater's coat, please, William, and show her the guest room?"

I give Mul a heavy stare, but he just looks over my shoulder and says, "And we'll have Scotch highballs, I think, William." As if he has drunk anything else, including milk and water, since the Hoover administration.

The guest room where I take her is my bedroom. I take her in there because there aren't pictures of fifty or so women in various stages of dress and otherwise on the walls, such as in Mul's room.

Now this Miss Atwater turns out to be a very smart-looking woman in her late thirties. Well dressed and sleek—just the sort of woman Mulrooney goes dizzy over and tries to impress. I've heard about her many times as being one of the smartest businesswomen in the country. She has inherited a rug factory in St. Louis, and in less than ten years has built it up so that it sells more rugs than a mail-order house sells gingham dresses. All over the country, an Atwater carpet in every home.

She has been dabbling in national advertising for the past few years, building slowly to the point where she is just about to become a big client for Mulrooney's outfit. I guess Mul and Mr. Hendershot figure to book her on this particular trip East. And this intimate supper is going to be the snapper.

She looks around my room as if she's never figured a fellow like Mul to have such a nice, well-kept place, which, I suppose is one of the impressions he wants to give. And she especially notices some water-color roughs I have on my drawing board for a pharmaceutical account that I've been working on at home.

DINNER goes off fine, with the steak just right and not too many drinks beforehand. Mul is at his best, and Mr. Hendershot is one of these fellows who really shines at intimate dinners. He's a fine storyteller, and at one point things are going so good that I nearly forget myself and hand them the one about the truck driver who went to the opera.

All in all, I begin to regret having told Mul off on the phone earlier, because I can see that Miss Atwater is coming around beautifully.

However, along toward the end of the meal, she suddenly turns to Mul and says, "I saw some lovely water-color work in your dressing room, Edwin." Edwin is Mulrooney's first name. That's why we call him Mul.

"Yes, they are nice," says Mul, tossing it off.

"They really show extraordinary talent," she continues, and I shoot a quick look at Mul. I can tell from the look in his eyes that he is about to go into character again with something like, "Oh, I find it stimulating to dabble in color."

But I draw the line somewhere, so I shoot in a quick, "Thank you very much, Miss Atwater. That's very kind of you to say that."

They all look up quickly, and Mul covers beautifully. "William did them," he says. "He paints here in the afternoons, I encourage him with it."

And that goes over even better than if Mul had claimed to have done them himself. A patron of the arts, yet. And then he changes the subject quickly so I won't get drawn into the situation and spill the beans.

They don't stay late on account of Mr. Hendershot lives out in Scarsdale, so I'm just finishing up in the kitchen when they leave. Mul says, "Will you get Miss Atwater's things, William?" and I follow her into the guest room.

"You have genuine talent, William," she says. "It's nice of Mr. Mulrooney to help you with it. You must keep plugging at it."

If she knew that art in my life was just glamor and culture to take the sting out of some sloppy laxative advertising, I suppose she'd tell Mulrooney to have me stop it. However, it is pretty good work, whatever it is, and I get quite a bang out of her recognizing it, and men-

GINGIVITIS

may be attacking YOUR gums at this very moment!

WATCH OUT FOR:

TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Neglect Often Leads to Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth and shrinking gums, which only your dentist can help . . .

Handsome healthy teeth need firm gums!

If *your* gums are tender to touch, or bleed when you brush your teeth—watch out! These may be some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation but a wicked enemy of handsome teeth and firm gums.

The best safeguard against Gingivitis is to see your dentist every 3 months. Then at home massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

Famous To Help Gums Be Firmer— Teeth Naturally Bright

Forhan's Toothpaste—that marvelous formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer and to keep teeth glistening with their natural bright lustre.

Notice how refreshed and stimulated your gums feel—how your teeth sparkle with radiant cleanliness.

95% Gingivitis Cases Improved in 30 days

Clinical investigation showed 95% cases of Gingivitis improved in 30 days after brushing their teeth and massaging their gums twice daily with Forhan's.

So don't neglect bleeding gums. See your dentist and buy a tube of Forhan's today at any drug, department or 10¢ store. Let your whole family enjoy its tangy, refreshing taste.

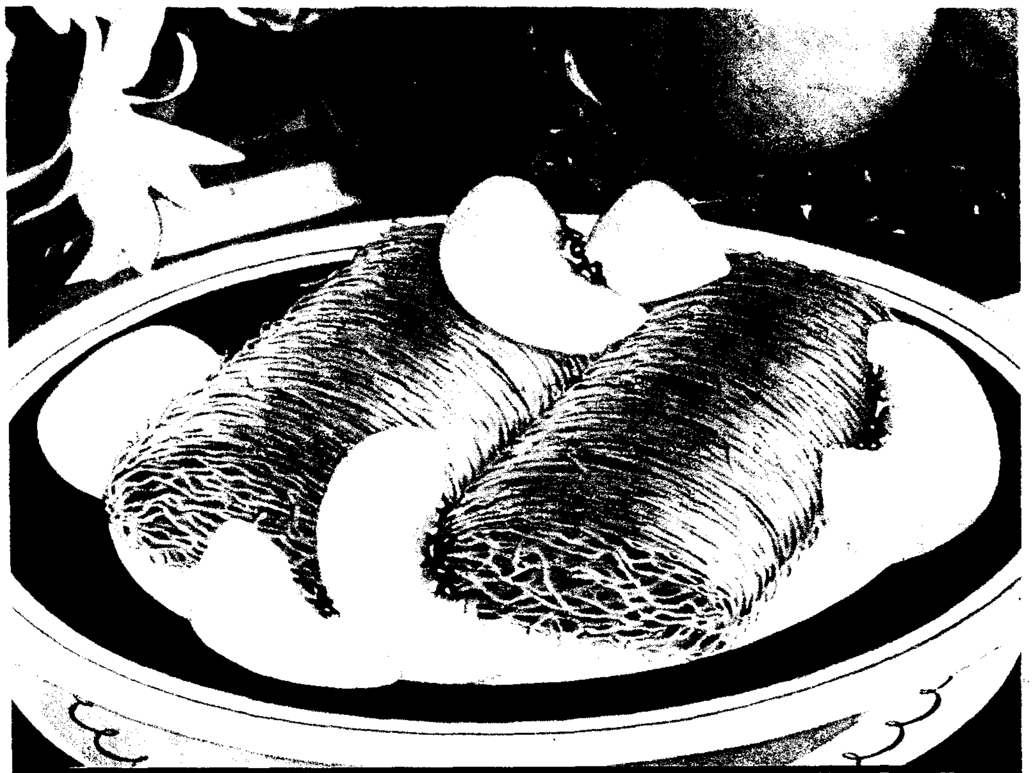
NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S

Forhan's
REG. U.S. PAT.
FOR MASSAG GUM AND CLEANI TEET
ORIGINALLY FOR

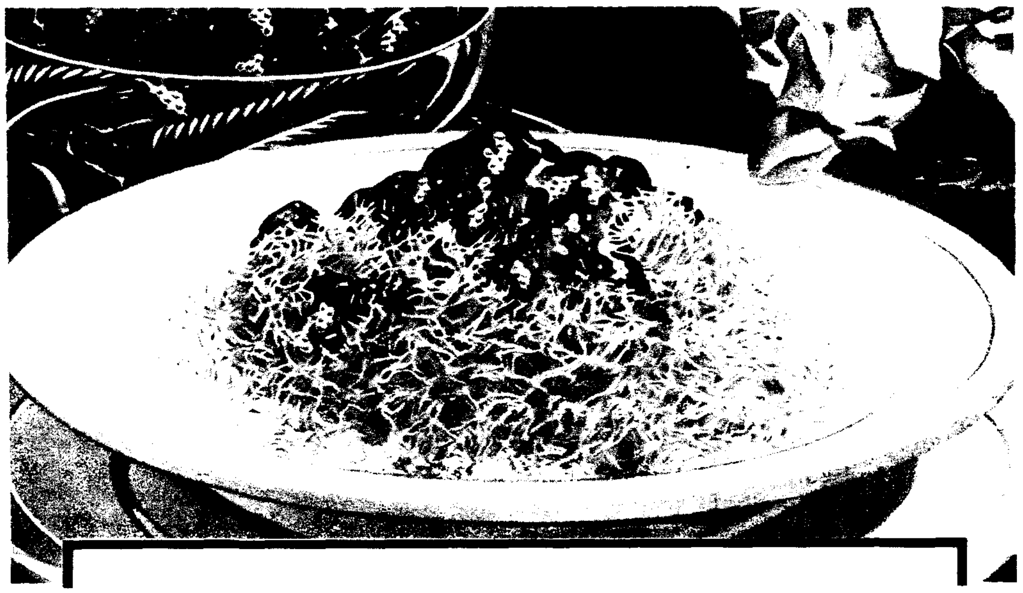
use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

BRIGHT SUMMER BREAKFASTS
that shine for supper, too!



WITH SLICED PEACHES, sugar and creamy milk—Nabisco Shredded Wheat is just about *the grandest* summer breakfast (or supper!) you can serve! Cool and inviting . . . easy to prepare . . . packed with nourishment. Have it often—folks never tire of its delicious, *natural* flavor. For Nabisco Shredded Wheat is wholesome whole wheat—steamed, shredded, baked.



WITH STRAWBERRY JAM and cream on crumbled Nabisco Shredded Wheat you have *another* delectable dish to spark lazy appetites. A tempting, *satisfying* meal—morning, noon or night! Let Nabisco Shredded Wheat help solve summer menu problems—you can serve it a *dozen* delicious ways. The *original* Niagara Falls product.

The cereal you can serve a dozen ways

NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT
The Original
NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT
12 LARGE BISCUITS...100% WHOLE WHEAT
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NAtional BIScuit COmpany
NABISCO

tioning it. Until I remember that I am William the houseboy, to her. . . .

That was on a Tuesday. The ax fell on Thursday. I'd had a bad morning, with two layouts rejected by the client. The laxative client. They weren't poetic enough. And when my boss handed them back to me, he seemed to be thinking pretty heavily. Bad business. So when Mul called me to have lunch with him—"It's important"—I wasn't in any mood for what turned up.

"Say, pal," he says, after insisting on buying me a second whisky sour. "We got troubles."

MUL has thin, sandy hair, and he wears horn rimmed glasses. When he's worried, he sort of hunches up all over, and looks like a gambling bank clerk who's just heard the examiners are coming around in the morning.

"What do you mean, *we* got troubles?" I ask him.

"I mean you and me." Pause. We're sitting in Tim's Bar, where we go when we have lunch together, and he orders himself another blast of Scotch and water. "This is bad, but I've thought and thought, and I can't see any way out of it."

I set my glass down. "Who is it now?" I say. "Not the butcher's wife, I hope." Mul had ruined our only source of block butter during the shortage by trying to promote the grocer's sister.

"No . . . no. Business. Business."

"Oh."

"You know our apartment?" Mulrooney asked.

Right away I can tell this is going to be bad. The deeper a jam Mulrooney gets into, the further back in history he goes to explain how he happened to get into it. Yes, I know our apartment.

"And you remember Miss Atwater? My client from St. Louis?"

"The nice lady who admired my water colors," I say.

Mul lets it ride. "Yeah. I think we're really going to sign her up as a major account."

Normally that would have called for a round on me, but I know he is just waltzing around the bad news. "That's fine, Mul, but what's the trouble?"

"Well, she wants to stay about two weeks in New York, and she can't find a place to stay. We can't get her hotel accommodations, except a single room, and moving every five days."

"So?" I say.

"Believe me, Bill, this wasn't my idea at all. She needs a place to have people in for drinks. Designers. Manufacturers. You know. For two weeks. A place to live. And believe me, I tried to kill the idea, and it wasn't my idea at all. My boss just sprung it on me cold."

At this point Mul starts putting on an act. Looks terribly hurt. "I'm to move out of my apartment and let her have it. That's what Hendershot told me this morning. He calls me in and gives it to me cold. 'How'd you like to go to Florida for two weeks, my boy?' he says. 'Why?' I ask him. Well, the long and short of it is—"

I interrupt him here, because there's a big tear in his right eye. He's a wonderful actor, Mulrooney is, but if there's any crying to be done, I'm the guy to do it. Mul gets a free vacation in Florida as a bonus for letting the client use what she thinks is his apartment *and*—get this—Mul says he'll get a maid for her, but no, if that nice boy, William, will look in every afternoon and serve cocktails and once in a while cook supper, she won't need anybody else.

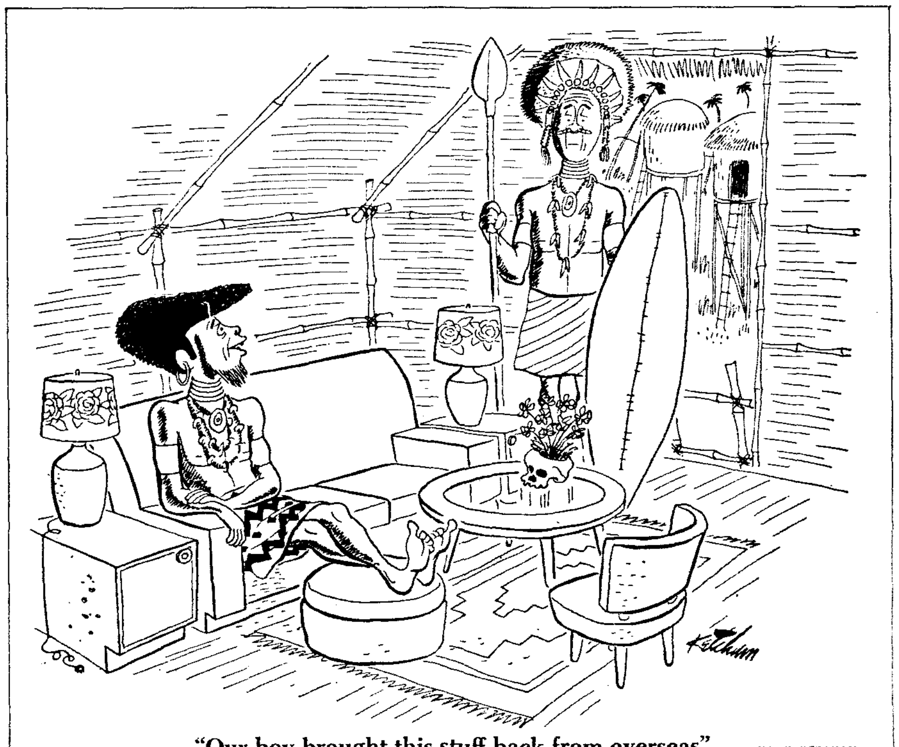
I've got to get my clothes out of that dressing room. My bedroom. I've got to live out of suitcases for two weeks. And on top of this, I've got to show up every afternoon about four o'clock and clean ash trays after Miss Client's carpet designers and what she calls colorists. If Mr. Hendershot or Miss Atwater ever found out that Mul had been telling the tale that day at lunch, there would have been very few votes for him as the most likely person to succeed around that particular advertising agency. So there's no way out, as far as I can see.

There is very little conversation while we finish the food. Mul has turned sort of greenish, the way a guy will when he finally realizes he's tossed a wild pitch, and he certainly looks dejected. But what has Mul got to be dejected about? He's got a drawing room to Miami, and I'll be lucky to get a closet at the Y.

Finally we pay the tab and get on back to the apartment to get Mul packed and get my clothes out of there. I'll say this for Mul, that he's very grateful. Anything I want. A set of fishing rods. A gun. A pair of skis. Anything.

And finally he's off to Miami, crying on my shoulder, and telling me that he knows I'll take care of everything in fine shape. I'll be a pal. I'll make her happy. I'll help them get the contract.

I manage to pour him into a taxi just five minutes before she arrives with half a dozen steamer trunks, which I have to lug into the place, and by the time I've got that done, there are a



COLLIER'S "Our boy brought this stuff back from overseas" HANK KETCHAM dozen strange-looking guys spilling Martinis in my record changer and hollering, "Boy, do you think you can make some little *canapés?*"

Believe me, Mulrooney has let me in for some rough stuff over the years I've known him, but never like this. It's bad enough having to live at the Y, but that isn't the worst of it. Before three days have passed, my boss, who is one of these human dynamos, is beginning to give me the fish eye when I mutter something about going out to look for background material, or get some dental work done.

And on top of that, it complicates my personal life. I do not want to remain a bachelor all my life, and so I have been concentrating on a certain young lady who is very lovely, and who is nobody's fool.

I CAN'T tell her the story for two reasons: first, she would think I was such a fool for letting Mul get me into this that she would probably give me the old heave-ho; second, being a newspaperwoman, she could no more resist the temptation to pass the story around the drinking places than a fiddler can resist a second beer. Like most intelligent women, she does not particularly care for Mulrooney.

Consequently I have to juggle my time at the office and with her in order to keep everything going. At the end of the first week Mulrooney's been gone, I have to stop in at my doctor's for a shot of B_1 for my nerves.

At last everything sort of falls apart, and there's nothing I can do about it. The boss sends for me just after lunch and says, "Madigan, you're not trying to do some free-lance stuff on the side, are you?"

"Why, no, of course not. Why?"

"Well, I hate to seem to be spying on a fellow," he says, "but I happened to be going by your place yesterday about four o'clock, when you were supposed to be at your dentist's, and I saw you going in the door with an armful of groceries."

I stall him off with some story about the dentist being in the same building, but I see he doesn't believe it. I can tell what's going on in his mind: that with losing two big accounts recently, they don't really need a high-priced art director. That I did not want to happen.

And then back at my desk my lady friend calls me. I've been stalling her away from the apartment where we customarily spend several evenings a week playing records and having a few games of backgammon, and I can feel that she doesn't quite believe me.

So when the phone rings and I get on and hear the chill in her voice, I figure maybe somebody's told her I'm married with eight children on the side.

"Couldn't you get over last night?" she inquires.

"No," I say. "Got working so late it was nearly eleven before I could get away." And that was true. *I* didn't get the dishes finished until ten-thirty.

"I called your apartment about eleven," she says, "and a very sweet woman answered."

I sort of sputter. You can't think fast in those situations.

"She said you'd just left. Run out of Scotch?"

"Hey, now look, honey, don't—"

But she stops me. I don't quite have any idea what I am going to say, so it's just as well.

"Where is Mulrooney, these days?" she asked.

"Mul? Oh, he's out of town."

"Ummmm," she says, sounding just like it looks. And right away I see what she is thinking: that with Mulrooney out of town, I am having a series of brawls up to the place.

What with my secretary listening, I can't salvage much except by saying that the dame is Mulrooney's aunt who is using the apartment a couple of days.

There is a short sniff on the other end, and then, "I wondered why she was calling you William." That's all. I can't tell whether she believes me or not.

So I talk fast and line up a date for that evening, and with the boss keeping his door open to see what time I leave the office, I have to give Miss Atwater the go-by that day.

I am so mad I'm not even going to call her, but about six-thirty I cool down.

"I wondered what had happened to you, William," she says, when I call my apartment.

"Well," I tell her, "I've got a job now. Sort of a job. Part-time. Also it's my girl's birthday tonight."

"That's fine," she says, just the slightest bit cool. "What sort of a job?"

"Oh," I tell her, "in an advertising agency. In the art department. You know. Sharpening pencils. Picking up thumbtacks. Stuff like that."

"Oh, that's excellent," she goes on, warming up a bit. "It may be just the start you need." And so on. If Mul doesn't get back before long, I'll need a new start. . . .

My girl isn't too much help at supper, although she finally buys the story about Mulrooney's aunt. She keeps hinting all through dinner, though, that I'm not telling her the whole story. However, she doesn't hand me back my ring, although she twiddles it dangerously at one point.

Consequently, after thinking things over in Tim's Bar for a while after I take her home, I stop in a Western Union office and send Mulrooney a wire to get on back, that I can't hold out much longer without losing my job and my girl, and Miss Atwater getting wise. Night letter. Collect.

About noon I get Mul's answer:

DEAR BILL. SAY, BILL, HANG ON AS LONG AS POSSIBLE, BILL. HENDERSHOT SAYS EVERYTHING FINE, BILL. FLYING BACK TONIGHT, BILL. GOOD LUCK, BILL, OLD PAL.

So I take a deep breath and carry on.

THAT evening when I get there, the place is a shambles. I discover the reason she was slightly cool the evening before was that she had a party and was counting on me to serve up. I mop my brow that I hadn't been on deck when I discover that one of my own clients had been there. You see what I mean?

Tonight, though, it's very quiet. "William," she says, "I am quite tired tonight. Is there anything in the kitchen? I don't feel like going out to dinner."

There's a few odds and ends, and the next thing I know she's frying up a very tasty little bite, and inviting me to sit and eat with her.

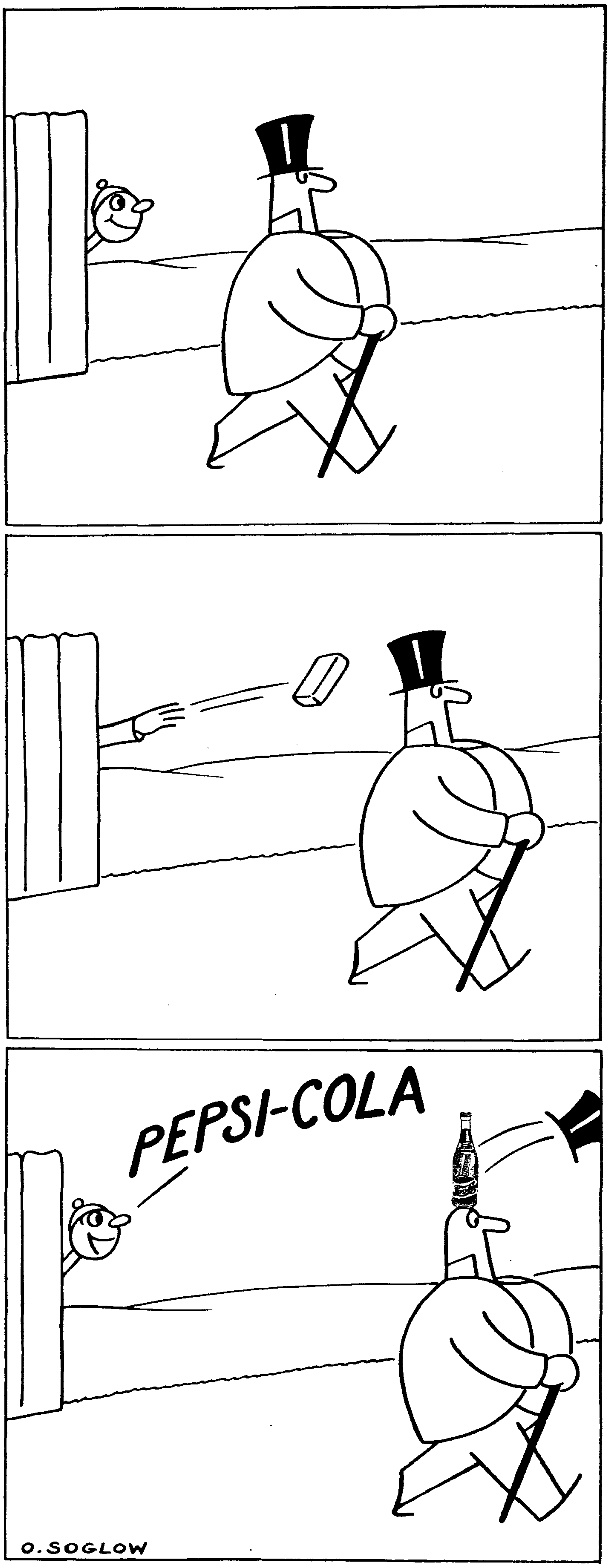
"I'm glad to have the opportunity to talk with you, William," she says. "I've been wanting to."

So she tells me she is very impressed with my getting a job, even if it's a part-time job, and she's been looking through my work, in the dressing room. She didn't know I was so gifted. Not only artistically, but I have a sound commercial touch.

And she discusses it in detail. She's been all the way through the closet where I have stacks of stuff. Not curious. Interested.

Next think I know it's nearly midnight and we've been arguing Art in Advertising all evening, me giving out with all the ideas I'd had in the back of my mind these years, and she nodding and agreeing with me right along. But it's late, and time to leave, so I take off my white coat and get ready to go home. Back to the Y.

When I come in to say good night, she's still sitting in the kitchen. "William," she says, very thoughtful, "you've given me some interesting ideas. Some of your theories about color and layout



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One of the first requirements for a housing project is *land*. And to ready the land for the construction crews, vast tonnages of earth and rock must be moved.

That's where "Caterpillar" Diesel equipment enters the home-building program.

Brawny "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Bulldozers clear away brush and trees—rip the tops off hills—fill up ravines and gullies. Big tractor-drawn "Caterpillar" Scrapers and Wagons lug away a dozen tons of earth at a time and spread it evenly where it's needed. "Caterpillar" Diesel Motor Graders finish the necessary roads and streets.

Tough and dependable and economical, "Caterpillar" Diesels are speeding the solution of the housing problem by doing their work—*better, quicker, cheaper*.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO. • PEORIA, ILLINOIS

CATERPILLAR DIESEL

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

have given me some completely new angles on how my own advertising might be done." Some houseboy, I think to myself, as I leave. . . .

I have never enjoyed anything so much as checking out of the Y the next morning. Mul's coming back at noon and Miss Atwater is going back to St. Louis on the midnight train. It was a tough fight, Mom, but I made it.

When I get home about seven, there's Mul, sitting in the kitchen, looking nice and tan, with a drink in his hand.

"Hi, Mul," I call, dropping my suitcase on the sofa.

Mul doesn't say anything, so I stroll into the kitchen. "Good trip?"

He shrugs his shoulders. "Well," I say, "did you find everything hunky-dooly at the shop?"

Still no answer. Mul just shakes his drink a bit to stir it.

"Miss Client happy? Contract all signed? Hendershot happy?"

"Nope," says Mul.

"What's the matter?" I say. "Didn't she sign up for another year?"

"I suppose I should have figured something like this would happen," he says. "It's my own fault, I guess."

MUL has been looking at me like a cocker spaniel looks at a butcher who's chased him out of the liver barrel. Suddenly I get the idea that something's wrong. Really wrong. "Well, let's have it," I say.

"We're all set this afternoon to wrap the contract up when Miss Atwater announces that she wants my houseboy to be the art director on her account."

"She what?"

"You heard what I said. She wants Mr. Mulrooney's houseboy and cook to be the art director on her account. He's got so much talent. Real genius." Mul looks at me like I had just pocketed the thirty pieces of silver. "Nice timing, old boy. Nice work."

"Hey, wait a minute. I don't get it."

"Oh, no?" says Mul. "What's this new theory you've got about colors for months in the year? Everything should be maroon in October and blue-gray in November? A new idea in advertising rugs and you're to run it. Mr. Mulrooney's houseboy."

Right away I see where we've gone wrong. That was sort of a left-curve theory of mine that I'd always had sense enough not to talk about down at the agency. One of the things I'd discussed with her the night before. I never thought she'd grab onto it. Or be the type of dame that would try to do a favor for a struggling young art student.

"Now look, Mul," I say, "I want to get something straight." But he just waved me away.

"Forget it, Bill. The account's shot anyway. My fault, I suppose, for getting into this mess in the first place. We wound up with a terrible fight this afternoon. Jerry Naumberg, the art director at our shop, screaming at her where she could take her account, that he wasn't hiring no hallboy, and Hendershot firing Naumberg and then accusing me of setting it up where you could promote yourself, and then her sneering into her mink and saying she'd take her business to an agency that could recognize real talent and ideas."

"Oh. And I don't suppose you tried to clear things up by telling them that I wasn't just your bus boy?"

"On top of everything else? Are you kidding?"

I sit down and look at him. "I'm sorry," I say, "but I didn't try to pull anything, if that's in the back of your mind."

He pours himself another drink, and while he is fixing it, the doorbell rings. That's right, it's Miss Atwater.

"Oh, hello, Miss Atwater," I say. "Come in."

She comes in, and Mul strolls into the living room. "Oh, good evening, Edwin," she says. "I hope you don't mind, but I wanted to locate William."

Mul nods at me and starts back into the kitchen. But I stop him. "Miss Atwater," I say, "I want you to do something for me. Just to straighten something out. Will you please tell Mul—Mr. Mulrooney, here, that I did not come to you with any ideas about your advertising. That I did not try to get a job through you."

"Oh," she says. "That didn't quite work out."

"So I heard," I say. "Thanks a lot anyway, but I don't want Mr. Mulrooney thinking I went behind his back while he was out of town."

SHE starts laughing. "Why, that's ridiculous. I don't see how he could think of that at all. I most certainly wouldn't look for advertising campaigns among the house servants of my friends. Your case was an exception. You have great talent. You are young. You're industrious. You've gone out and gotten a part-time job, but you need more than that. You'll be wanting to get married to this girl of yours some day, and it's time you got a good start. I'm going to have whatever advertising agency I place my business with hire you to work on the account. It's ideas, William, that count. Not necessarily experience. There's a Mr. Naumberg who's an excellent example of just what I mean."

She sniffs twice when she lights into Naumberg, and nods as if to include Mul in. Then she snaps her fingers. "This little agency that you work for, part-time. Maybe they could handle the business, and you could work right up into the account. What is its name?"

I see that we are in too deep to wade, so I call a general halt to the whole affair. "Miss Atwater," I say, "I think we better clear away a gross or two of misconceptions."

I look at Mul, and he just shrugs his shoulders. When he gets into these spots he just sort of folds up and lets the rest of the world go by.

So I tell her the story. I am not William, I am Bill Madigan. I am not Mul's houseboy, I am his roommate. And I'm not studying art at night school, I am art director at one of the snappiest small agencies in town. With things the way they are, I guess there's no point in trying to keep her from knowing that Mul is the town's prize fool. And then for a finish I say if you'd like to discuss our shop handling your account seriously, I'll get the boss over here in ten minutes and we can rough out some plans before train time.

She doesn't say anything for a couple of minutes. Just sits and stares at Mul.

He smiles sort of weakly and finally says, "They can't hang you for trying, can they?" With that he goes out into the kitchen where I shortly hear the clinkle of ice cubes.

She laughs quietly and says, "Edwin certainly does have a lot of imagination, doesn't he?"

I tell her that Mul lives in a dream world about ninety per cent of the time.

"It must be pretty interesting, living with a person like that. Something always happening."

I start to tell her about the time he puts himself away as an Australian millionaire for the benefit of a hat-check girl at the Round Room, but Miss Atwater, being a dame, might not appreciate all the fine points of that story. So I just nod.

"A vivid imagination is a wonderful thing to have in the advertising game," she informs me, and then, suddenly: "I'd sort of like to have him continue to work with me. He's done some fine work. Do you think your boss will be able to make an arrangement with him?"

I think it can be worked out, and I tell her so.

"Good," she says. "Especially as Mr. Hendershot might not appreciate his imagination. Particularly when he hears the whole story, as he no doubt will."

"No doubt," I say. "Sooner or later."

"Probably sooner, if I know New York. And now, Bill, see if you can get your boss over here."

I do, and he can, and I even cook up a few tasty chops for a light supper while we're talking. But Mulrooney, he sets the table and serves the drinks.

THE END

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Your Map Unreels as You Go

Those unpleasant arguments with back-seat drivers as to which road to take or what town you are in, will be gone and forgotten when a new device called Motomap is installed on your dashboard. For it will give you an actual picture of the route, including mileage, side roads, names of towns, even a sampling of the landmarks you should watch for—and all synchronized with the movements of your car.

Motomap will be a small cabinet with a glass front, and a reeling mechanism connected to the speedometer shaft. A strip of paper carrying a map will roll along as you go, showing you exactly where you are. Invented by Martin Brownshield, a radio engineer with many important contributions to Navy war communications, the gadget will probably be given away by gas companies to purchasers of credit cards. Filling stations along the road will present you with highway maps covering several major routes through a state. Fit one of these into the Motomap, set it to your starting point with a small knob, and start. Everything will be automatic thereafter. The gadget itself won't be expensive; strip maps will be cheaper than ordinary ones.

All sorts of useful services are envisioned: hotels can send prospective guests these maps to help them find remote resorts; trucking companies and package services can supply them to their drivers for complicated delivery routes; people who live in out-of-the-way places can send them to friends driving out for week ends.

Gauze That Stops Bleeding

A twenty-five-year search for a substance that would stop serious bleeding during operations has been rewarded with success. Surgeons have badly needed a harmless material that could be left in the body and absorbed after the incision has been sewed up. Cotton gauze won't do. Now, Dr. W. O. Kenyon, a photographic chemist, has solved the problem with "oxydized cellulose," a chance discovery. First used in a desperate case of bleeding at New York's Presbyterian Hospital, it is already fully approved by leading surgeons.

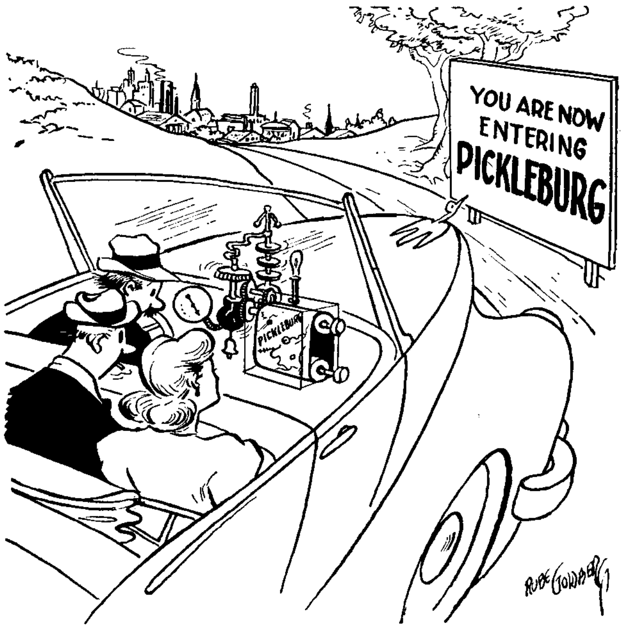
Kenyon and his associates, searching for better photographic film, tried oxydizing cotton with nitrogen dioxide, to remove impurities, instead got a new compound with the heart-stopping name of "polyanhydro-glucuronic acid," not much good in photography, but amazingly soluble in alkaline solutions. When a Columbia medical scientist saw these unexpected results he suggested using the new cotton as a substitute for blood plasma. This didn't work, for it left the body too quickly. But two surgeons volunteered to try the stuff for packing wounds. Again unexpectedly, it served not only as a harmless packing, better than ordinary gauze, but as a means of stopping the blood flow from a severed artery.

This chain of chance discoveries, based on the scientific curiosity of a dozen chemists and several doctors, has resulted in one of the most important advances in modern operating room safety.

Let That Bottle Break!

If you drop the iodine bottle on the bathroom floor the chances are you'll have an ugly brown stain to live with forever after. But tomorrow you may buy corrosive or staining liquids in bottles that can break without spilling a drop. The new container will be a bottle-within-a-bottle; the inner one glass, the outer one plastic.

Sulphuric acid and other destructive chemicals had to be transported in the war in glass. Instead of trying to make glass containers unbreakable, chemists tried coating them with a heavy film of nitrocellulose. This proved so tough that a full bottle could be smashed without losing any of its contents. The transparent coating is about 1/32 of an inch thick and can be dyed any color. ★★★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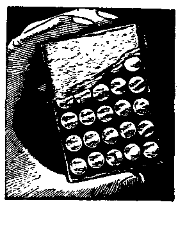

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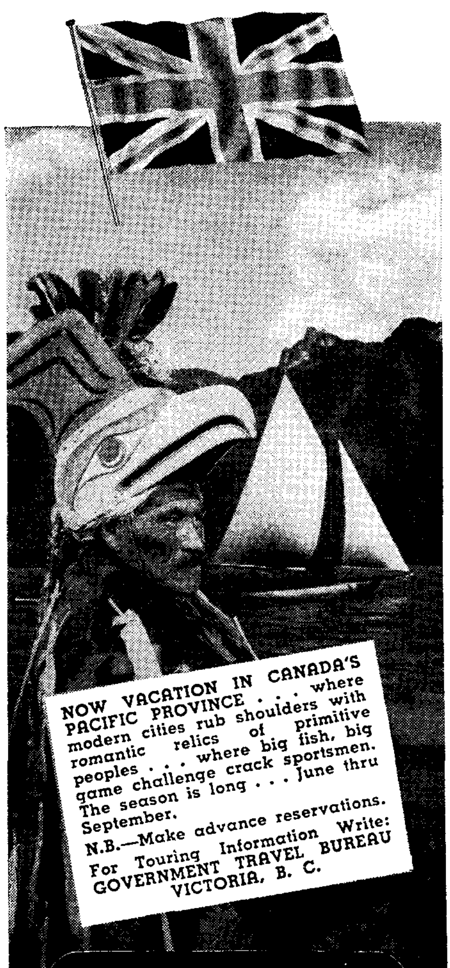

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THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

Guam, Sweet Guam

Continued from page 15

with a shower on the left. (None of the dependents on Guam owns a bathtub.) The shower has hot and cold running water, something of a miracle on a Pacific island.

In the living room Joy and Chuck are painting a table. Joy wears shorts made by cutting down a pair of Chuck's dungarees. Chuck is in dungarees and a T shirt. About five foot nine, he has curly brown hair and plenty of shoulders. He met twenty-year-old Joy in Seattle, her home town, and they were married a few dates later.

The furniture is the same as in any moderately priced American flat. There is a couch, a tea table, a radio, a few covered and a few plain chairs, floor lamp, table lamp and a book rack with a row of service-supplied books.

The floor, oiled to discourage wild life, is partly covered with a small rug with a scrambled-egg design.

Half the furniture was supplied by the Navy; Chuck scrounged the rest. Joy brought some linen, dishes, ash trays and 14 glass dogs.

There are two bedrooms—the Cains use one as a storeroom. Chuck is painting them baby blue.

A Busy Day for the Housewife

Joy's day begins at six when the public-address system on the base blares out reveille. Chuck yells, "Hit the deck!" and in a few minutes she has a pot of coffee on the stove, which was borrowed from a PT boat.

Shortly after seven Chuck rides off and Joy begins the Battle of the Coral Dust. It filters through the screened openings, on both sides of the roof and floor. Not only dust, but rain streams through. When it pours, Guam-style, which it does for a few minutes several times a day in solid sheets, there isn't a dry place in the hut.

When the floor needs an additional washing, Mrs. Cain contacts a friendly guard who supervises a group of Jap prisoners of war. The Japs are marched into the hut by a guard armed with a carbine.

Chuck returns for a light lunch and when he goes back to work Joy takes a short siesta. Then she goes to work on the hut's wild life.

She gives the house a liberal application of DDT to kill roaches and sets traps for the rats and mice. No one yet has a solution for the ants, which engage the tiniest crumb in regiments. There are few mosquitoes left, thanks to the lizards, which are about the size of a pocketknife.

A lizard's usual base of operation is on a screen. Slowly, like a cat, he crawls over the screen and then, wham! he springs and the unfortunate insect is en route to the salamander's interior.

While working, Joy keeps the radio, lent by the Navy, blaring all the time. It carries music and newscasts during the day, and at night all major Stateside programs, played from recordings.

In the afternoon a neighbor, Mrs. Earl Grenfell, drops in with her 18-month-old son David. Together the women walk down to the beach within the area—about two city blocks from Joy's home. They don't go near the water—it's polluted at this point.

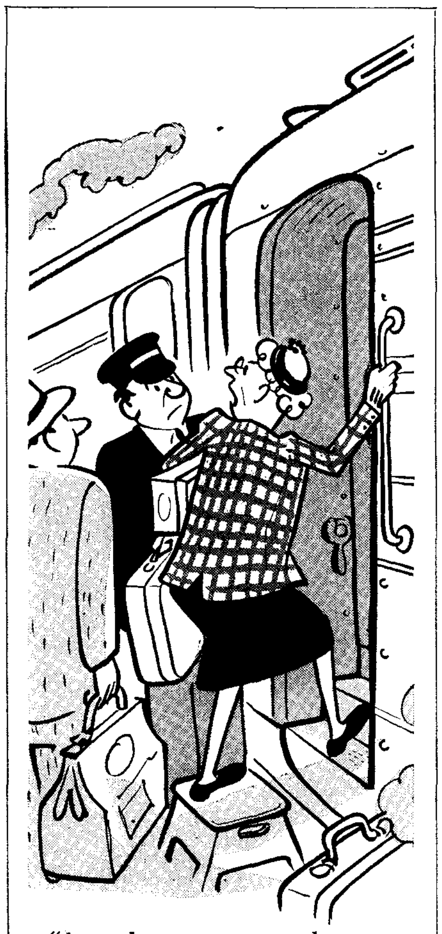
Chuck invites a friend or two for dinner, and afterward he straps on his .45 and they all go to the outdoor movies—about two blocks distant. Some evenings the Cains and their guests stay home and drink beer, of which there is plenty on Guam. Enlisted men are forbidden to have hard liquor.

On Sundays the Cains, Grenfells and Shermans, another neighboring couple, pile into a jeep with a hamper of sandwiches, potato salad and beer and go for a beach picnic.

Guam has little to offer the tourist. All native villages are out of bounds for servicemen. A single trip covers all the major attractions: the miles of beaches, the wreckage of Agaña, the billions in surplus war goods rotting in the sun, and a great ghost tent city, where short months ago Marines prepared to invade Japan.

The beaches are a particular disappointment. True, Tumon Bay, with its palm trees and white sands, looks like a Hollywood version of a tropical island starring Dorothy Lamour. But the swimming is better at Coney.

The reef that girdles the island makes it difficult to find a place where the water is over an adult's head. You can walk out a thousand yards and still smoke a cigar. Beyond the reef the water is dangerous and there is a chance of getting snagged on barbed wire erected to greet the Marines.



"Any chance you people getting into another ruckus before I get to my daughter's?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

When the Navy commissary and the ship's store are in full operation, Joy will find bargains never dreamed about back home. Cigarettes will be five cents a pack. Lipsticks, tagged $1.50 in San Francisco, will sell for 75 cents; a $20 pen for $8.50; a 25-cent box of face powder for 18 cents.

In the commissary, prices will be 20 to 30 per cent lower than back home. Fresh foods will be contingent on the arrival of refrigerator ships, operating on irregular schedules. There is a limited supply of fresh milk for children and "pregnant mothers."

Most of the wives sorely miss fresh vegetables—particularly salads. But they are learning how to treat with a dehydrated egg and a can of boned chicken.

If the Cains want to dine out, there is a special family section in the mess hall—and no chow line. Breakfast costs 20 cents; lunch 20 cents, and dinner 30 cents.

Joy hopes to accumulate a neat bank account on Guam. The house is rent free. So is a jeep with free gas. And movies. Colds and cavities are on the Navy. About the only place to spend money is a beauty shop, run by a Marine private first class in a Quonset. He charges six dollars for a permanent.

With occasional repairs, Mrs. Cain has enough clothes for two years in the tropics—except for shoes. The coral ground the soles off two pairs during the first month. She has plenty of cotton dresses, shorts and aprons. She brought some jersey suits and is going to ship them home. There are no dry-cleaning facilities closer than Honolulu, 2,500 miles eastward.

The most ponderous shipment of gear to Guam was made by Mrs. Arnold Kline, wife of the Navy captain who runs the Supply Center. It included a 1932 sedan, a sewing machine and a piano. Mrs. Kline has good use for her baggage. She has five children, and her estate is spacious, overlooking a picture-post-card view of the ocean that rivals Palm Beach.

The Kline estate is in two sections. There is a main house, made up of several Quonsets jammed together, with an ample living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and three bathrooms; and a second house, a regulation Quonset, for the four younger Klines.

Where Schooldays Are a Myth

The kids love Guam, one reason being that there is no school. The Navy has some broad educational plans, but they will be months materializing. Meanwhile, several mothers are trying home-study courses, using text books borrowed from the services.

To give themselves an occasional respite from Junior, several wives hired Guamanian domestics at the local price of $30 a month. But most of the ladies are tied to their children night and day—unless they are willing to trust a friendly Marine as a "sitter."

The officer's wife can turn her boys loose for an afternoon with an able-bodied seaman, which is one of the things that has the average enlisted man's wife "beating her gums."

Why, she wants to know, can the colonel's wife whip around in a chauffeur-driven sedan while she is lucky to bum a ride in a dust-inhaling jeep? Why can't she serve Martinis before dinner? The idea of being restricted to beer!

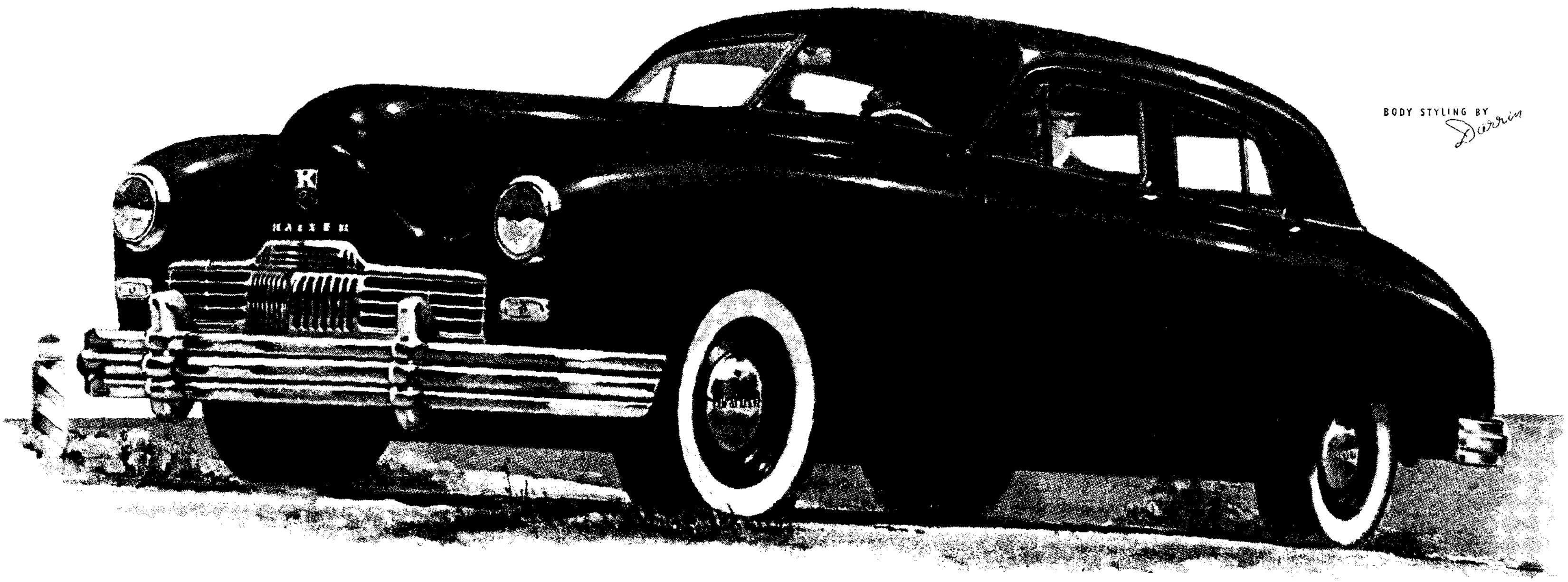
"It's like this, honey," said a sailor, whose wife was complaining about her social status: "If I were a clerk in the Acme Oil Company we probably would not belong to the same club as Mr. Acme, or dine at his house, would we?"

The beach at Tumon Bay is divided into two sections, one for officers and the other for enlisted men. The officers' section carries a big sign that reads: OFFICERS' COUNTRY. This means: Enlisted men keep out.

If Joy Cain is with her husband she must go to the section reserved for enlisted men. If an officer invites her she may enter OFFICERS' COUNTRY—but Chuck will have to stay on the other side of the sands. The same thing goes for the many officers' clubs.

But despite the Japs, rats and "restricted" beaches, the wives on Guam are having an adventure none of them would miss. In her letters home, Joy Cain writes without originality but with sincerity: *"Having a wonderful time—wish you were here."*

THE END



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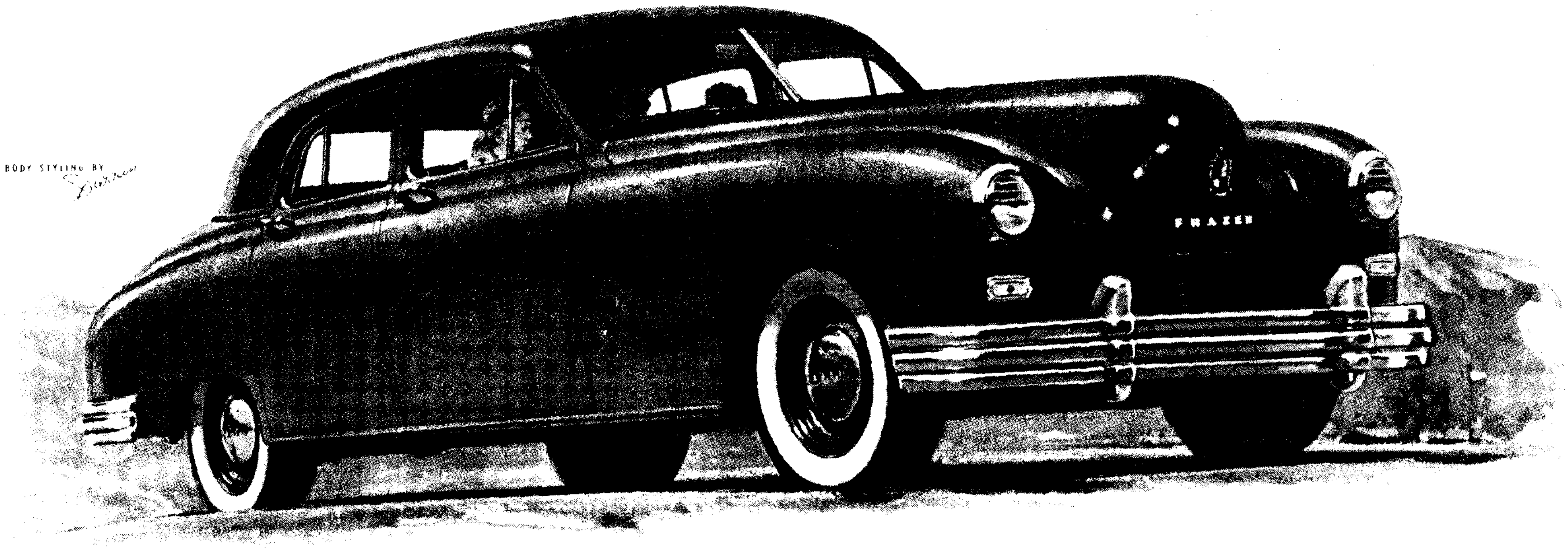

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THE MATCHLESS BOURBON OF OLD KENTUCKY

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The Warning Bell

Continued from page 11

Evelyn came in, and had been just right. She didn't pretend not to know what Hilda was crying about, for one of the nastier aspects of the Van affair was that so many knew of it.

"You need your lunch," she said, when Hilda protested she could not move or eat. "Go wash your face, and I'll take you to a dim little place I know—ideal for broken hearts and swollen eyes. Tonight we'll go to the theater, or something. One thing you're not going to do is go home to that yellow wood house in Jersey, and all those disapproving aunts, and cry all over again. You can spend the night with me. It's a good time for you to try on the apartment. You know I've wanted you to share it with me."

AS EVELYN pointed out later, one thing Hilda need not do was continue to lacerate her feelings by commuting on the same train with Van and his new girl, and facing the neighbors who knew what had happened, and her aunts, who were sorry for her, but said, "Didn't we tell you what sort he was? Didn't we?"

The arrangements they made to share the apartment were perfectly ordinary and sensible. Two business girls could share an apartment and live better, on less money, than if each lived alone. Many of the other girls in the office shared apartments. But there was something about the new setup that bothered Hilda's contemporaries.

"Just doesn't seem right," Hilda overheard one of them say in that eternal place of refuge and realistic conversation, the ladies' room. "Miss Anders is so much older. It's sort of as if she were adopting a child to raise."

"Yes," said someone else. "She likes to run things. That's why she likes someone young and sort of gentle, like Hilda. She'd never take on a roommate her own age, who'd want to help decide things once in a while."

"I don't know," said Sally, Hilda's particular friend. "It bothers me a little. I just wish Hilda wouldn't do it."

From the beginning, Hilda realized that she had more than half the advantage of sharing. Evelyn earned more and already had most of the things an apartment needed. It was a simple matter for Hilda to add her things to Evelyn's laundry, use Evelyn's tailor, charge accounts, and contacts.

"What does Evelyn get out of it?" Sally asked, the first time she came to call when Hilda was alone. She was not alone as often as she had anticipated. "Don't tell me she doesn't get anything. Evelyn lays her plans and has her reasons. I've known her as long as you have."

Hilda was a little embarrassed. "She gets intangibles," she said. "She likes to look after someone. I think I'm sort of like a kid sister for her, or even a daughter, though there's only twelve years difference in age. She used to be lonely."

She had shown Sally all around the apartment, displaying their wealth in Swedish glasses, satin-edged blankets, and custom-fitted closets. She turned to Sally. "I like it, too," she said. She found it wonderfully pleasant to have someone care if her feet were wet, order what she liked for dinner, and be concerned for her business future.

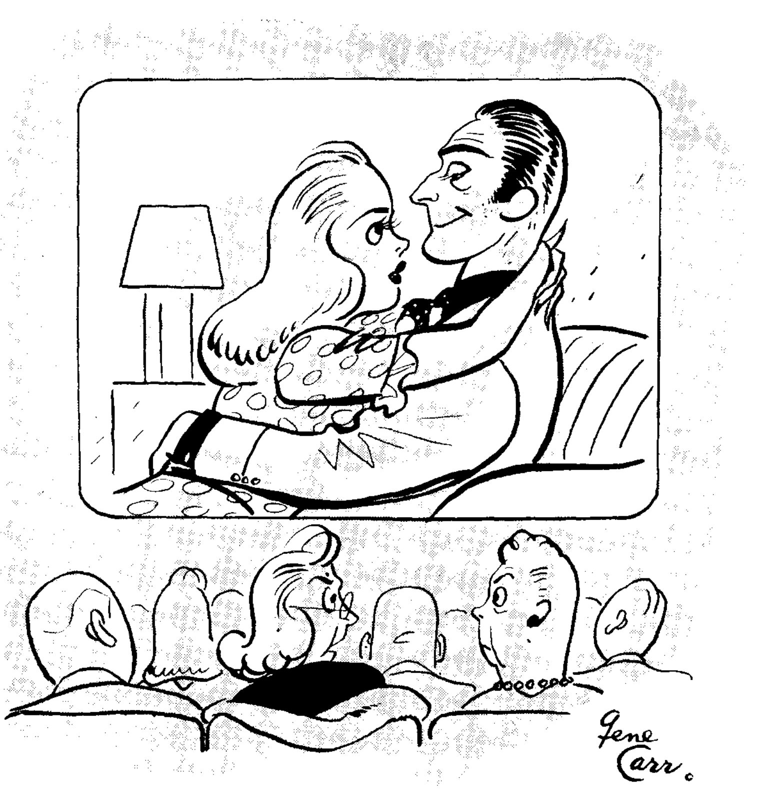
Before she left, Sally asked, "Does Evelyn have men around?"

"I haven't seen any, but we've only been roommates for a few weeks," said Hilda.

"I wonder how Evelyn will react to your dates," Sally said. "I hope you'll have lots of them, now that Van's over and done with. You watch out, honey, and don't get too smothered and mothered—or you'll be turning down dates because Evelyn's got dinner all ready, and making excuses to people she doesn't happen to approve of. I've seen it happen."

"Oh, you! You've seen everything," said Hilda affectionately. "You probably see ghosts, too!"

But when Sally had gone, Hilda wandered around the apartment a little disconsolately. We're going to be socially independent, of course, she thought. We made that agreement. Evelyn has her friends, naturally, and many of them are



"If she didn't read the book, she's doomed for a big disappointment in him"

COLLIER'S GENE CARR

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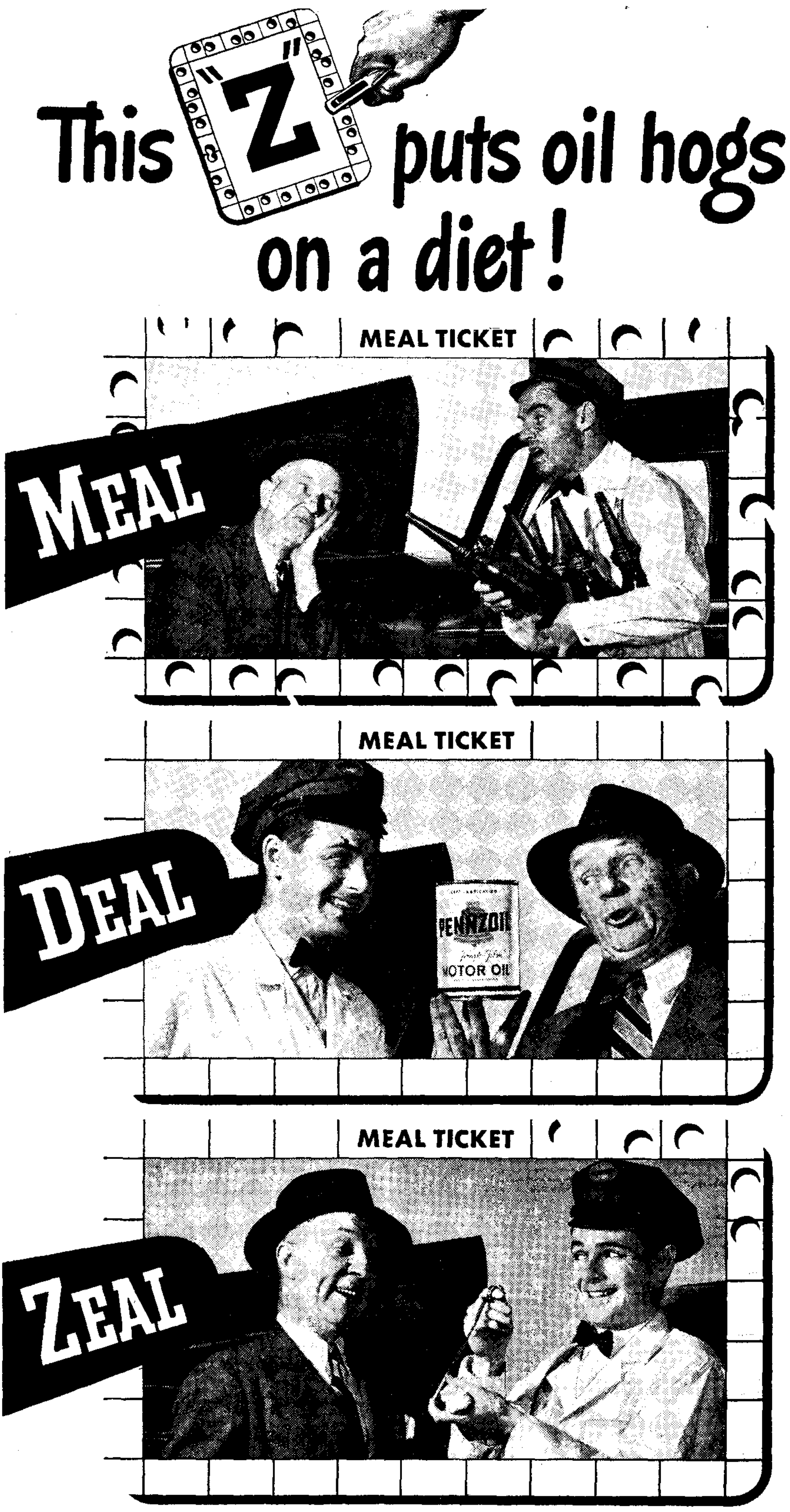

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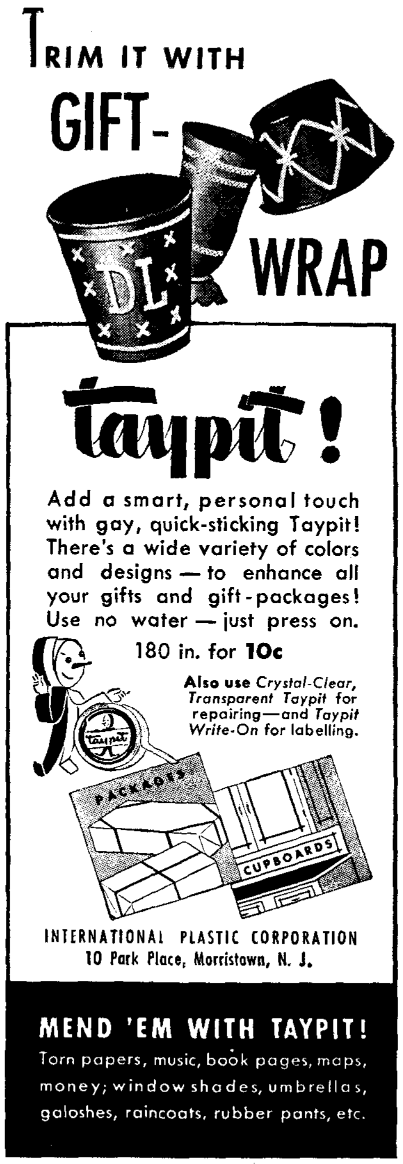
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The DASH that makes the DISH

older, and settled. I have my friends. There's nothing to worry about. We're sharing a convenient place, and expenses. Being in town, we can take courses at night, and read—it will be good for my work, as Evelyn says.

It had been, too. She had gained confidence, and had been able to take chances when they might bring gains. Evelyn was always willing to advise and discuss, with tireless interest. Now, five years later, Hilda had a very good job with a research firm, and the apartment was within walking distance of that office. Evelyn had the same job as before, and probably always would have, since she had responsible work, got steady, small raises, and the firm had a generous retirement plan. Five years ago, Evelyn had been thirty-four to Hilda's twenty-two; now she was almost forty, and retirement plans held some interest for her.

What Hilda had not counted on was the attachments which grow up between two even semicongenial people who share a home. In five years they had, without planning to, become much more a unit of two people, rather than independent girls. They were asked out together, and when one gave a party, she considered the other's feelings and usually weeded out a few unpopular people from the invitation list.

"Marcia?" Hilda would say, grimacing.

Evelyn would consider, "Oh, not this time. She doesn't really like parties much, and she has that horrid frankness—she always says so, loudly."

"Sally?" Hilda would ask, not looking at Evelyn, hoping to miss her controlled expression of dislike.

"Of course, darling, if you want to see her," Evelyn would say. "It means asking her husband, too. He's apt to stand in corners and talk about mice and lice and things." Sally's husband did medical research.

"I'll have them for dinner some other time."

"And now, what about men?" Evelyn said briskly. And they would go down the list of men they knew, naturally not so long a list as they could wish, but still adequate. Sometimes it bothered Hilda that there were not more men she was interested in. Van seemed to have drained her not only of hope and trust, but of interest, though she lunched with men, and often had dates. For Hilda was an attractive girl, slender, blond, and very pretty when she was animated and not feeling shy. She knew men to ask to a party.

"Evans Miller?" she said. "The advertising one, you remember."

"The one who thinks he's brilliant and witty?" said Evelyn.

"That's the one," said Hilda, lightly.

SHE had learned to speak lightly. She had learned that it was only when she showed signs of interest in any particular man that Evelyn was jumpy and irritable and full of acid little comments. Casual dates were made welcome enough, in an amused way: "Children love to play with blocks. You know how children are!" But the date who reappeared too often had his flaws turned to the light until he seemed a wretched thing.

"Of course, he's awfully nervous," Evelyn would say. "Mother-ridden, I suppose. He has a mother. He's charmingly attentive to a girl—but—that's as far as it goes!"

Or, "Doesn't he rather remind you of Van? The same mannerisms? The same attitude toward women?"

That was why, when she met Tom Quillan, Hilda kept him hidden by subtle camouflage. She rarely mentioned him, and when she did she was casual. She carefully spaced his dates so Evelyn would not guess that she had recovered the use of her heart. After the paralysis of disillusion she was in love, and it was better than if she had never loved before. She recognized it, welcomed it, was not afraid of it.

Tom did not kiss her on their first date, but when he did, it was in a taxi in Central Park, and lights and stars were flung round them like spray, the long black macadam roads, so traveled, so hackneyed and roundabout, seemed like the long roads into a lovely world.

"It's nice to kiss a girl who wants to," said Tom.

"It's wonderful to kiss you," said Hilda, soberly. She turned to him again. "I wish I didn't have to go home, ever," she said. It was one, or two, or four—it didn't matter, except that there was work to do tomorrow, and Evelyn would wonder. She didn't know whom Hilda was with; this date had been made by phone at the office.

"Where we are is home already," Tom said.

Tom had been lonely, too. He had few ties and was an orphan, like Hilda. They talked endlessly of their childhoods and knew that they both wanted the same things that most other people did, but more tensely and less critically because they had had so little. Even now, Tom lived in temporary fashion at an apartment hotel. As an executive of a steamship line which plied between North and South America, he often had to spend months or a year in a Central American country.

"It's no hardship," he said. "Wait until you see Guatemala! Wait until you taste what they do with avocados! Wait until you see Mexico City, or Rio!"

"I suppose I'll have to wait," said Hilda, "until you ask me to marry you—or something!"

"Formally, you mean?" asked Tom, since she was already in his arms.

"Any way, just so long as you do ask me!"

"I asked you a long time ago," Tom said. "And you answered. It's only the details that have to be arranged—when, where, how. We'll have to travel for the first year or two—then I can choose where we'll live. But it certainly won't be New York."

"I'm glad," said Hilda slowly. "I'd rather be away for a while. There's enough to adjust to when you marry someone without also having to deal with all your friends, and their problems, just at first."

"Evelyn," said Tom. "But didn't she know this was coming off?"

"I've hardly mentioned you," said Hilda. "On purpose."

"That's what I thought," said Tom.

He kissed her again in the taxi, and in the hallway outside the apartment. She didn't ask him in, and she could not go to his place. They were homeless, in the midst of love.

"Only for a little while longer, until I get reassigned," said Tom. "Then we'll get married."

"It seems a long time," said Hilda.

She could hardly believe her own love. She turned it over when she was alone and looked at it, and, every time, it was real. She could tell, because it was not perfect. It, and Tom, had flaws, as Evelyn would be sure to point out when she had the opportunity. But Hilda didn't want a perfect love. She wanted a real love, and a real man.

TOM certainly was that. Whenever she saw him loping down an avenue, one shoulder higher than the other, in a gray gabardine suit, she was struck by a certain male intensity which not every man had, but he did have. He was not particularly handsome, but he looked nice. What was more, he looked certain—of himself, what he wanted, how he felt.

"Of course he'll phone," Hilda told herself. She sat on the edge of the bed and inched her feet into slippers, and drew a rosy bathrobe around her. "This is the most important phone call I've ever had in my life. It may mean we get married next week."

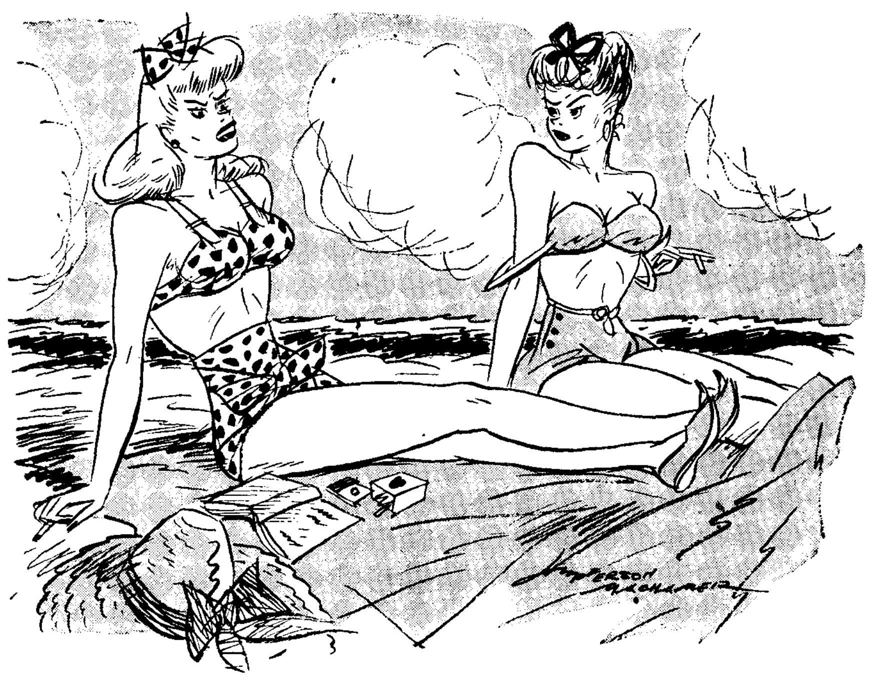
Tom had an appointment today with his steamship people, and was due for a year's assignment, probably at one of their Central American ports. If that was the job, they would be married at once, and would sail as soon as possible. But there was also an unpleasant alternative. Tom might be sent into the South American interior to inspect some mines and other property of the steamship company, and, in that case, he could not take Hilda with him. He might be gone months. It was difficult to decide just how much to tell Evelyn about Tom, and when to do it most comfortably.

I have a feeling she won't take it well, thought Hilda. Her head throbbed, and she felt miserable. But I must tell her something, as soon as I've heard from Tom.

Supper was pleasantly arranged on two small tables before the living-room fireplace, and it was just right—a clear soup, a fresh-looking salad, hot rolls.

"Isn't this cozy?" said Evelyn. "Lately, we've been so hectic and social, we've hardly had an hour together in the old way. I'm glad we're alone this evening."

Hilda hardly heard. She found herself



"Did I bawl him out for using that old line about being a talent scout! And I found out later he was a talent scout, the dope!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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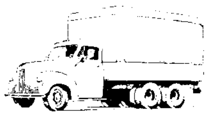

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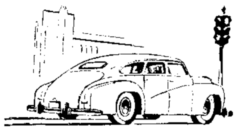

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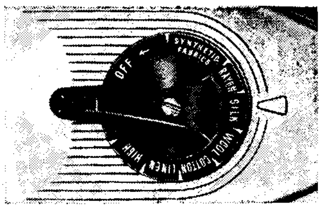

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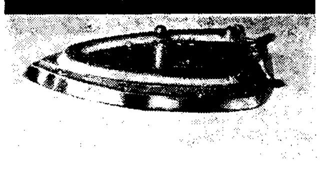


withdrawn into a knot of apprehension and listening Why didn't Tom call?

Evelyn glanced at her, sighing. She talked about the office a little, but swerved sharply into a favorite discussion of what they called The House.

"There's a place we ought to go and look at this week end," she said. "In a very beautiful and near-by part of Pennsylvania. A girl named Rose Spreckel knows it—an aunt of hers wants to sell it, quite cheap. I've got some snapshots, and I'll show them to you after we've finished."

FOR a long time, Evelyn had wanted them to buy The House together, for week-end use and vacations and, eventually, for their old age. Lately Evelyn had taken to assuming, aloud, that they would spend their old age together, and that was another reason why Hilda was going to find it hard to tell her about Tom. Hilda had stalled, even before she fell in love with Tom, because she didn't like the idea of such a permanent belonging as a house with Evelyn. Yet she had found it hard to argue, because an inexpensive house was a perfectly good investment, and they would save on the cost of week ends. They often went to a country inn now. And, in addition, they could always rent it for the vacation months and make the year's expenses.

"I'll get dessert," said Evelyn.

Something in her voice, some tenseness in her manner, made Hilda look at her. Evelyn's smooth, graying hair had slid out of its usually neat order, and her hands were shaking. She had something important on her mind.

Evelyn came back with a fruit cup. When she had set the glasses down, she reached into her house-coat pocket and drew out a handful of snapshots. "Let's take a look now."

"All right," said Hilda. The house was small and was built in several layers against a hillside. It had trees, and a front yard, and casement windows—a darling house.

"It's pale yellow," said Evelyn.

"You've seen it?" asked Hilda.

"That's where I was last week end," Evelyn said, and her voice sounded guilty. She hadn't told Hilda where she was going. But Hilda felt guilty herself. Last week end she and Tom, in the apartment without Evelyn's critical presence, had decided that they must marry soon, even if he had to go away and leave a bride. Alone for once, they had got themselves a meal or two. They had made love, and listened to the afternoon symphony, and talked before the fire.

Evelyn's next words made Hilda turn paler, and sit erect. "I made our first payment on the house. I was so sure you'd love it as much as I did. Why, Hilda, it's even furnished—we wouldn't want to keep all the things, but some of them are very old and very nice. We can move right in if we want to."

Hilda said, "You shouldn't have done it, Evelyn, without consulting me. You know I've never been quite sure whether I wanted to put money into a house, when we would separate some day."

"That's why!" Evelyn cried. She rushed over and laid her head against the arm of Hilda's chair and wept with ugly force, her hands clenching and unclenching on the upholstery of the chair. "I was so afraid!" she said. "Hilda, I can't bear the thought—we're more than business associates, more than roommates, aren't we?"

"We're friends," said Hilda gently. She patted Evelyn's hair, but she was full of fright. Something was terribly wrong.

"You're like my daughter, my child!" Evelyn said, and her hand moved to clench around Hilda's. "We've been together so long! We've been so close!"

"For five years, you've been wonderful to me," said Hilda. "I've appreciated it, Evelyn. You've helped me in so many ways, about my work, about being independent. But you must have known we would separate eventually."

"Why?" said Evelyn. "You don't really want to marry, do you? Why, in all these years, you've never had a single date with one man who was good enough for you! You've always seen it in time."

"You helped me see," said Hilda a little dryly, "What about Tom Quillan, Evelyn? What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing," said Evelyn. She tried to stop sobbing. She sat back, and brushed her arm over her face, which was mottled with grief. "A little crude, perhaps," she said. "Not very sensitive."

"You mean, you couldn't discourage him?" said Hilda.

She got out of her chair and stood, looking down at Evelyn, who crouched away, as if expecting a blow.

"You tried to, didn't you?" Hilda said. "You used the same tactics you've used before, but this time it was different."

"I did try," Evelyn said defiantly. "I wanted us to be on the same old peaceful footing. Your job's just getting important. I didn't think it was any time for you to be interested in a man—especially one who might have to go away."

Hilda jumped, the fear was so sharp. Evelyn, remembering Van, had reminded Hilda that Tom, too, could vanish, and even though she knew he loved her, a doubt was implanted. Why hadn't he called her? What had gone wrong? Or had he changed his mind?

"Did you ever think I might go with him?" she said. "Evelyn, I love Tom. We're going to be married. I don't know what to do about the house—you should have consulted me first!"

"You should have been honest with me!" Evelyn cried, and now she was angry. "You can't leave me!" she said. She, too, was standing. She looked around the room, and five years aligned themselves beside her. All the loyalty Hilda owed for untiring friendship stood beside her. "He isn't worth it!" she said.

"That doesn't matter," Hilda said quietly. "I'm terribly sorry you must know it like this, Evelyn, and I should have told you before, but I hate scenes. I'm going to marry Tom. I'm going to telephone him now."

Evelyn started a little, as if to rush forward and lay a restraining hand on Hilda, but she stood still. She looked twenty years older, and she shuffled the snapshots of the house in her hand.

WHEN Hilda went into the foyer where the telephone stood, she understood everything. Evelyn had gambled—and lost. Back in the bedroom, half drowsing, coming to the decision to tell Evelyn that their five years' association must end, she had, indeed, heard the warning bell. Her life as a woman had been in danger, and she had almost not heeded the warning.

The receiver was off the hook. Evelyn, knowing that Hilda was listening for the telephone bell to ring, had rushed at the black instrument and had silenced it. It might be an accident that a book was propping the receiver up off its hook, but Hilda knew it was not. She moved the book. At once the bell began to ring.

"Tom—" she said.

"I was just going to come around!" he said fiercely. "Something's been wrong with the phone. I couldn't get you!"

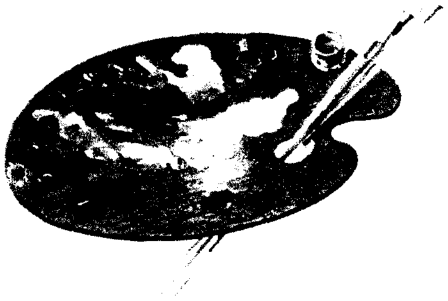
"I know," said Hilda. "But you can come now. I'll be waiting."

"You told Evelyn?" Tom asked.

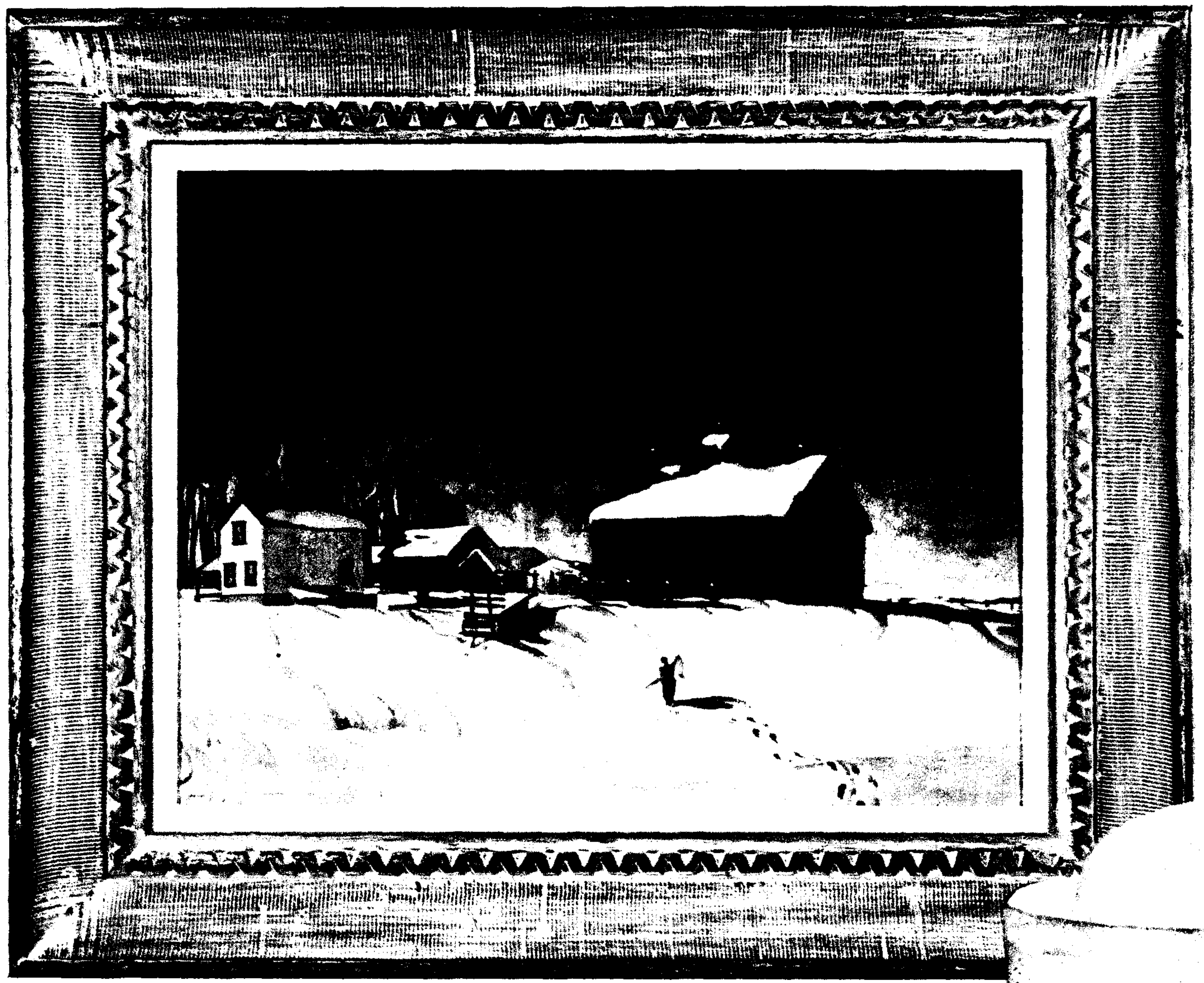
"She knew, before I told her."

When she went back into the living room, she said nothing. She began to carry trays and dishes out to the kitchen, and at last Evelyn became able to move again. She bent after a cigarette, lighted it. "I think I'll go down to my country place for the week end," she said. "Alone."

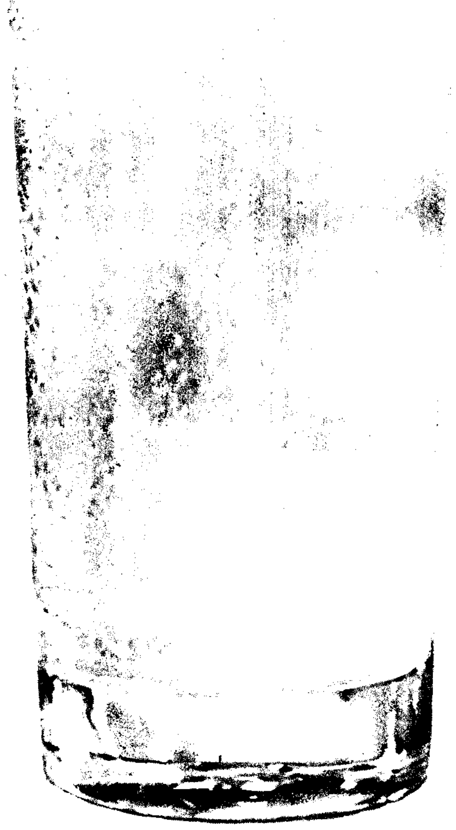
THE END



American Originals



Reproduction of an original by Dale Nichols, distinguished American artist.



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Traveling Light

by Ruth Carson

WHEN Vera Maxwell, clothes designer, was dressing to go to luncheon at the Algonquin Hotel in New York one day, she discovered—just like a woman—that she didn't have a hat to put on her head. Not one she wanted to put on at that particular moment, anyway. So she took a pair of back jersey briefs out of her bureau drawer. She slipped the elastic waistband over her hair, leaving the legs to dangle down behind. Then she pinned one leg over the other with a handsome big pin, and sallied forth in as sleek and chic a headgear as you could wish to see. "You have to have an open mind," she says, "about clothes."

Not that she's recommending that you wear pants on your head, too. But take travel clothes. Why be weighted down with many changes, even though you do travel from warm to cool climate? It's possible, all in one suitcase and a capacious bag slipped over your arm, to carry changes for everything from swimming to gala dancing; to be chic and comfortable, North and South. And not to have the business of packing, unpacking, and lugging more stuff than you'll ever use.

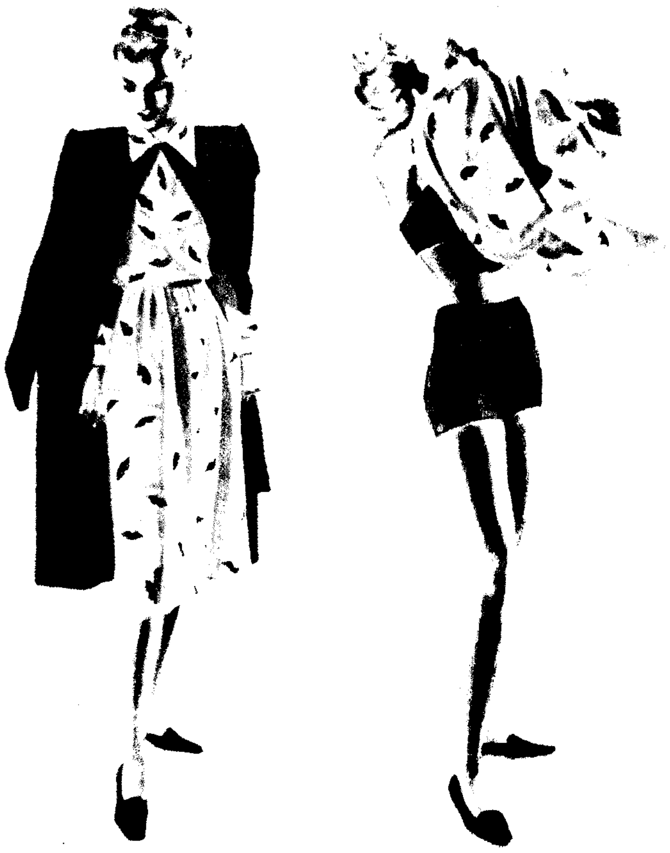
Her ideas about travel clothes are no idle notion with Vera Maxwell. She's practiced them. Twice-a-year trips abroad before the war, working with mills in Ireland and England to produce the woolens to make the simple but distinctive coats and suits for which she has become famous in this country. Trips to Paris. Flights to Palm Beach, Seattle, Nassau. "Every time you take a trip you discover something," she says. Out of what she has discovered, she has evolved five travel wardrobes similar to the one pictured here. She will show them in her fall collection.

The basis for the wardrobe is wool. "Wool is a year-round necessity," says Miss Maxwell. "Remember that mornings and nights are cool in the mountains, at the seaside, certainly in the tropics. If you go to Buenos Aires, you will find winter during our summer. You can always get cool, even if you have to resort to a length of native cotton twisted around you, Lamour fashion. But you can't get warm unless you've brought the kind of clothes that will keep you so."

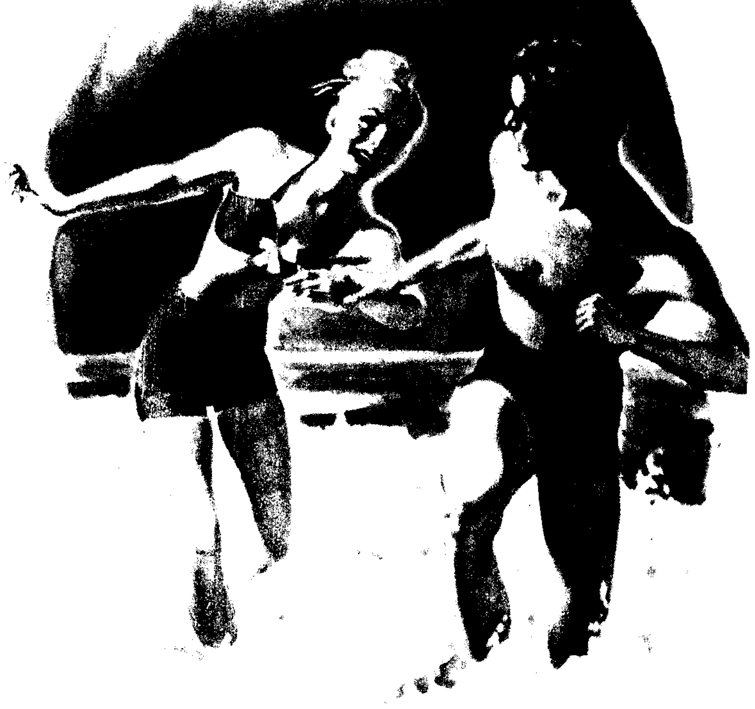
So the backbone of Miss Maxwell's wardrobe, shown in the pictures here, is: A greatcoat. A daytime suit plus long evening skirt that can be worn with the suit jacket. A slim coat dress. A pair of slacks. All in varying weights of wool. You add to these: A couple of cotton dresses. A print or two. Shorts. Halter tops and sweaters. And you're set for anything.

She's made it simpler than that. Airplanes can drop you, in a matter of minutes almost, from a chilly mountain plateau to a tropic

An all-purpose wool coat which Miss Maxwell calls a greatcoat, is gold, lined in black with attached hood that fastens in a snood or falls back over the shoulders. Carry overnight necessities in a capacious handbag and there's extra space in the deep coat pockets. Under the coat wear a black wool coat dress over a sheer print and be prepared for any climate, even for a swim in a lastex pantie and bra that are designed to be worn as undies or swim suit



Include several sets of lastex panties and bras in a variety of colors. Tie a bow to the bra for swimming; cover up for lunch with a sarong skirt and halter easily made from the native fabrics found in the



beach where a swim is the most desirable thing in the world; then whisk you off again in a few hours, on a sight-seeing tour. You don't want to spend an extra minute packing, unpacking, and changing your clothes.

So you're in Mexico for ten days. You really want to see the sights, so you haven't much time to loll on the famous beach of Acapulco, on the Pacific shore of Mexico. But you want a taste of it, just the same. So you take off by plane from Mexico City, say at eight in the morning. It is chilly that early, nearly 8,000 feet up on the plateau.

You're wearing the gold wool greatcoat with black lining that you see the model wearing in the picture. It is roomy enough to go on over a suit. It buttons high to the throat to protect you against the chill. It has a hood that you can fasten snoodwise over your hair to keep you cozy yet chic. It looks right for evening as well as day. It has giant pockets, that could hold overnight necessities in a pinch. It is a travel coat to bank on, wherever you are. This is a very big order for any one coat to fill, but coats—and suits—are Vera Maxwell's specialty.

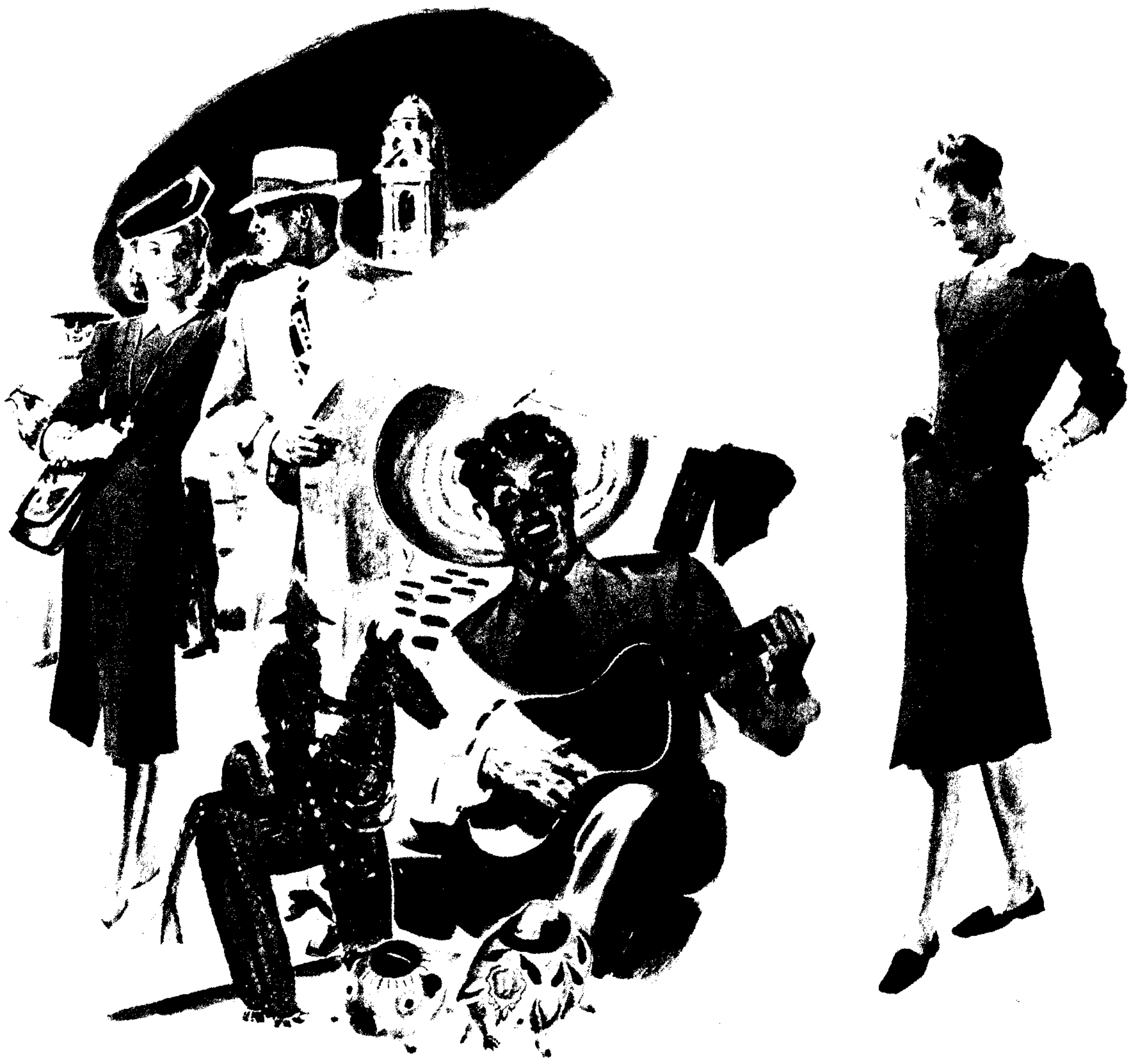
A Touch of Sleek Oriental Simplicity

In the plane, you take off the coat. Now you're wearing the lightweight black wool coat dress you see in the sketch, which buttons all the way down the back. It is lined throughout with silk, so that it can serve as a reefer coat, as now, or alone as a dress. It is slim and trim, with the distinctive simplicity that marks an Oriental woman's dress—even to the four-inch slash in the front hem of the skirt. This gives ease of movement, and keeps the skirt from riding up when you sit down. Through the slash shows a gay swish of gold and black silk print.

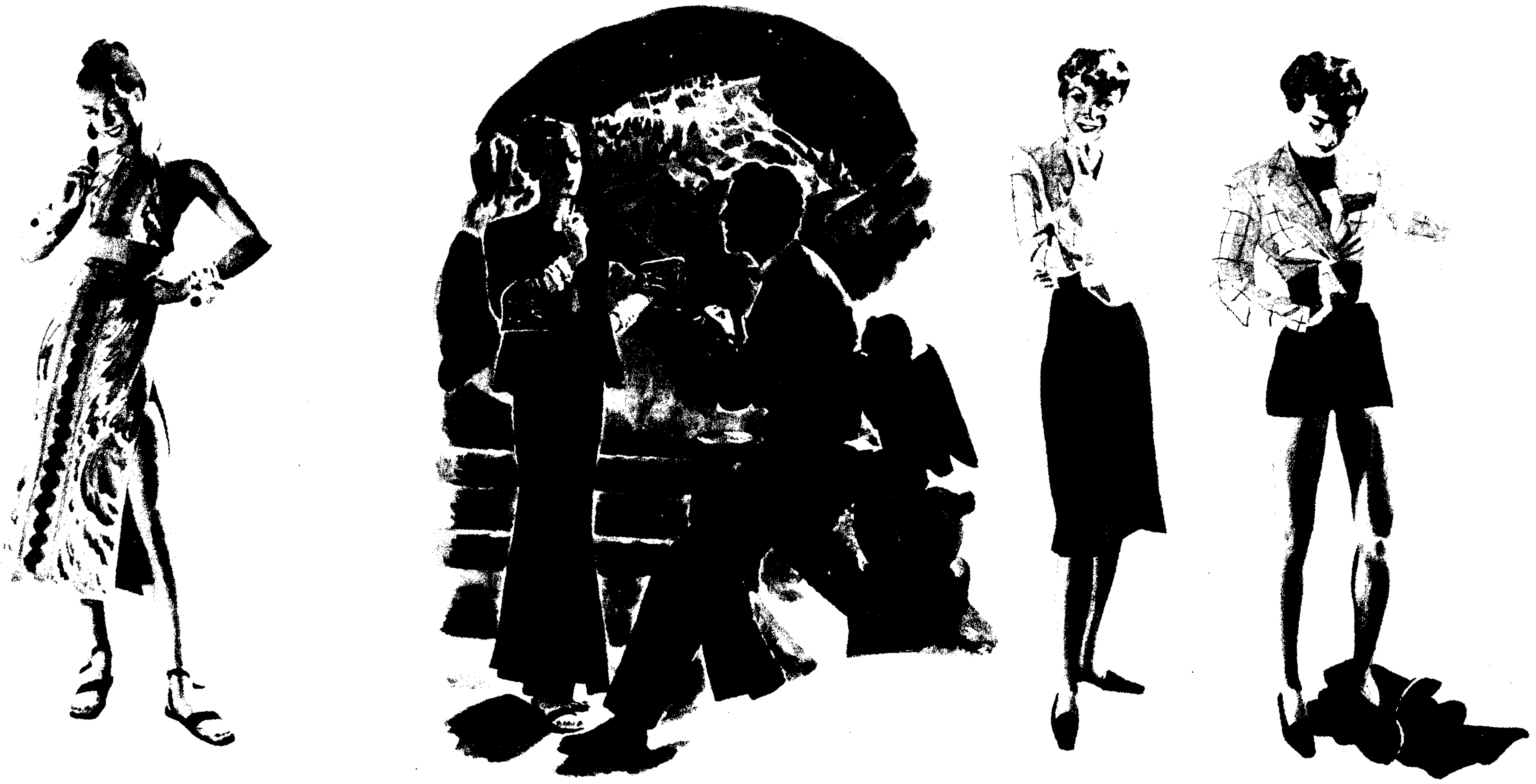
It is an hour, now, since the plane took off. It is getting warmer, and the plane is due to land in fifteen minutes. So off with the coat dress. The black and gold print underneath is revealed as a soft silk slip of a dress, with cap sleeves—cool enough for any tropic spot. The coat dress can now be worn slung across your shoulders, against any stray breezes, or slipped through the straps of the overarm bag that you are carrying, even as the model in the sketch.

And now you're on the beautiful beach of Acapulco, and can't resist a swim. So into a *cabaña,* and off with your dress. Underneath, if you are still following Vera Maxwell's example, you are wearing a black lastex bra and panties that look exactly like a

(*Continued on page* 80)



Buttoning all the way down the back, the silk-lined coat dress is now a basic black. Worn to church with a white-collared dickey and a small black felt hat; to cocktails with sleeves pushed up, lots of bracelets and choker in place of the dickey. You may add gloves and a veil if you wish



The black wool suit has two skirts, a jacket with gold-embroidered cuffs and more than nine lives. The long evening skirt combines with a halter or blouse and the jacket if it's cool. A simple blouse is worn with the day-length skirt and jacket or a shirt-blouse with the skirt as shown. A black lastex set beneath provides a tennis outfit by removing the skirt and tying in a midriff

DRAWINGS BY MARIO COOPER

China Doll

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

IT STARTED in 1934, when Robert Martin, a petty officer on a British ship, leaned over the rail in Hong Kong Harbor and watched a molasses-skinned Chinese woman in a boat below. She wailed "Washee washee!" from time to time. Robert Martin went below and came up with a bag of soiled linen. A few days later, it was back, impeccably white and neatly ironed.

Martin sailed away. And came back. He looked for the Chinese laundress and soon got to know her name: Mary Lo-Sam-Moi. He told her that his wife lived in town and he'd pay her extra for helping around the house. Mary was quiet and efficient. She was accustomed to hard work. She had labored to raise two sons and a daughter for a worthless husband who needed more and ever more money for opium. When her laundry business prospered, she bought him a young wife and he went away.

In January of 1935, Mrs. Martin gave birth to a girl. She said she wanted the baby to be called Rose. Four days later, Mrs. Martin died. Robert Martin asked Mary to care for the baby until he returned.

The baby was almost five when Robert Martin came back to Hong Kong. He found the little girl well and told Mary that he had to be off to war. He left $1,500 at the post office for Rose's support. Mary was never able to collect any of it. The next she heard of Robert Martin was when a Chinese translated a letter which said that he had been killed in action aboard a British destroyer.

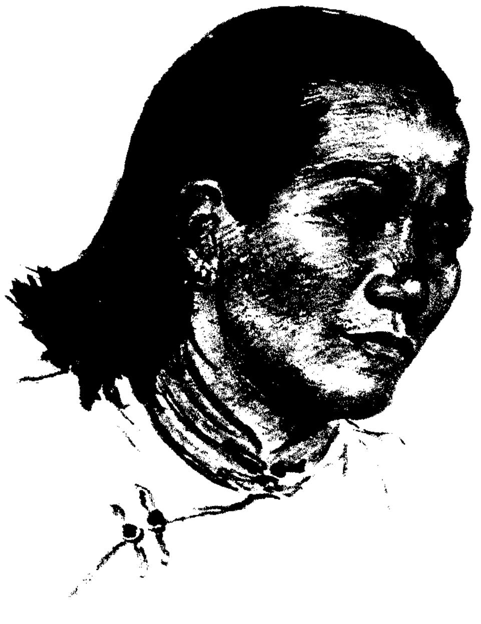
Mary could never say "Rose." No matter how hard she tried, it came out "Loze." In December, 1941, the Japs landed at Hong Kong, and, before the great exodus began, Mary learned that her elder son, in the Chinese navy, had been killed. She took Loze and her two remaining children and began to walk across the face of China. From Hong Kong to Canton to Shaokuan to Wuchow to Pinglo to Kweilin to San-ho to Kweiyang to Anshun to Kutsing to Kunming. Before the Japanese "permitted" her to flee, they first fleeced her of $5,000, all she had. En route, her remaining son joined the Chinese army and was seriously wounded. Mary's daughter died. The white child lived to stand before the quarters of U.S. Army officers in Kunming and listen to Mary wail, "Washee washee!"

Soon Mary was back in business. One officer wanted to take Loze to America, and Mary was willing, but the officer was transferred before details could be arranged. Later, Mary fell ill for seven weeks, and Loze nursed her back to health.

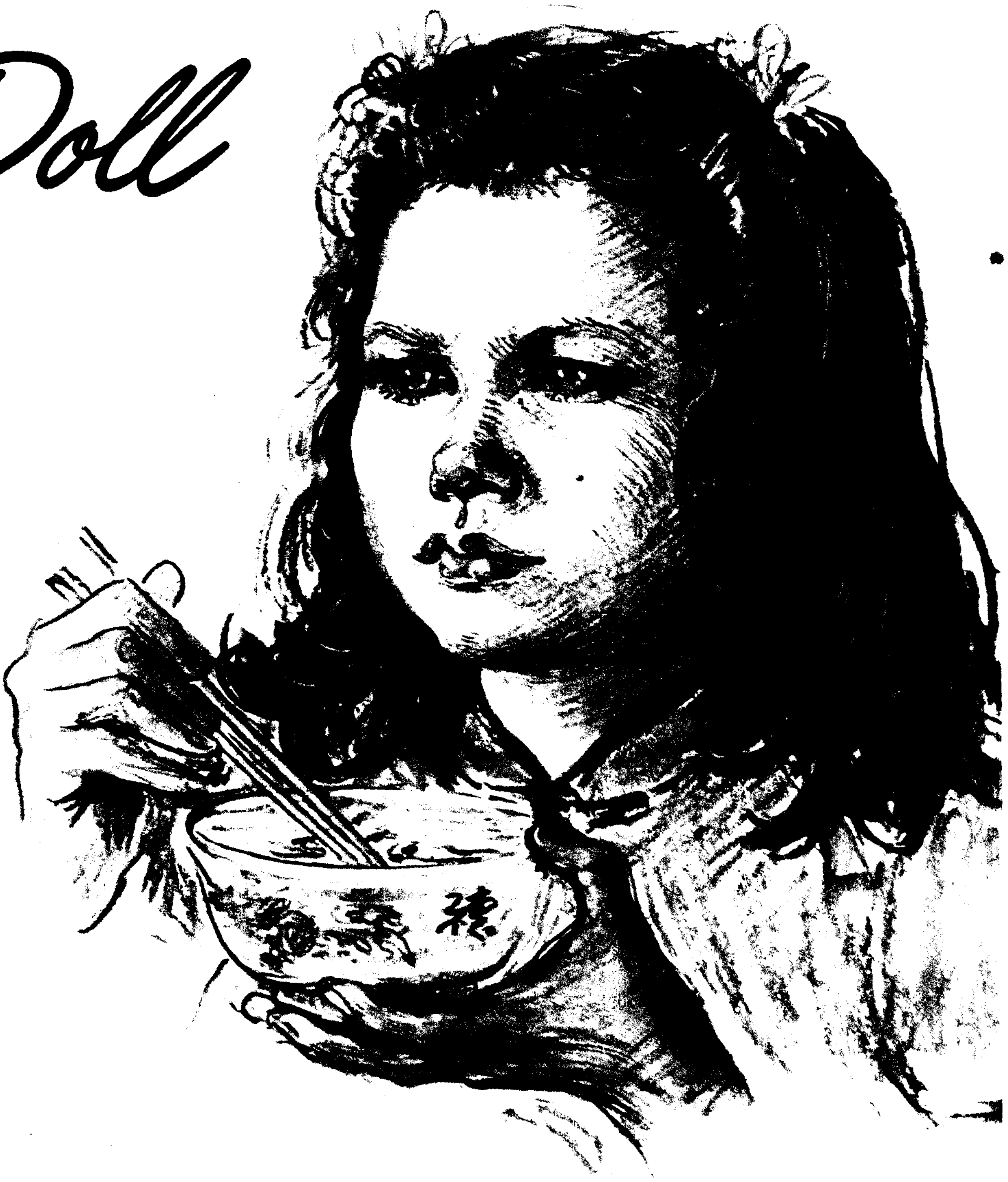
The child has a grandfather and several uncles in England, but Mary will not permit her to go there unless she can go, too.

Loze is now eleven and speaks nothing but Chinese. She dresses in Chinese fashion and eats with chopsticks. She loves Mary dearly. ★★★

Mary Lo-Sam-Moi, devoted foster mother of a British orphan, walked with her across the face of China

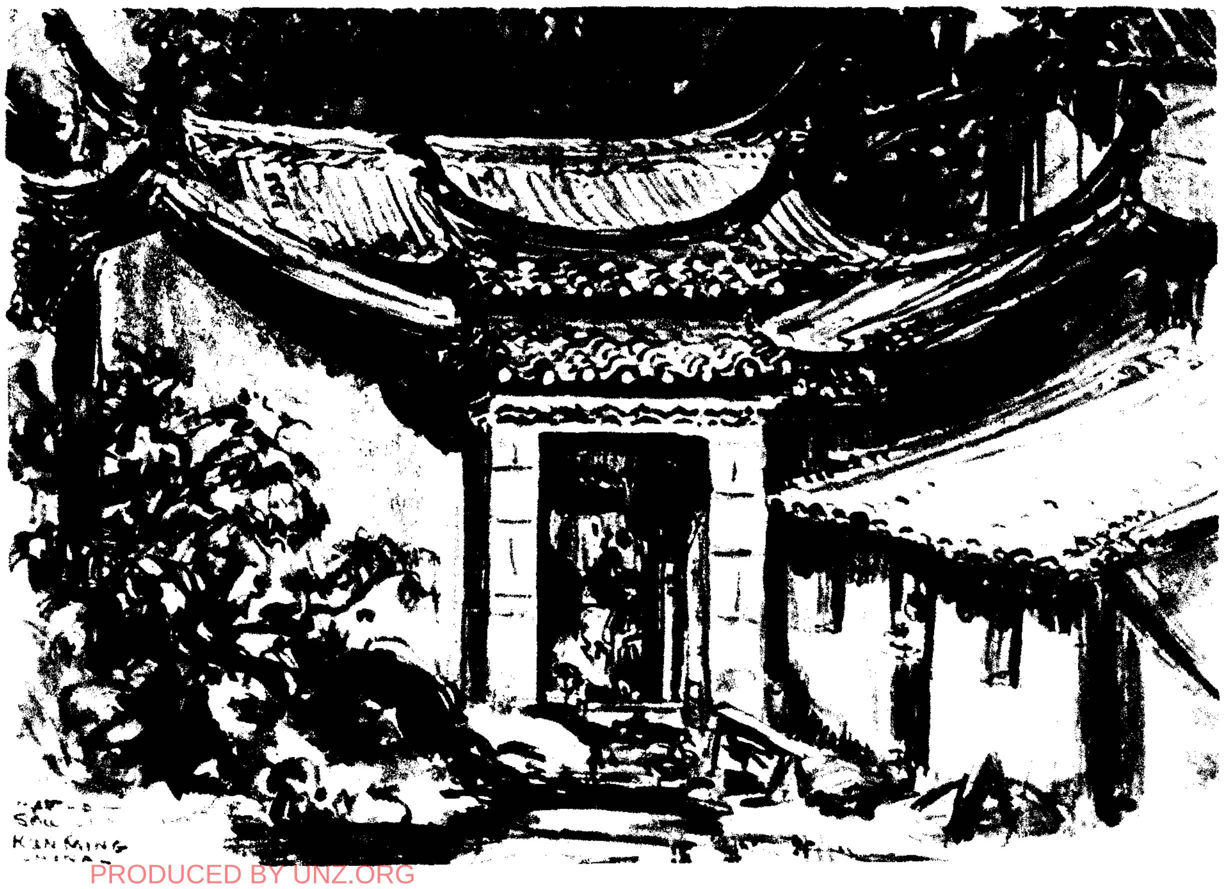


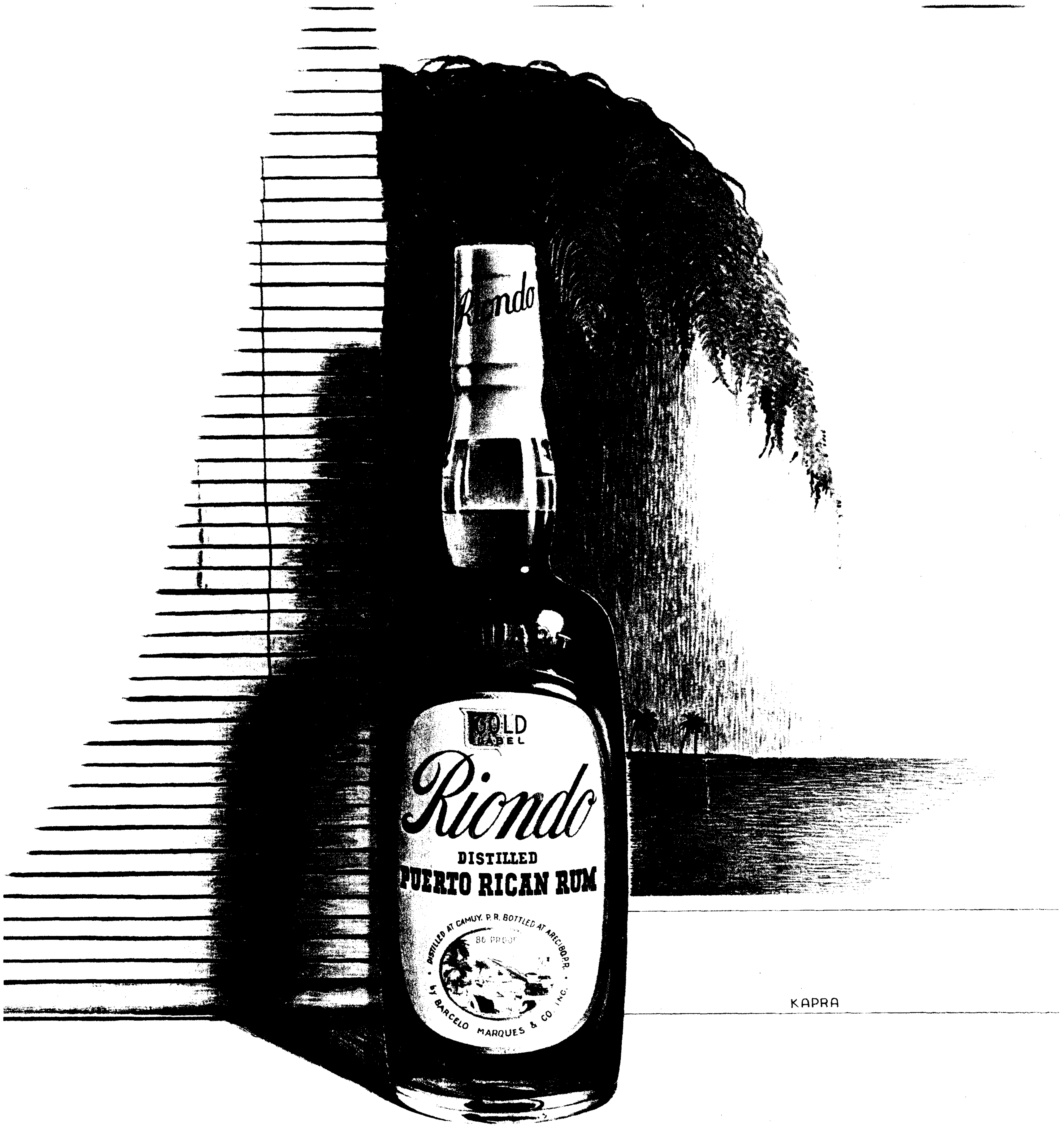
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



Rose Martin's mother died when the child was four days old, and her father was killed in action aboard a British destroyer. The girl, now eleven years old, understands and speaks only Chinese

Mary's home in Kunming, which she established on her laundry earnings after the Japs had fleeced her out of her life savings. Mary and Rose live comfortably there but hope to settle in England

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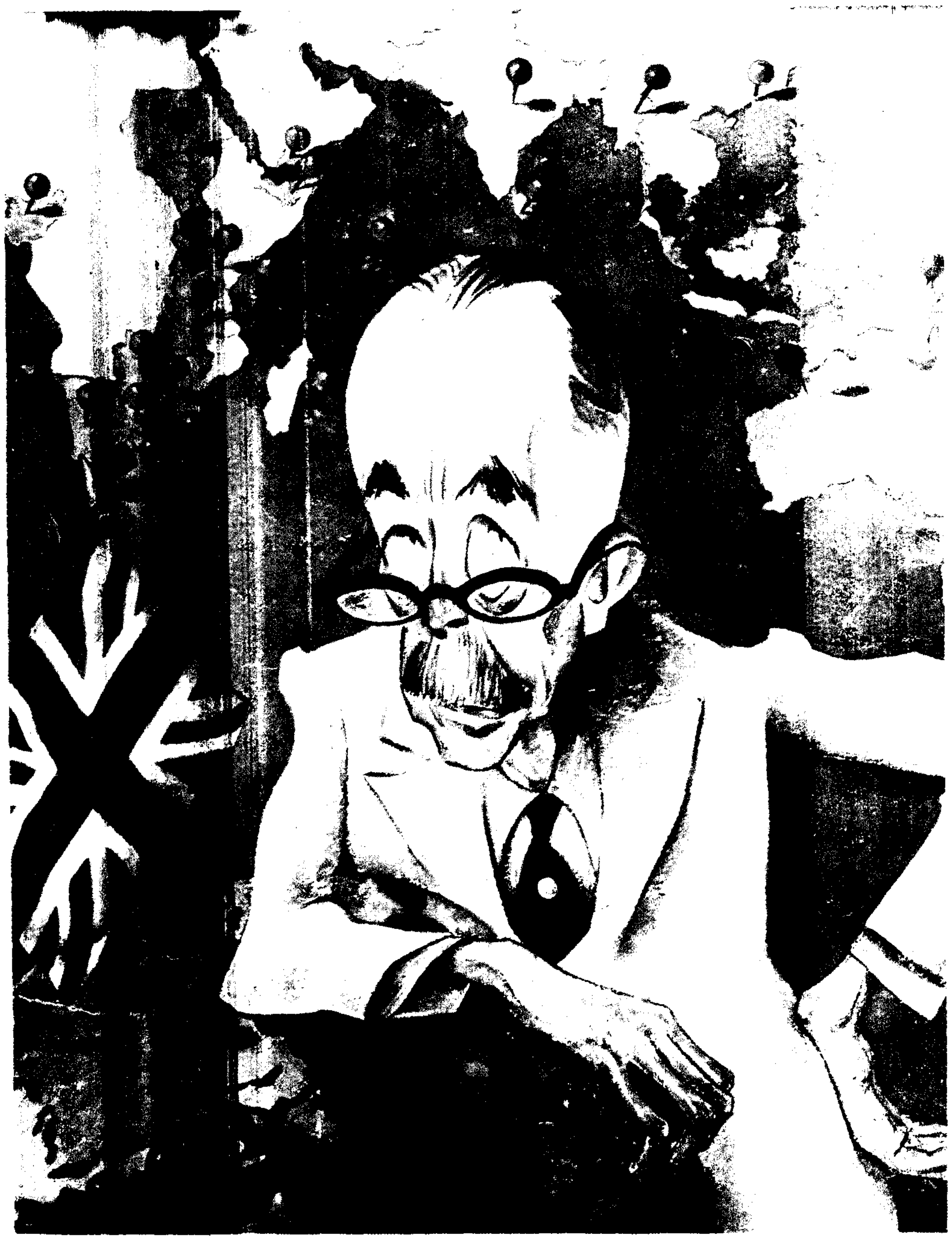


UNITED NEIGHBORS

V: SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN OF GREAT BRITAIN

IT WAS late evening in Washington and nearly midnight in London, but what Franklin Roosevelt had to say to Winston Churchill on this day in the summer of 1941 couldn't wait. The telephone rang in No. 10 Downing Street. It was about time, the President told the Prime Minister, that Britain and the United States clarified their war and peace aims and recorded them on paper. Churchill said he would see what could be done.

Churchill immediately called the Permanent Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Alexander George Montagu Cadogan, and explained to him what was wanted.

The next morning, probably for the first time in his life as a civil servant, Cadogan ignored the folded Times beside his teacup. He scribbled on a pad instead. Later, Cadogan showed the notes to the Prime Minister.

"That's splendid," Churchill said and telephoned Roosevelt. The Atlantic Conference was arranged. A typed draft of Cadogan's penciled notes was the raw material of the 8-point Atlantic Charter. The first four provisions of that document remain substantially as Cadogan wrote them.

Britain's politicians make foreign policy, but its civil servants execute it. Also, because they possess privileged information, they influence policy. They don't always tell the politicos *what* to do but they invariably decide *how* things are to be done.

Civil servants seldom become members of a British government, but they are its cogs and levers. They are bureaucratic, clannish and caste-conscious but as indispensable as they are powerful. They are responsible for the continuity of British foreign policy no matter whether Conservatives or Laborites are in power.

Influence with Prime Ministers

As Permanent Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, Cadogan was also head of the British Secret Service. Obviously he not only executed the policy of the Prime Ministers under whom he served but had some influence in the forming of their decisions.

Cadogan accompanied Neville Chamberlain when the latter went to Rome in 1939 to try to dissuade Benito Mussolini from war. He went with Churchill to Moscow to ensure Joseph Stalin's participation in the war and the peace.

And the new Foreign Minister, the brawly Laborite, Ernest Bevin, says he doesn't know anyone he'd rather have beside him as an adviser on international matters than the slim, remote little man with the long nose and the high brow and some eight square inches of mustache who is now the United Kingdom's permanent delegate to the United Nations.

It's doubtful whether Cadogan has lost any of his indispensability—or power—in his new post. He remains, from black Homburg to burnished boots, the prototype of that substantial family of invariably imperturbable, often snobbish and usually competent gentlemen who've kept Britain great for a couple of centuries.

In a company of dead-pan diplomats, he is easily the most inscrutable. China's Quo Tai-chi is an exhibitionist by comparison.

Stories of his unstudied nonchalance are numerous. The best is probably the one of an incident during his flight from England to the San Francisco Conference in a hastily converted Liberator. As the plane leveled off over the Atlantic, Cadogan sat stiff as a T square, his snugly rolled umbrella between his knees, his hands folded neatly over the stout, curved handle, and dozed under his black hat.

Suddenly and unaccountably the bomb-bay doors jerked open. The noise and the sudden rush of cold air jolted everyone wide awake.

Not Cadogan. He opened his eyes, took in the situation, saw at once there was nothing he could do and resumed his interrupted doze.

Inseparable from His Umbrella

According to the report of a trustworthy eyewitness, when the converted Liberator reached the Washington airport, Sir Alexander awoke, stood up, shook out his umbrella, rerolled it tightly, took off his hat and flecked from it imaginary particles of dust. Then he sat down, replaced the umbrella between his knees, and faced the future with unruffled calm.

Only on the golf course does this impassive terrier of British diplomacy really relax. But, alas, he is not a good golfer despite his passion for the game. He progresses slowly on any course and only his language improves with each hole. By the time he reaches the eighteenth, his profanity, they say, is magnificent.

When the war ended, Cadogan, an aristocrat by birth and conviction, repulsed efforts to democratize the famed Guards regiments by recruiting from the Royal Army Service Corps (British equivalent of our Services of Supply and Quartermasters' Corps) which was literally recruited from the butchers and bakers and cobblers.

"I see no reason why the Guards should recruit from the R.A.S.C. in peacetime," wrote Cadogan.

Members of the British aristocracy go into the Foreign Office if they don't buy commissions in the Guards. Cadogan, who is 61, entered the F.O. at 23, after Eton and Oxford. His first assignment was as an attaché in Constantinople where, on his arrival in 1909, a revolution was in progress. Cadogan promptly learned Turkish as a self-determined prerequisite for understanding what was going on.

Assignments in Vienna, the Foreign Office itself, Paris and finally as secretary general to the British delegation to the League of Nations followed. Anthony Eden brought Cadogan home from an ambassadorship to China in 1935 to become Deputy Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1938 he was made Permanent Undersecretary.

Sir Alex and his wife, Lady Theodosia Louisa Augusta Acheson, daughter of the Fourth Earl of Gosford, recently rented a summer house in Stonybrook, Long Island, "as an experiment," but Sir Alex fully expects to "rush back to New York for the winter." They have a family of grown children—a son, Alex, and three daughters, Patricia, Cynthia and Gillian Moyra. . . . FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Battle of the Bench

Continued from page 13

and wisdom under their own steam.

It is the old question of minority rights and majority rule, which never has been settled. It involves the old and continuing inclination of some judges not merely to interpret the nation's laws, but to participate in shaping the nation's directions—to the right or to the left. Of course, such questions are never simple. Jackson and Black have sometimes been together against Frankfurter in dealing with them. Black is often as articulately opposed to judges making law instead of interpreting it as Frankfurter is.

Frankfurter is the man who so long seemed the law's leader on the rocky road toward American tolerance. In Massachusetts, long before he came to the court, Frankfurter was concerned in action for Vanzetti, the fish peddler, and Sacco, the shoe edger, when cops and courts, Thayers and Lowells seemed intent upon confusing admission of radicalism with proof of murder. He is a small man, perfectly dressed, who moves about restlessly in his chambers. His mind seems both emotional and precise. He can be persuasively logical and occasionally impatient. Somehow he gives the impression that he wants a world that is free and decorously orderly, too.

From their backgrounds, a layman might expect Black and Frankfurter to have played reversed roles. Frankfurter, who has sometimes been made to seem almost the protector of intolerance on the court, arrived in the United States, in 1894, as a little Jewish boy of twelve. By coincidence, in the same year, false anti-Semitic testimony convicted Dreyfus of treason in France. Black, the judicial foe of intolerance, had been willing when he was forty years old to accept membership in the Ku Klux Klan.

It hardly seemed to make sense that it was Frankfurter who upheld the right of a determinedly intolerant little Pennsylvania town to require the children of members of the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses to salute the American flag. It seemed even stranger that it was Black, two years later, who was the leader of the "liberal" revolt which made Frankfurter look even more like a strange black reactionary.

A Small-Town Religious Feud

The case then also concerned Jehovah's Witnesses. It stemmed from Black's own state of Alabama and the little town of Opelika, not far from Clay County where he was born. Opelika made trouble for Jehovah's Witnesses by putting a tax on the sale of their tracts.

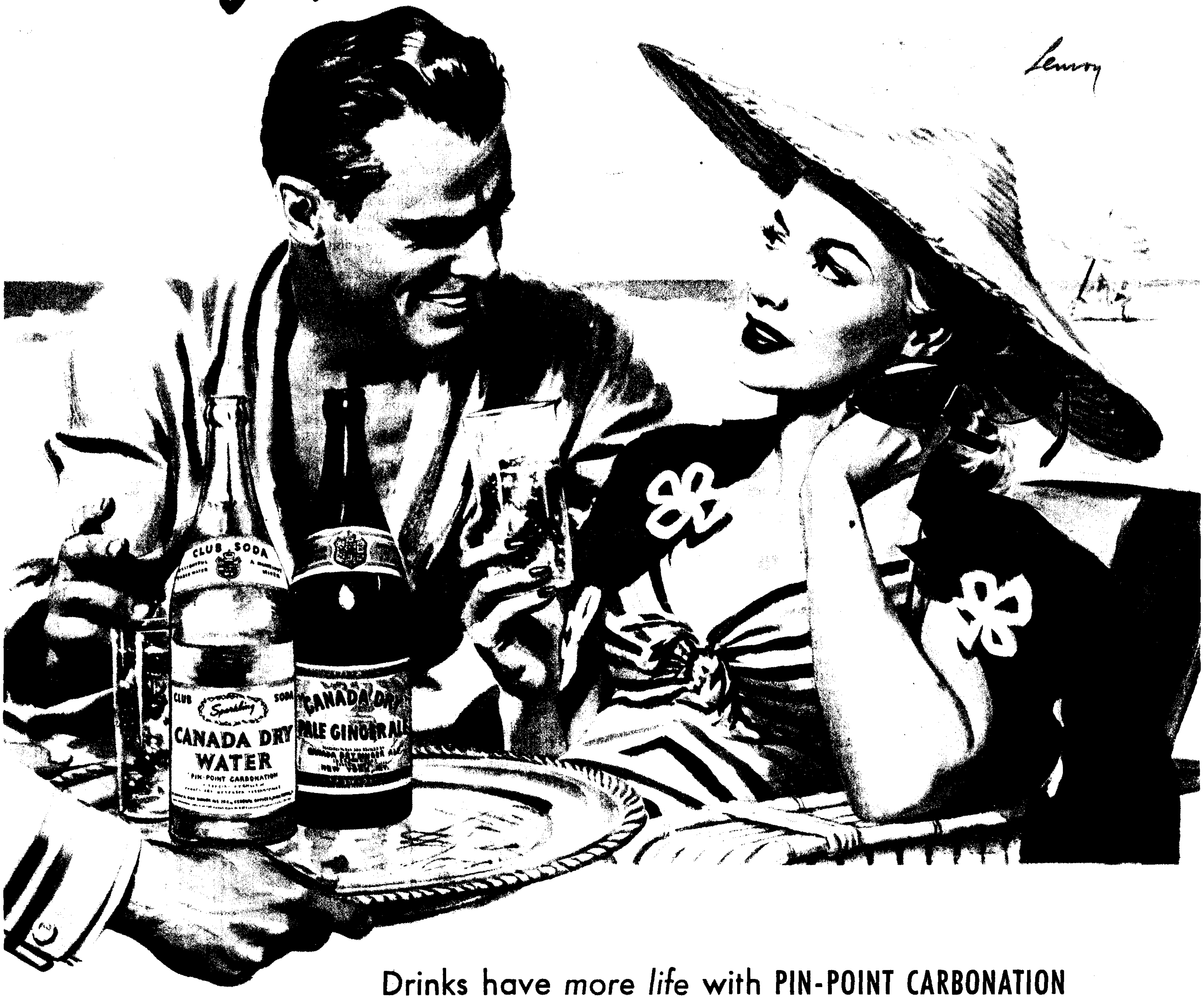
Black said they couldn't.

Frankfurter said they could. He stood his ground in eloquent re-emphasis of his conviction that the nondemocratic Supreme Court should only with the greatest reluctance correct the follies of the people — if those follies had been democratically committed. At that time Jackson was on Black's side "for liberty."

One set of cases certainly does not make a court nor describe a conflict within it. But the Jehovah's Witnesses cases may, as Frankfurter believes, indicate that the real differences in the court are not those between "conservatives" and "liberals" but between men who differ as to the true meaning of liberalism in the American democracy.

The labels attached to justices may be more indicative of the division among them than their decisions are: Frankfurter is the "professor," sometimes perhaps too intent upon tradition and continuity in the law. Black is the "legis-

Enjoy Life!



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lative reformer," who may think of a "people's court" on a bench where he certainly believed property's lawyers had sat too long before. Men do not change on the court. There is still a man-of-action quality about Black, as there was when he was in the Senate. Inevitably his purposes for people are part of his philosophy as a judge.

Frankfurter has not changed; it was while he was a Harvard Law School professor, active as citizen in the Sacco and Vanzetti case, that he first wrote the essence of the opinions which made him appear a strange new reactionary twenty years later. He distrusted even then a court which invoked the Constitution to protect the people from their own determinations.

"The real battles of liberalism are not won in the Supreme Court," he said. "Only a persistent, positive translation of the liberal faith into the thoughts and acts of the community is the real reliance against the unabated temptation to strait-jacket the human mind."

Conservatives and liberals can face each other with something of the philosophy acquired by Democrats and Republicans; their conflict is formalized. But the struggles between liberals for the meaning of liberalism on this court or anywhere else can be a real fight.

A strong-handed preceptor would seem to be indicated. Indeed, whenever a new Chief Justice is appointed, there seems always to be a notion that a new boss may be a good thing for noisy boys. Even among those who should know better, there seems to be a misconception of the Chief Justice's job based on the word "chief." Actually Mr. Vinson as a matter of law will have no more to do with the pattern of the court's decisions than any other one justice. He has one vote; each of the others has one vote.

But a Chief Justice does have responsibility if not power with regard to the general public's opinion of the court. Already that seems to be accepted as a prime part of Vinson's job. Indeed, more has been made of his success in administration and his skill in dealing with strong-minded men than with his able service on the benches of two federal courts. Too much, indeed, may be said of the new chief as a new pacifier.

Undoubtedly with the Jackson-Frankfurter group, Vinson will be the more welcome because his name is not Black, and Black & Company are happy to have Vinson instead of Jackson. But the court certainly does not regard itself as a company requiring a nurse. Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who was the court's best critic before he became a justice himself, made considerable fun long ago of editorial notions that, with the arrival of a new Chief Justice as moderator, judicial asperities might be softened and divisions minimized.

"Such an exaggerated view of the power of camaraderie," he wrote, using the big words he likes in his prose, "neglects the deeper influences behind constitutional adjudications. Divisions of the court in decisive issues are not due to want of 'tact and good humor' in the 'moderator,' nor is accord secured through genial and ironic personality."

No Longer Rubber Stamps

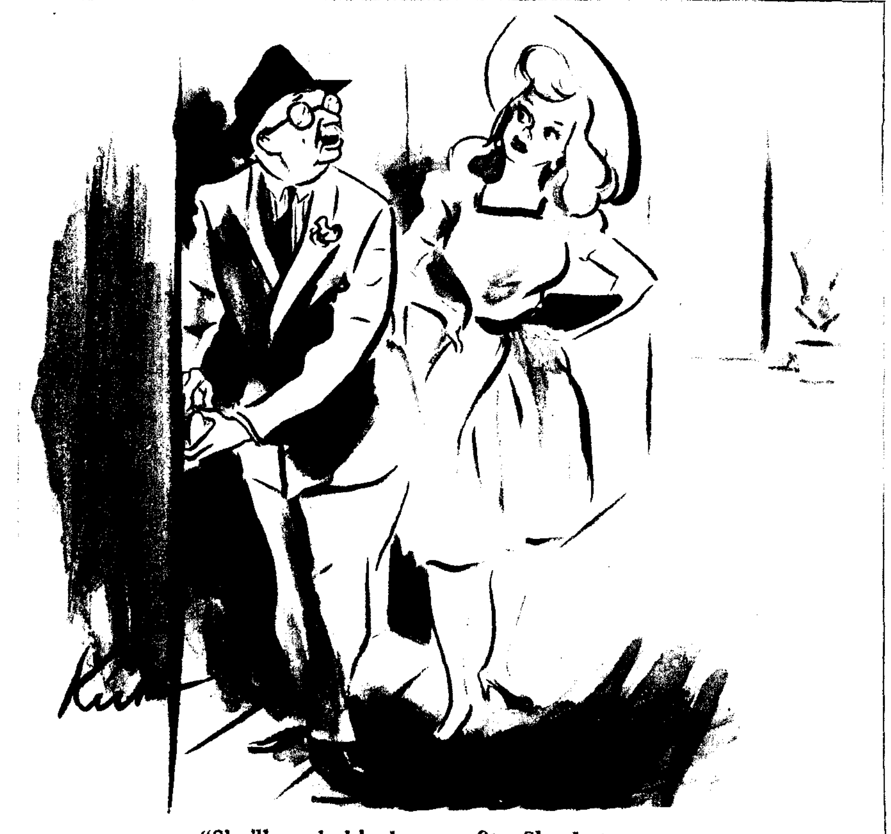
More recently another justice expressed himself less formally within the seclusion of his paneled office. He lifted a hand with a cigarette in it in a sort of helpless gesture toward the ceiling.

"Hell," he said, "they said the court lost prestige because we were all Rooseveltian rubber stamps. Now they are giving us the devil because we're divided."

The division does not look simple. It certainly is not simple. But Fred Vinson, who is inescapably expected to deal with it, has not had many easy jobs. After all, he began at what must be the very bottom of the American system of justice as the son of a jailer in a little town in the almost professionally poor and backward country of the Kentucky hills. Back in those days there was real feuding in those hills. Even the courthouses were poor.

It was a long way by Center College, by country law practice and country politics to the national capital. Even more than Kentucky today, the national capital is a place in which it is easy for a man to be lost in feuds. Also Vinson knows that it is a capital in which, beyond feuding, the greatest decisions for America and the world are waiting to be made.

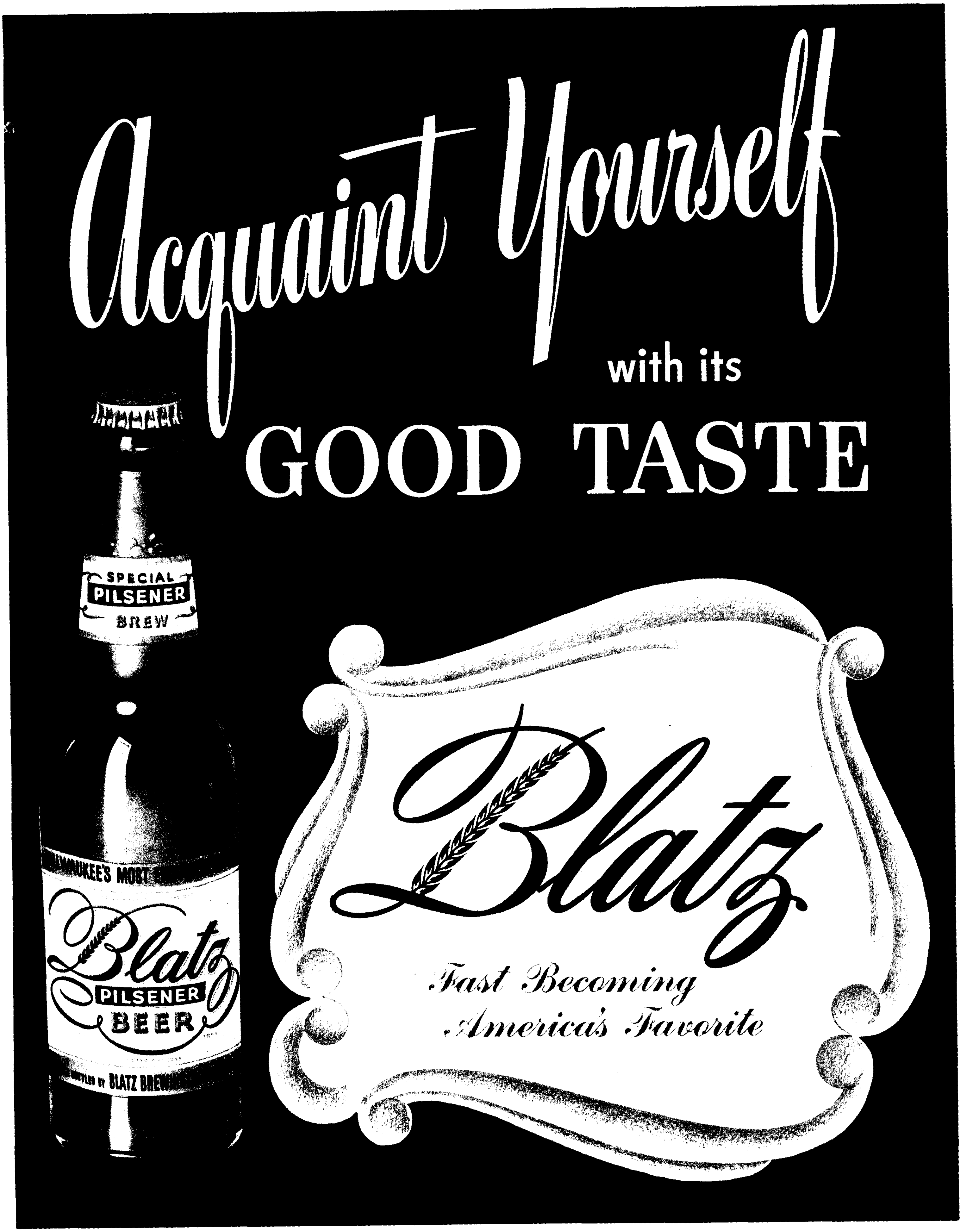
And nothing is quite so certain as that



COLLIER'S

"She'll probably have a fit. She hates me to bring dinner guests home unexpectedly"

KIRK STILES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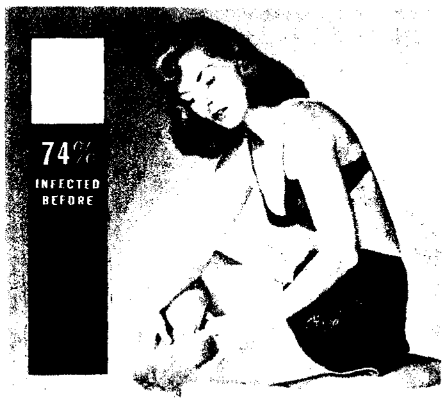

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Vinson will not perform his new duties with any notion that his task is merely that of a policeman at a row. He understands, as Chief Justice Hughes learned, that the actual strength of a Chief Justice depends only "upon the strength of his character and the demonstration of his ability in the intimate relations of the judges."

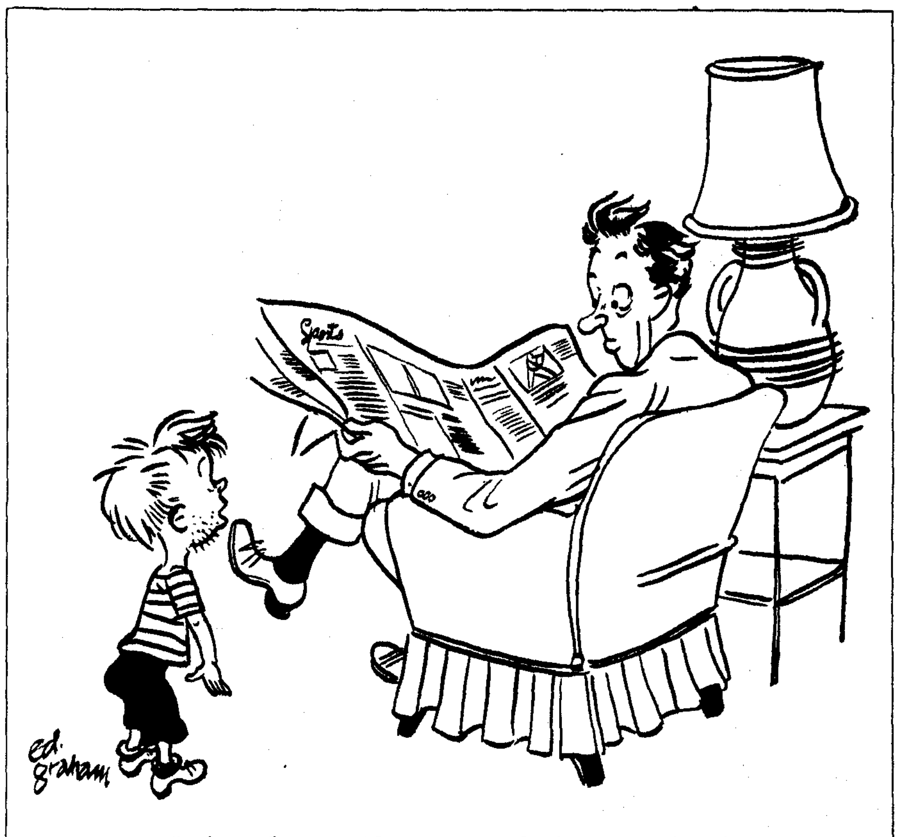
He will undoubtedly be strengthened at the outset by the almost certain haste of justices to the defense of the court's threatened dignity. No men guard its dignity more than those who share it. That should mean the end of audible dissension. It should mean a more determined purpose in all justices to give to the proprieties not only a ceremonial show but a lofty spirit, also. It will not end division. Not one of the nine would end their great debate. For good or ill, ultimate decisions with regard to the shape and the spirit of this America will be made in that debate where the judges sit in elegance if not always in decorum.

No sensible man—certainly not Fred Vinson—would minimize the importance of those decisions to America. They stretch ahead of us in terms of a young court which we shall probably have for a long time. But the questions are not new; the debate did not just begin. And a democratic country need not be greatly disturbed by an interruption of dignity. We have survived other courts and discovered sometimes that their contentions were an essential of the American procession which does not always move in dignity either.

"I come from a country," the new Chief Justice said, "in which it was dangerous to be afraid."

So do we all.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Where do you hide your razor? I've got a date!" ED GRAHAM

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Lichfield, England, guardhouse cases. A sergeant who beat up a G.I. to make him prefer to go back into the battle line is given six months. An officer who ordered the beating is fined a couple of hundred dollars. So was another officer who, in addition, got a bad scolding from the court. "Good gracious," cried Mr. Edwyn F. Dropp of Terre Haute, Indiana, "if this sort of stern justice is kept up there's no telling how severe the punishments will become. Why, they may even try to collect those fines."

A CREDITOR dunned a lawyer in Memphis, Tennessee, not long ago according to Mr. Joe Labernith. Presently the lawyer became annoyed and called the dun into his office. "D'ya see that wastebasket?" demanded he. "Well, once a month I throw all my bills into it, stir them up and pay the six on top. If you don't stop bothering me, your bill isn't going to get even as far as the wastebasket."

IN ONE day we received seven invitations to join buyers' strikes. The idea, as you very well know, was to quit buying anything until price controls were restored. "We can't lose," Miss Zoe Alice Atley of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, assured us. "We can keep it up until Mr. Truman calls us in and gives us all eighteen and a half cents an hour to go back to buying."

YOU'RE all familiar with the deep wisdom of this department. Nevertheless, we sometimes astonish ourself with our extraordinary ability to answer hitherto insoluble questions. Of course, we occasionally fall on our extraordinary face, too. Human, see. Well, we spent a week end with friends who had two children, one fourteen months old and the other nine years. The former didn't ask us any questions but the latter, having heard us well-informed elders discuss the dismal state of the world, asked us: "Is it always bad after the war?" We said that it was. "Well, why do they have them?" she asked. Oh, dear!

IT WAS sometime after that that we dropped in at Frank's Silver Dollar Bar in Monroe, Michigan. It wasn't that we wanted a drink. Not at all. It was merely that Frank had posted the following sign: "Select and Mine Run Liquors." We always patronize an honest man when we find one. . . . W. D.

The Watchers

Continued from page 17

light of that young girl's experiences was, she was learning, futile. He was woven of alien stuff: if she had supplied the warp, the woof was strange and the pattern masculine. She must be satisfied with what he chose to let her understand of himself.

Stephen had now rolled into the shade of the boathouse. He was still lying flat on his stomach but he had lifted his head from his arms and seemed to be looking across the lake. Some sort of a diving contest was going on over there. The young people were marching out one by one to the end of the high board and going off in all manner of fantastic positions—an arm extended in a Heil Hitler salute or legs wobbly like drunken men.

THE chorus of hoots and jeers and shrieks went on unceasingly. A girl in a tiny white bathing suit kept shouting to someone called Roddy to come up and dive.

"You promised you'd jump in with your clothes on today," she shrieked.

Others shouted for Roddy.

"He's afraid he'll ruin those beautiful gray flannel drawers."

"Hey, Rod."

"Oh, don't ask him to muss that elegant wave in his hair."

Margaret decided that Roddy must be the youth who was paddling about in a canoe among the swimmers. He seemed unmoved by all the comments made upon his person. But now they were pulling his canoe up to the wharf. He stepped out. He was a tall, well-built boy, very completely dressed compared to the rest of them. Even at that distance she could tell he looked rather natty.

"Go on, go on, Roddy," they urged.

"I'll give you a nickel," the girl in the white bathing suit shrieked.

"Get it in writing, Rod."

All these remarks the crowd seemed to find excruciatingly funny. They bent with laughter, leaned against one another helpless with laughter. Their happiness was irresistible.

Because she was drawn to them so, it swept over her again that she had never been like that—nor ever would. Never to be one of the happy crowd who prance through life arm in arm with friends, able to laugh without knowing why or talk endless trivialities. They were born that way: they were divinely unaware of the layers of self-doubt that can drag and tangle every spontaneous impulse of those others who must always be the watchers.

But Stephen, what was he? A different breed altogether? Were there some who truly felt no need of other people? At times it seemed so, for even in their own companionship she sensed his aloofness. And then again the fear would attack her that behind it all he was suffering those same blind yearnings that had made her own immaturity a misery.

Anxiously her eyes went back to him. Now he was undoubtedly watching the boy called Roddy across the lake. Roddy was climbing the ladder to the high diving board. Apparently he had removed not one article of his clothing. He advanced out the length of the board. A sort of breathless silence fell over the lake. Even the little summer breeze seemed to hold itself in. All eyes were on Roddy poised on the end of the board.

Suddenly the quiet was broken by a whistle. It came from one of the cottages near the Community Wharf. A woman's voice called, "Roddy, get off that diving board!" The words contained a note of astonishment, complete disapproval, but also mild amusement. "Come down!"

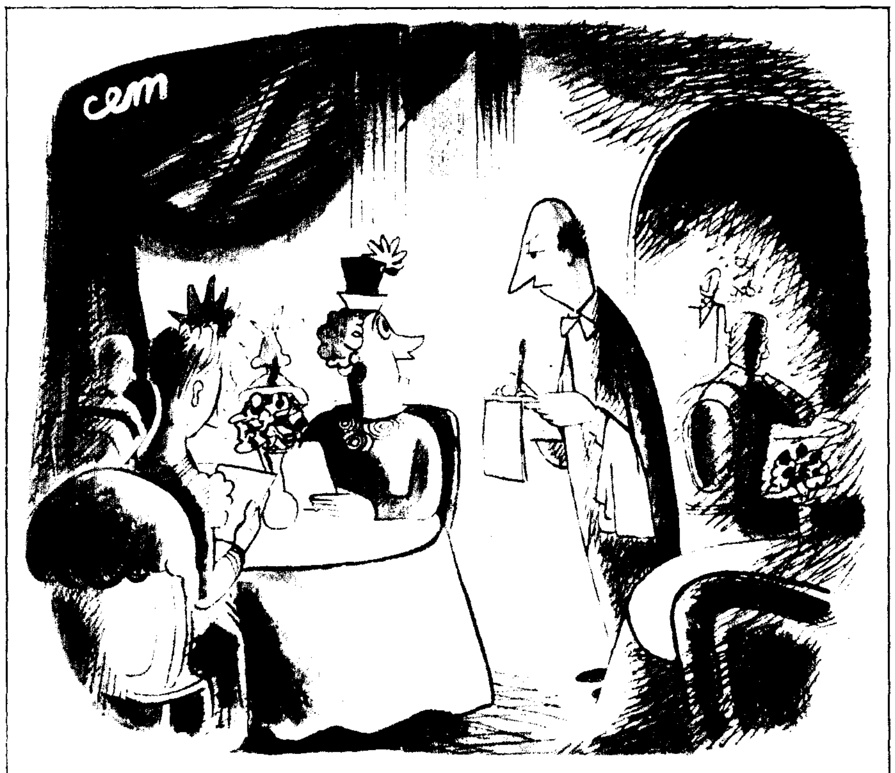
Roddy had already raised his arms. He seemed to hang in the air. Indecision quivered over him. Then his head inclined slightly in the direction of the voice and his arms dropped. But not his shoulders, not his head. He turned and walked back to the ladder still a hero.

"We'll give you the credit, Roddy."

"Were you honestly goin' to do it, Roddy?"

If Roddy bothered to answer the enthusiastic shouts of his friends his voice was too low to carry. Margaret saw him amble over to the girl in the white swimming suit who had started it all. He reached out a long arm and gathered up the hair on the top of her head. Pulling her head back he began to tell her something, shaking his finger under her nose with each word. The others crowded around them.

Suddenly Margaret felt lonely and her



"Please don't put any butter on the sliced chicken sandwich—if you intended to—that is—if you have any butter"

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Right: Pin Morocco Goat. 3-Way Model.

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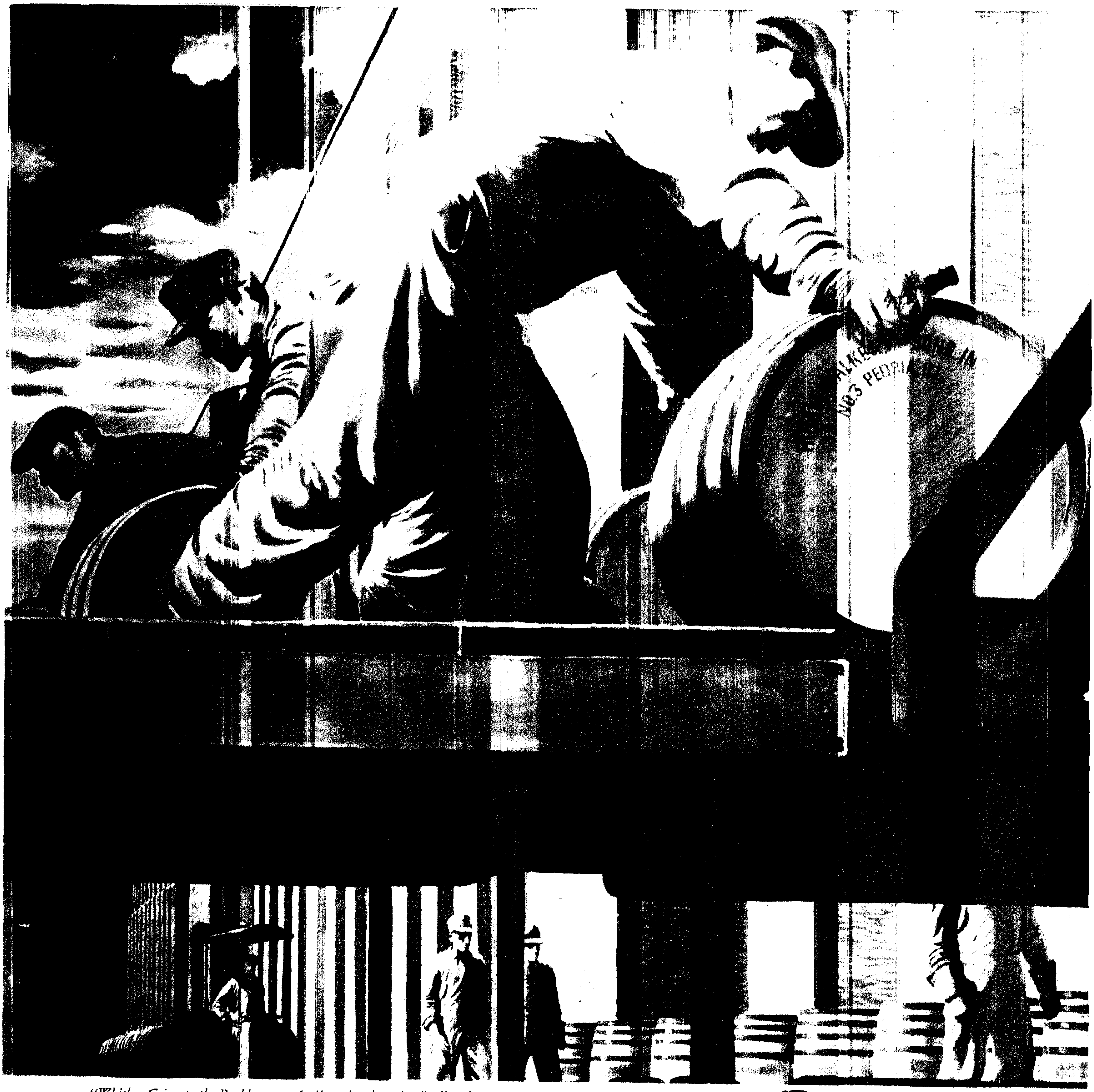

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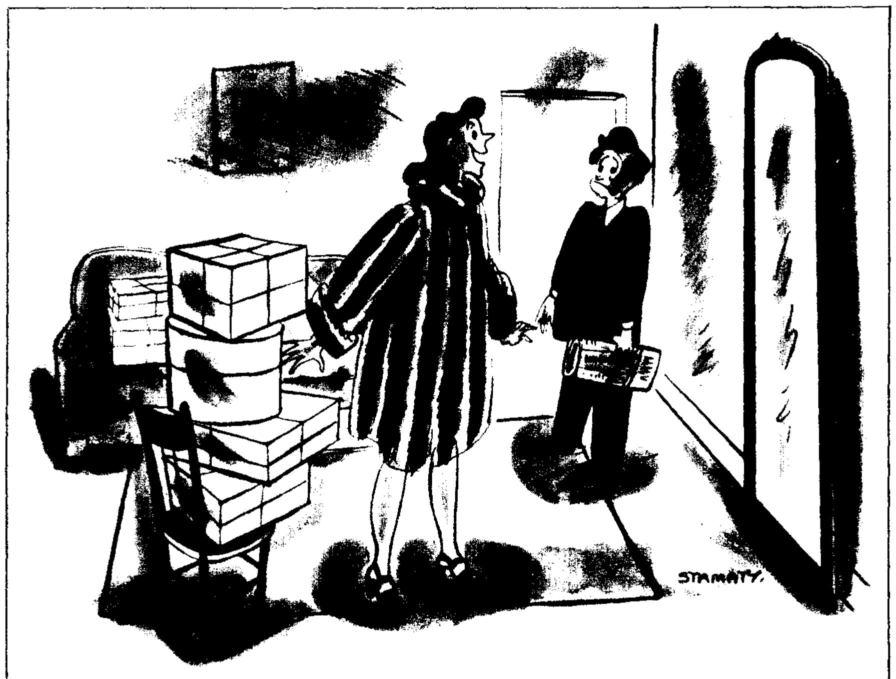
loneliness included Stephen lying on the wharf. She went out to the back porch and unpegged her swimming suit, gathered up a towel and her cap and went down the hill to their little boathouse.

Stephen greeted her enthusiastically. "Ready to go in?"

"One minute." She slipped into the tiny little dressing room. It was hot and smelled of all the little hot, musty, lakeside dressing rooms she had ever been in since she was a child. She took off her clothes and hung them one over the other on the hook beside Stephen's things. The woody smell with its memories hovered but must not be named. To try to press it into form or to question it was to drive it away completely.

SOMETIMES it seemed to Margaret that all her relations with people had to be managed in this breathless, oblique way; especially Stephen just now. It was like feeding a squirrel: his companionship and confidence were hers only as long as she sat very quietly and made no sudden movements. But wasn't this hair-balancing between them just a thing of her own imagination? She remembered that other mother across the lake: "Roddy, get off that board!" There was a normal relationship. Why couldn't she just blunder along treating Stephen as an ordinary rough, faulty boy?



". . . and it isn't going to cost us a cent. The bank has started returning our checks"

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

As she pulled on her cap she looked at herself in the dim mirror and felt somewhat fortified by these thoughts. Her manner was almost jaunty with self-confidence as she left the boathouse.

"You've got the beginnings of a very painful back there," she said, touching Stephen's bare shoulder with one finger.

He twisted and peered at himself. "You may be right at that. I'm afraid I dropped off for a few minutes. I'll have to bring a murder story down next time to keep me awake."

He began to flail his arms around his head like a windmill and she watched him wonderingly. He was just Stephen, a perfectly ordinary boy, no porcelain vessel that had to be tiptoed around.

She slipped into the water and swam off lazily. Stephen continued his limbering-up contortions, then ran out the short, stubby diving board and flipped himself into the water. He was not particularly interested in many physical activities, but swimming was one that had come to him naturally and he moved as easily in the water as though that element were his own environment. He swam straight and fast to the center of the lake, then turned and came back as though a track had been laid for him, his arms gleaming and dipping about his head. At the ladder he pushed off again, on his back now, and came to a stop beside Margaret who was lying almost motionless on the calm body of the water looking up at the clouds forming and reforming themselves overhead. They lay there side by side waggling their hands and feet just enough to keep afloat.

"I wish you would go over and swim at the Community Wharf, Stephen," Margaret said.

"You do."

That was a typical Stephen answer. It meant he had heard; nothing more. It meant that many, many things lay between his hearing and his doing.

"They seem to have such a good time over there."

"Yeah. Did you see that guy go out to the end of the diving board in his clothes?"

Margaret giggled. "He and his mother teamed up perfectly on that."

"You mean you don't think he meant to go off?"

"Oh, I suppose he did." She looked up at the clouds again. "But I don't think it mattered to him. He didn't have to prove anything."

"Sounded like a darned lot of foolishness to me," said Stephen.

"Sure." She turned over and swam back to the ladder and began to haul herself out. On the last rung she stopped and asked of no one in particular, "But why can't we be foolish, too?"

"Who?" Stephen asked.

"Oh, anyone. It's a lovely summer day."

She climbed up on the wharf, pulled off her cap and ran her fingers through her hair. Stephen still hung on the ladder, half in, half out. She smiled at the look of his silence. It was his thinking look and seemed to wipe all the new manliness from his face, leaving it as she knew it best, blurred in the dream of childhood.

SHE left him still standing there and went in to dress. When she came out he was toweling his head absently. "Watch out for the splinters there in the dressing room," she said.

Perhaps he heard. It didn't matter. She ran up the hill feeling satisfaction in the effortless response of her muscles. By the creaking of the boathouse door she knew Stephen had gone in to dress, but she did not follow him mentally; for the moment she was free of him.

It was some time before she looked up again and then her attention was caught by the sound of voices down at the boathouse. Stephen was dressed now and sitting on the wharf with his book propped open against his long legs. Two girls were talking to him. Their voices were light and pretty. She heard one of them say to the other, "Research. That's reading up on something hard, bean-brain."

Margaret's shoulders fell wearily. There was Stephen probably telling them he was busy on some urgent thesis and couldn't be disturbed. They had made the effort to come across and be friendly and he was giving them no encouragement at all. She knew it wasn't shyness. He just didn't seem to want to know young people.

Then a moment later she could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him put down his book and step into the canoe. A time had come. It seemed terribly important. She felt the presence of others looking over her shoulder, sharing her suspense.

The youngsters across the lake had come to a temporary lull in their activities. They watched the approaching canoe with interest. "Did he bring his suit?" called one of the girls on the wharf.

There was a consulting of the three in the canoe.

"He says he has on his suit."

"I mean his swim suit, idiot."

"He says he always swims in his clothes. He says he chills easily."

This bit of information caught on instantly. Now everyone came to the edge of the wharf and lined up to greet the newcomer who swam in his clothes.

MARGARET made no attempt to disguise to herself her intense interest in what was going on among those young people over there. They had gathered around Stephen who had been assisted to the wharf. Someone had given him something to eat. He was leaning back against one of the supports of the diving tower apparently at ease. She imagined by the way his arms shot out that he was delivering one of his ridiculous orations upon some pseudoscientific theme—probably further amplifications of his theory about swimming in one's clothes with lengthy quotations from Professor Sticlepuss or some such learned authority. Whatever it was he was telling them, he was getting an enthusiastic reception. Every remark was received with wild shrieks of laughter.

Now the crowd was parting and making a path for Stephen who was still talking and gesturing with one hand and then the other. He made his way to the foot of the ladder which went up to the diving board. He put his hands upon it. Now Margaret knew. It went back to the thinking look. Who was he doing this for? It would be completely unlike him to try to win the attention of these children by such an exhibition. He meant this for her.

The other mother across the lake had called out, but it was just the prank of an afternoon in her life. To Margaret it was a revelation. It was like easing into the cool water again. Stephen knew about her. He understood. This gesture was meant to speak clearly across the lake to her alone. She felt he was trying to say, "I know what you mean, but I'm not that kind of person. Just don't worry about me."

More than ever she realized she would never understand him, but suddenly it became unimportant. She had a glimpse of the future, that tortuous path, and it seemed to lie less fearful before her. She felt Stephen would know the way.

She watched him climb the ladder, amble to the end of the diving board, look about, then casually flip himself into the water. She began to laugh soundlessly, her shoulders shaking. Then because she felt tears pressing too close behind the laughter she got up quickly and went to start their supper.

THE END

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The Superhorses Are Ours

Continued from page 19

Colonel Hamilton as he looked at the stallion.

Colonel Hamilton was particularly interested in the famous half-bred strains, such as the Furioso, Fenek, Kisber and Trakehner lines. To many people, all finely bred horses are "Thor- oughbreds." But the Thoroughbred is only one breed of horse, intended prima- rily for the race track. The Half-bred horse is a distinct breed, jealously guarded, with a stud book going back over a hundred years. These horses are more powerful and can carry more weight than a Thoroughbred, so they are frequently used as hunters or mounts for cavalrymen.

Before a horse was admitted to the breeding stables, the Furioso and Fenek strains were all tested over a mile and seven furlongs. Only the best were kept. Among the Half-breds that Colonel Hamilton finally selected was Fenek V. His granddam ran 34 miles, 6 furlongs, in 1 hour and 50 minutes, carrying 200 pounds—an almost incredible record. Her grandson is supposed to be even a better horse.

While Colonel Hamilton and his men were rounding up the Thoroughbreds and Arabians, they got a distress call from Donauwörth, one of the great German horse centers. The oldest breed of horses in Europe, second only to the Arab in antiquity, was in danger of extinction. These were the world-famous Lippizzaners with a stud book going back to 1585 and probably the most remarkable breed in existence. These lovely animals are the last remnants of the destriers, the horses used by the knights in the Middle Ages. For nearly 500 years they have been bred as "high school" horses, or as some horsemen sarcastically call them, "circus" horses.

Steeds of Ye Old-Tyme Knights

These strange animals seem to know instinctively all the tricks of dressage— side-stepping, rearing and pivoting. These flourishes once were actually used by armored knights in combat. The horses had been rushed into Germany over 500 miles of rough country from Hungary, their native home. The Hun- garian Minister of Agriculture and a group of staff officers from the Hun- garian cavalry had accompanied them.

Some American officers in the district had unkindly suggested turning the horses over to farmers as draft animals. At least this would guarantee that the horses would be fed. Colonel Hamilton finally decided to take back nine of the Lippizzaners, including Pluto, a hand- some stallion and probably the most valuable "high school" stud in the world.

Colonel Hamilton and his aides had finally sorted out the horses and were congratulating themselves that their troubles were over. Suddenly one night there arrived at the Remount Depot a group of fugitive White Russians who had fled to the Allied lines from Siberia. When it had appeared that the Germans were going to defeat the Russians at Stalingrad and Moscow they had started back into Russia on their tough Caber- dine ponies. They had finally got caught between the Russian and German armies and later between the Russians and the Americans.

Now they wanted the colonel to take the horses to America where they would be safe. Half the men and two thirds of the horses had died on the way and no other horses in the world but the whip- cord-and-steel Cossack ponies could have survived. The colonel needed the little mustanglike mounts about as much as he needed a racing camel, but by the lights of a jeep he picked out the best stallion and added him to the string.

From the hundreds of fine horses he had seen, Colonel Hamilton picked 153 of the best brood mares and stallions. The horses were weak, half starved, and in very bad humor. Freight cars were about as easy to get as apartments are in New York City, but finally the men managed to collect a few old wrecks. They started loading the horses.

"Noah was lucky," said Major Slisher who was in charge. The major spoke with considerable feeling. "He had only one stallion. We had over seventy." Tagfalter promptly showed his opinion of the shipping accommodations by kicking out the side of his car. There was a brief delay while the car was put together again. Then Gospa, one of the priceless Arabian mares, gave birth to a colt, while the train was rattling across Germany. "Only an Arab could have done it and lived," said Major Slisher afterward.

Gospa's Disappearing Colt

The horses were never left unguarded for a moment. But when the horses arrived at the port, Lieutenant Smith discovered that Gospa's colt had van- ished. The car was searched, but there was no sign of the baby Arab. Sadly, the men began to unload the horses. Gospa refused to leave. Then they found she had covered the baby with hay to protect him during the journey. Mother and child were put safely on board.

On the first of October, 1945, the Liberty ship Stephen Austin set out from Bremerhaven with the most valuable load of horseflesh ever to put to sea. Jerry-built stalls had been knocked to- gether and bump boards nailed across the ends to hold the horses in.

A few days out of port, the ship ran into one of the worst Atlantic storms on record. For 30 hours the ship bucked the waves. The horses were able to keep their footing on the heaving decks when a man couldn't stand. Then during the height of the storm, a great wave struck the ship and nearly swamped her. The horses were flung clear over the bump boards. In a moment the forward hold of the ship was full of biting, screaming stallions fighting in the dark.

Major Slisher led a group of volun- teers into the hold with lanterns. By the shifting light, they saw a fortune in horseflesh tearing itself to pieces. After a struggle lasting for hours, the men finally got the studs separated and back to their stalls. The two veterinarians spent the rest of the night working in semidarkness sewing up the cuts on the squealing, struggling horses.

The mares were nearly as badly off as the stallions. They had been flung against the bulkheads and several had been injured by falling timbers. But the little foal of Gospa was unhurt. The mare had stood over him, protecting the baby with her own body.

"I kept a diary of that trip, and I still like to scare myself to death by reading it," recalls Major Slisher.

When the ship finally reached New- port News, the exhausted men staggered off to be greeted by a savage attack from Columnist Drew Pearson. "While high- point enlisted men are unable to find passage, horses are being brought over to be used as polo ponies by the officer class," wrote Mr. Pearson. The Army refused to allow any of the horsemen to answer the columnist officially, but in commenting about Mr. Pearson off the record, one of the officers said (among other things):

"Actually, we had 65 high-point men on the ship. Many of them had passed up previous chances to go home in order to stick with the horses. That's as many men as a cargo ship is allowed to carry. The only other place to put troops would have been down in the pitch-black hold where we had the horses. Those stallions kicked up quite a fuss about it, but it was nothing to what a bunch of G.I.s would have done."

The weakened horses were rushed to the Army Remount Depot at Front Royal, Virginia, deep in the heart of some of the best-known "horse country" in America. Colonel Marion I. Voorhes, the C.O. of the Depot, took over the job of nursing the horses back to health.

"While we were trying to pull them into shape, only a few outsiders were allowed to see them," Colonel Voorhes explained. "Horsemen all over the country were screaming to be allowed in, but it would have been like running rubberneck busses through a hospital ward. Finally on April 7th, we decided to give an exhibition of the stock—now completely recovered."

Not for Sale—But Definitely

When the exhibition was announced, horsemen came from California and New Mexico to witness it. Most of them couldn't believe that they weren't going to be allowed to buy the horses. The manager of a big Eastern racing stable offered Colonel Hamilton $300,000 for Nordlicht. Another breeder hastily interrupted, "I'll give more than that!" Colonel Hamilton had to explain, "Gentlemen, you can no more buy these horses than you can buy a post office. They belong to the people of the United States."

The leading horse experts in the nation watched the parade and then gave their opinions. A. Mackey Smith of the great horse breeders' magazine, The Chronicle, said, "This . . . is the cream of French, German and Hungarian bloodstock. Before the war, even to see such horses you would have had to travel over 5,000 miles and spend thousands of dollars and many weeks." J. A. Estes of Blood Horse called Nordlicht "one of the finest young sire prospects in the world." Yet, in accordance with the Army Horse Breeding Plan, all these horses will be offered to the public for a stud fee of exactly $10.

To give you some idea of what this means, several of the colts have been bred from the famous French race horses Brantome and Blandford. Other young studs with this same bloodline owned by private stables are getting a stud fee of $1,700. Due to Colonel Hamilton's "horse detectives," any small farmer or rancher can get his mare bred to the best blood in Europe.

It is possible that the growth of mechanized warfare will mean the end of the cavalry. Even so, the Army Horse Breeding Plan will be continued for the benefit of agriculturists. South American nations must continue to have cavalry units—90 per cent of Peru can be reached only on horseback as not even mule-drawn carts can get up the mountain trails. As part of our Good Neighbor Policy, and for our own safety, we will continue to help supply them with good mounts, for only mounted men could stop an invasion.

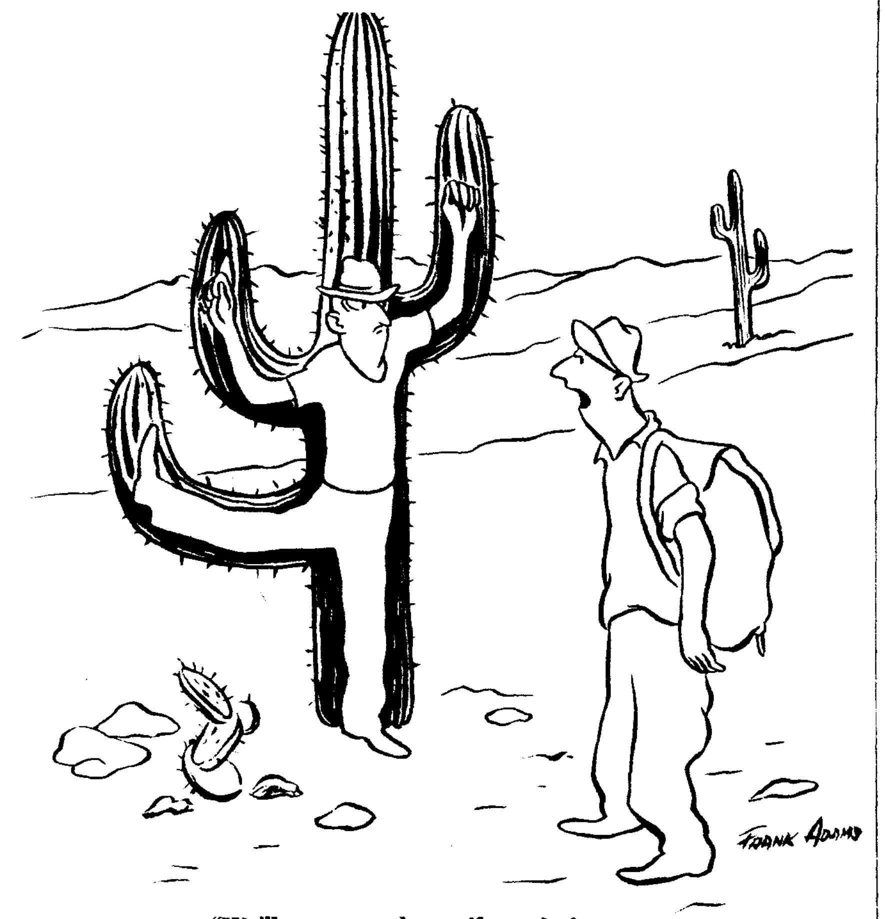
The legality of the seizure under international law was naturally questioned. There was no argument about those taken from the German army, but questions were raised regarding those once owned by private citizens.

The State Department ruled that if the horses were properly appraised and entered on the books as inter-Allied reparations the determination of title would be settled internationally.

Now the Army is adding to the original contingent by bringing an additional 300 horses to the United States, many of them Thoroughbreds from famous European stables.

The Army has already begun to ship the horses throughout the country. The Arabs and Lippizzaners will go to Pomona, California, for distribution. The Half-breds will go to Fort Reno, Oklahoma, and the Thoroughbreds will be divided between Front Royal, Virginia, and Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Colonel Hamilton's dream has come true. Today, the American people own what the German veterinarian called "the finest horses in the world."

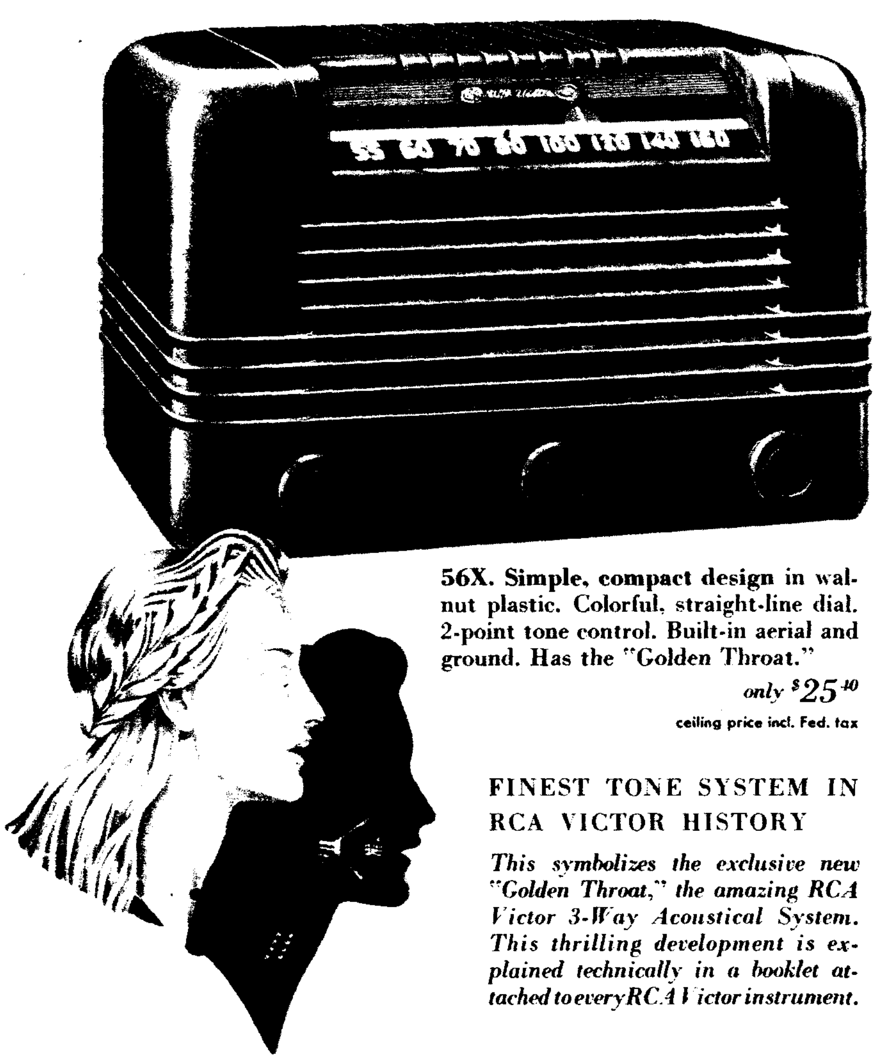
THE END



"We'll never get home if you hafta stop every five minutes to stand in the shade!"

COLLIER'S

FRANK ADAMS



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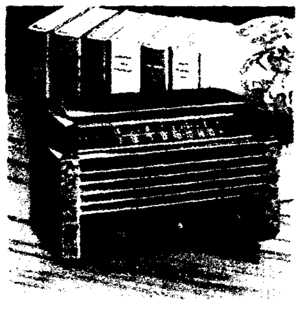

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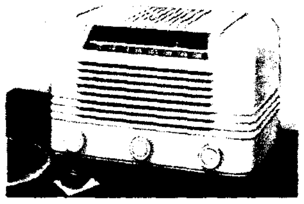

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MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES

JACK WOOLAMS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

The goal of Chief Test Pilot Jack Woolams, of Bell Aircraft, is 1,000 miles per hour at 75,000 feet altitude. The test will be made late this summer in a new winged-rocket ship.

JAY BAXTRESSER

1,000 Miles an Hour?

I

AT BELL AIRCRAFT, near Niagara Falls; at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics in Washington; at Wright Field, Dayton, and at Reaction (Rocket) Motors at Pompton Plains, New Jersey, aeronautical engineers are winding up details of a heretofore secret plan that calls for Test Pilot Jack Woolams to climb into a winged rocket late this summer and release a blast of fire that should shoot it and him to 75,000 feet and to a speed of 1,000 miles an hour or more. It will be his job to write a coherent opening sentence in a new chapter of world history, a chapter so staggering in possibilities of war and commerce miles, at speeds greater than sound, as to send the already overtaxed imagination tumbling crazily beyond the grasp of comprehension.

You look at Jack Woolams: six feet, handsome, twenty-nine and father of three. This sounds like murder. Does his wife know? Certainly, and she doesn't object. She's a pilot, too; got nearly 100 hours. Jack taught her to fly, then married her five years ago, just before joining Bell Aircraft as a test pilot of experimental fighter planes. Now he is the company's chief test pilot.

Does Bell Aircraft's President Larry Bell (the rocket-plane builder) or the NACA (which ordered it) or the Army Air Forces (which financed it) require him to make this flight? No. Jack volunteered for it, vigorously, and his application was enthusiastically accepted.

But you can think only of this nice guy being locked in a rocket and shot off into space like a V-2, possibly never to return. If he does get back, he'll be hailed a hero, of course. They'll say he was the first man ever to come that close to the moon. He will be the first human being to fly faster than the speed of sound; the first American to fly a rocket plane. (Hopped-up Nazi pilots in tiny Messerschmitt 163B rocket planes were fired, in desperation, at the hordes of American bombers and fighters over Germany in the war's closing days, so to those few survivors belongs the distinction of being the world's first rocket-ship pilots. But they never went faster than 550 miles an hour or higher than 40,000 feet.)

So with all these other firsts to Jack Woolams' credit, you suddenly see him in the class with flagpole sitters, marathon dancers and people buried alive—ten cents a look right down this pipe here. You tell him so, to discourage him. He smiles. Then Jack begins to talk and the thing slowly unfolds: We're about at the end of our development of the flying machine as the Wright Brothers created it with gasoline reciprocating engines, propellers, and fixed wings at right angles to the body of the plane. We are, if we wish to call it quits and settle for around 600 miles an hour.

At that speed, conventional airplanes have found a barrier in the sky against greater speed, a barrier that is believed to extend from 600 to 900 miles an hour. Until we learn more, this is now called the trans-sonic range and beyond lies the supersonic realm of flight—faster than the speed of sound.

Pilots of conventional aircraft that have poked their noses into the suburbs of the trans-sonic and survived, tell stories not unlike the mythical and terrifying ones of old, of what lay beyond the sea's horizon or over yonder highest mountain. And NACA engineers, in their wind tunnels at Langley Field, Virginia, years ago turned out incredible-sounding reports on the battering effect of trans-sonic speed on aircraft wings and tails, but nobody paid attention to them when 100 miles an hour was the standard of the day.

Lately, NACA's engineers managed to project models into freon gas at speeds of 1,360 miles an hour, which they estimate to be the equivalent of 3,000 miles an hour in actual flight. From these experiments, they collected enough information for Bell Aircraft's Chief Engineer Bob Stanley and his staff to design the winged rocket, about the size of a wartime single-engine fighter except for shorter wings. This is what Jack Woolams will fly. It bears the Army designation Bell XS-1, meaning experimental supersonic and the first in what doubtless will be a big family of XS planes.

Bell engineers and Jack Woolams believe it is strong enough to plow through this deceptive and possibly destructive trans-sonic range, emerge intact on the other side and, roaring skyward with all the realism of a flaming comet, explore for the first time the unlimited possibilities of speed in a new world of flight.

German rockets have been hurled by our people to heights of nearly 400,000 feet and at speeds in excess of 3,000 miles an hour. Why not load these up with instruments that automatically radio back to earth all the data scientists are forever collecting and thus avoid sending up a pilot? The answer is that instruments can tell part of the story and in minute detail, but only the modern test pilot can make an over-all evaluation of the plane's performance, and reactions on a human body, at great heights and speeds.

The best minds in world aviation today are chock-full of good theory and honest beliefs as to what will happen to man and plane beyond the speed of sound, at fifteen miles above the earth. But not until a qualified airman returns from such a trip will we ever be sure.

And even then we will have just peeked through a crack in the door into that other world. Years of research and development on aircraft and rocket motors and protective measures for the airmen will follow before we can be confident of a thoroughly proved supersonic military weapon and a safe and reliable vehicle of public transportation that will shoot fare-paying passengers through space at speeds, not of 1,000 miles an hour, but, as one noted engineer predicts, at 100,000 miles an hour.

This bold expedition into the unknown is about ready to begin operations at the Army's flight test field at Muroc, California, 100 miles over in the desert from Los Angeles. That enormous dry lake bed is the airmen's paradise for testing new and strange aircraft. Thousands of years ago, Nature built this great airport. General Arnold discovered it from the air before the war and made it into the AAF's secret wartime flight test base.

THE knowledge aeronautical science the world over seeks from trans-sonic and supersonic flight may be forthcoming soon; or maybe not for months. Wartime pressure is off, so a cautious, methodical program can be followed. Besides, there's more than a million dollars tied up in the Bell XS-1; it required more than a year to build by hand and it cannot be replaced quickly.

Normally you'd be kept in the dark on detail plans like these. Flying people have just about quit announcing that on the morrow they're gonna do this and that. Experience has taught them too many things can happen to bring about delays or failures, with the result they are either forced by public opinion to continue, often with disastrous results, or are classed as publicity hounds.

The four interested groups are not only confident of success, but are gravely concerned with the aeronautical future of the nation in an unsettled and unhappy world. Smarting under slaps from Congress that American aviation was and still is woefully behind the Nazis in jet and rocket propulsion and high-speed flight, they are determined to prove their capabilities in this new field and, by letting you in on the advance plans, convince you that they are on the job.

And linked inseparably with this is the necessity for building up in you the shocking realization that all aviation great as it has been, must forget just about everything it has learned in the last 42 years and start anew in aircraft design, construction and propulsion, regardless of cost—*and it will be costly.*

Now you begin to recognize that in Jack Woolams there burns the same challenging fire that glowed so long in Orville and Wilbur Wright a half century ago. And you begin to feel better about the outcome of this daring project when you learn that Jack has been preparing for it since last February, slowly, intelligently and safely.

(To be concluded next week)

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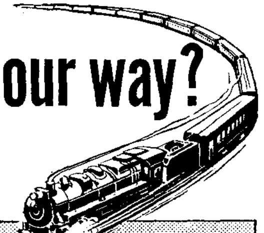

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Traveling Light

Continued from page 65

swim suit, even to the halter neckline for better sunning. And so to drifting in the sunny blue water, and basking on the white, white beach.

Time now for lunch, and back to the plane? A shower, change to fresh bra and panties that you've been carrying in the overarm bag. The damp ones can go into a waterproof envelope, there, along with your bathing cap if you wear one. Wear your print dress for lunch, have the coat dress handy, slung through the straps of your bag or over your shoulders, to wear as the plane carries you to cooler altitudes again. You've had a day of changes without ever lifting the latch of a suitcase.

That overarm bag is Vera Maxwell's answer to a lot of packing problems. It's even a way of cheating on baggage weight, for who's to say a woman's handbag is a suitcase so long as she's willing to tote it? Miss Maxwell designed it herself, and has had several made to match different costumes. There's a buttoned pocket on one side for your wallet. Inside there's enough room for overnight props. The trick is to pack things like sweaters and pajamas by rolling them into tight balls.

"I learned this from my G.I. son," Vera Maxwell says. "I've watched him pack his duffel bag. It's surprising how much stuff you can get in, if you roll it tight."

Now take another look at that coat dress, used above as a coat. Vera Maxwell frequently wears one herself as a dress, without the printed slip dress underneath. On an April trip from New York to Seattle, she wore it on the plane. At a brief stop in Montana for a rodeo, it was comfortable till the sun went down, when she put on her greatcoat. For a boat trip around Puget Sound, she wore it again. Other women on the trip, since the day was warm and sunny, set out in print dresses with jackets. They were chilly, but her light wool was just comfortable. For an evening of informal dinner and dancing that included popping in and out of cars and several country clubs, it was the answer again; dressed up with long white buckskin gloves, high-heeled slippers, a bright scarf at the neck.

Vera Maxwell doesn't worry about her slip showing through the slit in her dress, because she doesn't wear any slip under an opaque dress. When her conservative friends register shock over what they call her indecent lack of underclothing, she reminds them that they have come a long step themselves from Grandmother's way. "You learn from experience and from the young," she says. "After every war more clothes are left off. Young people are eliminating nonessentials today. Certainly, for travel, baby pink and blue lingerie is nonessential. Nothing is harder to keep fresh; nothing looks dowdy faster."

The Case for the Black Undies

When the same friends eye her brief underwear and say, "Yes, black, it doesn't need laundering so often," she is shocked in her turn.

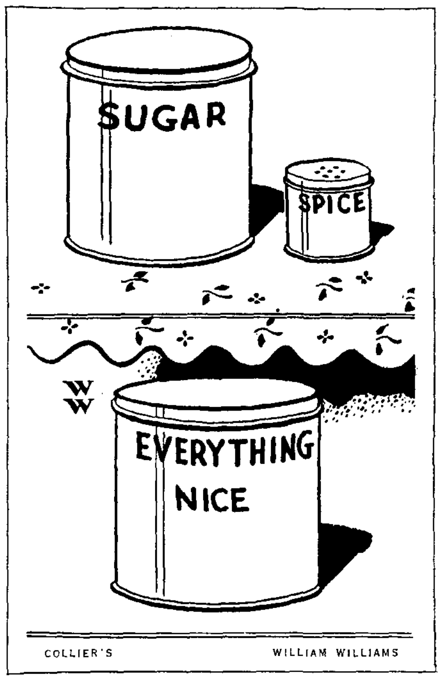
"You have to learn," she scolds them, "that black is as washable as white. It just doesn't look so bedraggled after, that's all. I wouldn't think of not washing out my underclothes every night." She carries half a dozen changes for that purpose, balled up into no space in her luggage.

One old-fashioned item of underwear that Miss Maxwell does favor is a petticoat, made of wool. "This is invaluable on shipboard," she says, "and for cold days anywhere. If the day warms up, you can always slip it off and stow it in your overarm bag. Make it of striped or bright-colored jersey, and it will look pretty, poking out the slit in your skirt."

Her suit skirt is made like the skirt of the coat dress, slim and slit up the front. The matching black wool jacket, flared and silk-lined, is slashed fore and aft, too, accenting its Oriental cut. With its dashing, gold-embroidered cuffs, it can see you through the most elegant rounds of luncheon to afternoon tea that you are apt to encounter anywhere between London and Buenos Aires. In B.A. remember, it will be winter in our summer, and the height of the formal social season.

Carry all the evening frills you want to pack, but for sophistication and comfort, bank on this same jacket, worn with a long, slim, black wool evening skirt, slashed nearly to the knee to show your slim legs. Put the jacket on to fasten in the back, for variety and to emphasize its Chinese look—it's built to go on either way. Wear a brilliant gold halter underneath, to be glimpsed through the slashes in the jacket. These slashes will keep the bystanders intrigued, and you comfortably air-conditioned.

For the few hats you will need, there are good-looking crocheted numbers that are a blessing of comfort, especially if you pick one that is flat behind so that you can lean your head back without pushing your hat out of kilter. Snoods and berets are highly packable.



As for shoes—"I can't see that you need to take more than three pairs besides those you wear," says Vera Maxwell. She leans herself to the popular ballet style that goes with everything.

And there, supplemented with the few extra items you may need for the particular places you are going, is a travel wardrobe that can really let you travel light. (The air and steamship lines, with complete information on climates and customs, are equipped to advise you about those extra items.)

Vera Maxwell, who was Vera Huppé then, born in New York City of Viennese parents, started getting travel experience very young in life, when her parents yanked her frequently out of school to travel abroad with them on her father's business of wine importing. This casualness about her schooling boomeranged when Vera deserted school at the age of fourteen to become a ballet dancer. "Like all parents, my mother and father thought I should finish high school," she says. "But I had seen Pavlova dance, and I wanted to be a ballet dancer. I studied after school. When I was offered a contract with the Metropolitan Opera at fifty dollars a week, I couldn't turn down this wonderful chance to become a millionairess."

So Vera danced at the Metropolitan for three years, wearing the wondrous but battered old costumes that had been passed down for a generation. Here came her first improvising with clothes. "They used to wear corsets with stays for ballet dancing then; some of them even laced up the back. But we younger girls had the new figure, with not-so-tiny waists, and we couldn't get into the old corsets. We didn't like them anyway. So we bought wide strips of elastic and sewed them together, making what were probably the first pantie girdles."

Farewell to the Ballet

A chance to dance with the great Pavlova herself ended Vera's ballet career, for after two months Pavlova started on a South American tour. "My mother thought I was a little young at seventeen to go."

Married at eighteen, Vera separated from her husband when she was twenty-two, and started job hunting to support herself and her three-year-old son. She didn't realize it then, but the kind of job she went after was a start toward her future designing career.

"My only asset was a ballet-trained figure, and I could walk well. So I got a job modeling riding and ski clothes. You have to have straight legs to wear jodhpurs." Those were the days when models were also hired to entertain the male buyers, and a pinch or two in the showroom was quite permissable. Vera's attitude, she being in the nice-girl category, was annoying, but she had learned to sketch so they found her useful enough to keep on just the same; until the crash of 1929 ended the firm, and Vera's job.

Going abroad to visit her sister in England, she got a job modeling at Fortnum & Mason. Here, from clothes designed by the great Chanel of Paris, she got the inspiration for the simple but distinguished suits and coats for which she is now famous herself. She says, "Chanel did always the basic thing—her reefers, her jersey dresses. She was the first to take the heaviness out of tweed suits, triple stitching instead of hemming the edge of tweeds, to thin them out. Her clothes are the kind I believe in. If ever I should be called the Chanel of America, I would love it."

Back in America, Vera again became a model before she became a designer. "I was lucky to get a job in a small place where I was the only model," she says. "I had a chance there to learn designing, too. The suits were all too tight. I changed them to the looser, Chanel type of thing."

Now, after ten years of designing, Vera Maxwell is at the top of her profession. But she isn't satisfied. She is paid, and well, by a Seventh Avenue firm—but only to design coats and suits. She has so many more ideas. She crochets enchanting lacy wool pinafores of her own design for her friends' little girls. She designed that duffel-overarm bag. She has an idea for turning a baggy sweater into a slick torso job. The black lastex pantie, bra, swim suit combination is her creation. She is a gold mine of clothes ideas, all practical because she believes clothes are meant for wear and comfort. All with a spark, because she knows how to make most of us look better than we do. She'd like to become Vera Maxwell, Inc., and work that gold mine. It'll be a gold rush for the rest of us, when she does.

The End

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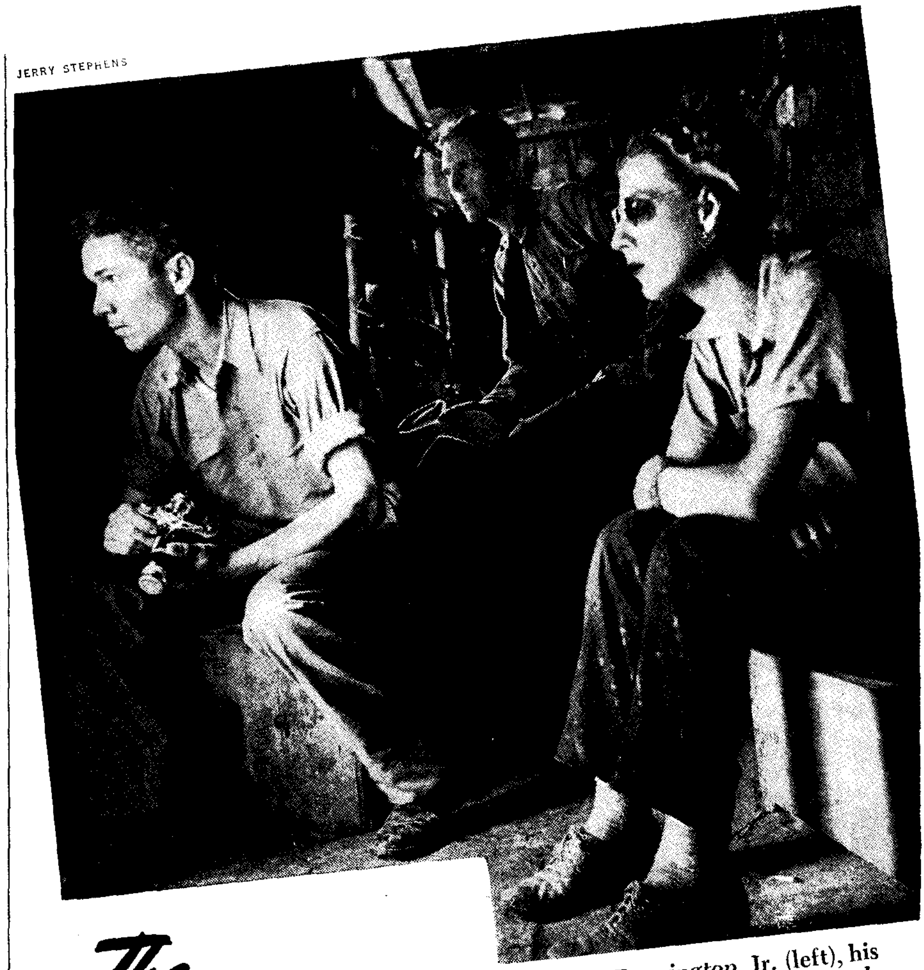

The Week's Work

Harry Pennington, Jr. (left), his wife, Rosa Lee, and Patrolman Neece patiently wait for wetbacks in a border shack

THE photographs which illustrate Rio Grande—River of Death (p. 24) represent more than a week of exhausting, sweaty, mosquito-cursed and dangerous work on the part of Harry Pennington, Jr., and his wife, Rosa Lee.

Collier's asked the Penningtons to get pictures of "wetbacks" as they crossed the river into the United States. Discussing the assignment by long-distance telephone with Ulrich Calvosa, picture editor, Pennington said, "That's a tough one. I think maybe it's impossible." But Calvosa, speaking from the cool comfort of an air-conditioned New York restaurant, retorted, "Nothing is impossible. All you have to do is try." A brave fellow, Calvosa.

The Penningtons tried. . . .

A wetback, being engaged in the illegal business of entering this country without passport, is not going to sit still and look pretty please while his picture is taken. He is a nervous outlaw, often armed with a knife or a gun.

The older border patrolmen discouraged the Penningtons, told them it was impossible to get pictures. "But," Pennington writes us, "some of the younger patrolmen who had just returned from the South Pacific with a new bag of tactics thought we *might* manage something. . . ."

The patrolmen, equipped with walkie-talkies, water, riot shotguns and rifles, led the Penningtons on an all-day trek to a known river crossing. They spotted footprints made by wetbacks and picked up some deportation papers dated 1944, obviously dropped by a wetback who didn't want to have them on his person if he were caught. But they found no in-the-flesh wetbacks.

Next day, on to another crossing, keeping low, below the grass line, to avoid being seen. "This way of traveling gets old after half a mile," Pennington says. The patrolmen told them the Mexicans had clever methods of signaling. "They could keep track of us better than radar could."

The patrolmen said they had had good luck, until recently, catching wetbacks and boatmen by dressing as fishermen. But when the Mexicans started shooting all fishermen, this disguise was abandoned.

The Penningtons hid in the muddy grass for hours, until it was too dark to make pictures without flash equipment —and again left empty-handed. There followed days of tedious walking and running and crawling through bush and mud and mosquitoes and chiggers, to one suspected crossing after another, with Rosa Lee taking her beating with the rest of them. They were up at dawn, waiting, and as the sun went down they were waiting, still. "It was extremely hot, even for a couple of Texans. . . . The willow saplings grew about two inches apart. It was almost impossible not to straddle one, which made the going tough, for after you had walked down a 15-foot sapling it wanted to spring back up, with you on it. . . ."

Once they waited for six hours in a little Mexican shack: "The walls were made of flattened-out garbage cans and paper boxes. The wooden parts were wormy. Flies covered the floor. When you wanted to eat a sandwich you waved it briskly in front of your face and took a quick bite before a fly lighted on it. . . ."

Several times they glimpsed wetbacks and boatmen, but couldn't get close enough to photograph them.

Finally, success. This time the Penningtons and Patrolman McKone had waited in the mud only about an hour when: "There were our wetbacks, right in front of us. McKone yelled, '*Caramba!*' and plunged into the opening. . . ."

The Penningtons got the pictures you see on pages 24, 25 and 26—photographs of actual arrests.

This week's cover: The pretty girl who laughs at hay fever is Jill Darnley, a Harry Conover model. Her Mexican skirt and blouse are trophies from her Arizona vacation. Photographer André de Dienes posed her in the midst of a Long Island goldenrod patch. . . . A. P.

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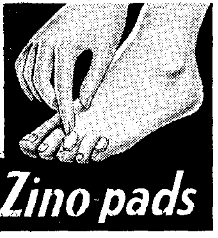

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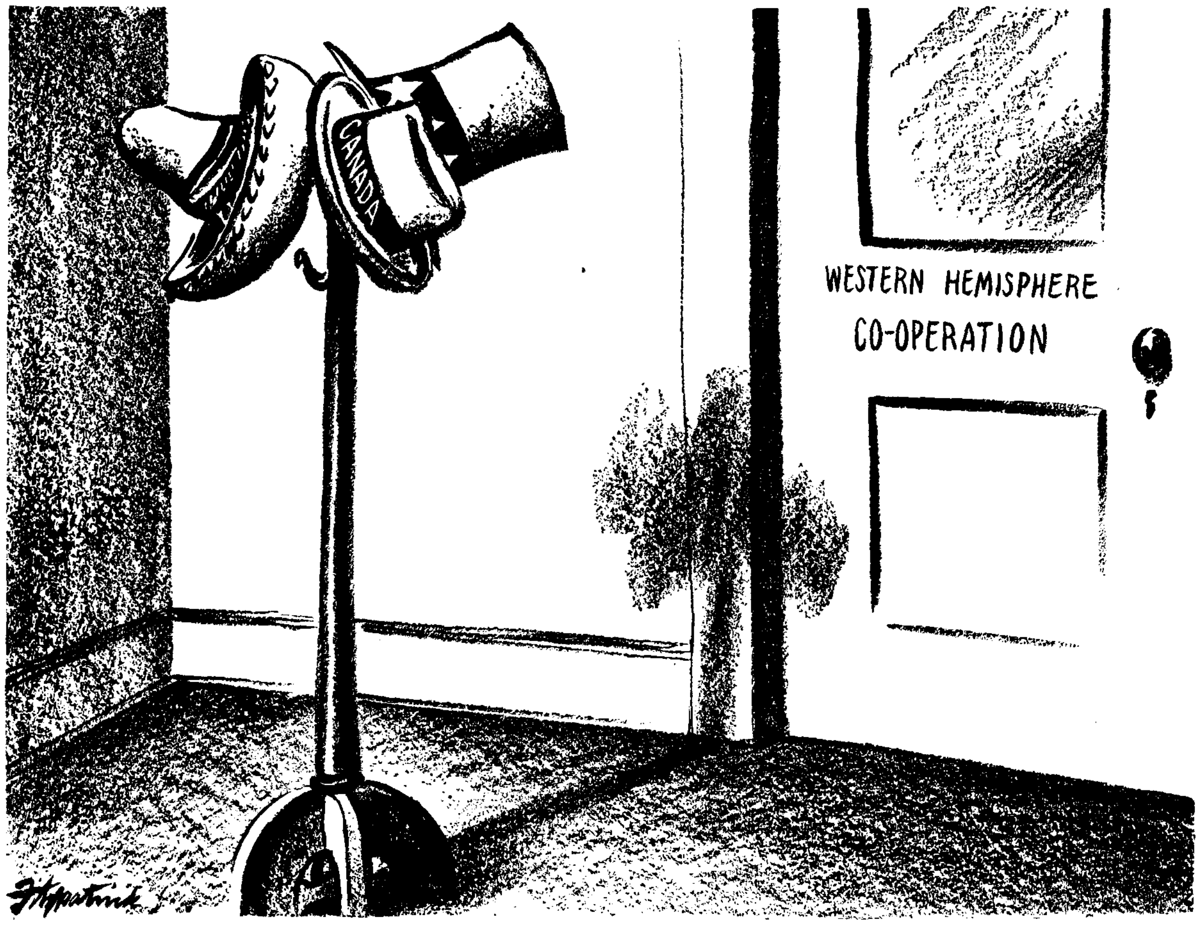

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
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ONE CONTINENT, ONE COUNTRY?

FROM a recent issue of Collier's new reader-opinion department, The Week's Mail, we reprint the following letter:

> As a Canadian, expressing the sentiments of many thousands of inarticulate fellow citizens of this country, I suggest that you and your associate publications inaugurate an educational campaign designed to show that this North American continent must eventually become one country. *Now* is the accepted time.
>
> If we wait five, ten, fifteen years? You answer that question—not for $64, but for sixty-four plus untold billions of the hard-earned cash of the ordinary citizens of our respective countries.
>
> H. McINTYRE
> VANCOUVER, B. C. (Just an ordinary Canadian)

We're hardly prepared to begin making sheep's eyes at Canada, Mexico and the Central American countries as openly as Mr. McIntyre suggests.

It might not look well at a time when the United States, with entire sincerity, is disavowing all imperialist aims.

However, we'll go this far on the subject:

Economically and militarily, the countries of the North American continent certainly should stick together as they did during the late war, and should draw even closer as time goes by. The same applies, we think, to South America.

The Chapultepec Agreement is already on paper as a written expression of this idea. It was designed to make a little United Nations of the Western Hemisphere, in case the world-wide United Nations organization should be slow in getting on its feet.

From that starting point, the United States is now blazing the trail toward a system of Western Hemisphere exchange of weapons, ammunition, military information, officer training, and the like, so that all the nations in this half of the world can be ready to defend themselves as a unit in case of emergency. It is to be hoped that the emergency may never come; but there is no guarantee of that.

The best insurance against such an emergency looks as if it would be this Western Hemisphere mutual-defense plan—a nonaggressive, peaceable scheme for knitting a lot of neighbor nations together.

Political rearrangements might come later; or they might not come at all. They should come, if at all, only by popular vote in the areas affected.

But the time for a military and economic drawing-together of the Western Hemisphere is now; and to that extent we think Mr. McIntyre's letter is one of the best we've seen in print in a long time.

MEMO FOR THE NEXT STRIKE WAVE

THERE is a lull in the wave of big strikes as this is written, although a lot of little strikes continue to pop like firecrackers around the industrial landscape.

The dopesters have it that the big strikes will start up again sooner or later—maybe this fall, maybe not till next winter or spring, depending on how fast the cost of living rises.

All strikers, present and expectant, would be wise, we think, to paste the following true story from real life in their hats:

In 1941, some organizers working for the United Steelworkers' Union beat up a Mr. Charles Titus at Gary, Indiana. Titus was employed at the Gary Sheet and Tin Mill, a U.S. Steel subsidiary. It was the organizers' feeling that all employees at this plant ought to join the union, whether they wanted to or not. Mr. Titus didn't want to; hence this assault on him, with serious injuries resulting from it.

He sued the union for damages, and at the first trial the jury awarded him $8,000. A new trial was ordered, and this time the jury raised Mr. Titus to $20,000—the original $8,000 for actual personal injuries, plus $12,000 punitive damages to give the union an idea of how the jury felt about goons who assault people who don't want to join unions. This second jury was made up of six men and six women.

The story more or less writes its own editorial, we'd say. What it declares is that, while most Americans fully recognize and appreciate the necessity of labor unions and their enormous contributions to the general welfare, more and more Americans are getting wearier and wearier of union leaders and members who act as if they were above the law. If the boys persist in overriding the law, they can expect more and more kickbacks such as the one delivered in the Titus case. More and more persons will get up the nerve to sue unions for personal or property damage, and more and more juries will turn in verdicts that won't do the union treasuries any good.

Juries in this country have long had a fondness for soaking rich defendants. The knowledge is getting around swiftly that plenty of unions nowadays are very rich indeed. Soaking unions on slight pretexts could rather easily become a favorite indoor sport of American juries.

HIS TAXES AND HERS

COMMUNITY property is an interesting institution in nine of our 48 states—Arizona, California, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas and Washington. Under this legal system, husband and wife each own half of the couple's total property.

Up to now, these states' community-property laws have stood up against the federal income-tax system. There was a proposal, back in 1942, that Congress make it mandatory for married couples in all states to file joint returns, but Congress refused. That was and is agreeable to us, on the ground that if a woman has property or income of her own she should not be required to merge it with her husband's income or property for taxation or any other purposes.

Nevertheless, married federal income taxpayers in the community-property states do enjoy a considerable advantage over those in other states. No matter who earns the money, husband and wife in the nine favored states can file separate returns on one half of the total income apiece, and thereby cut their taxes considerably in numerous instances.

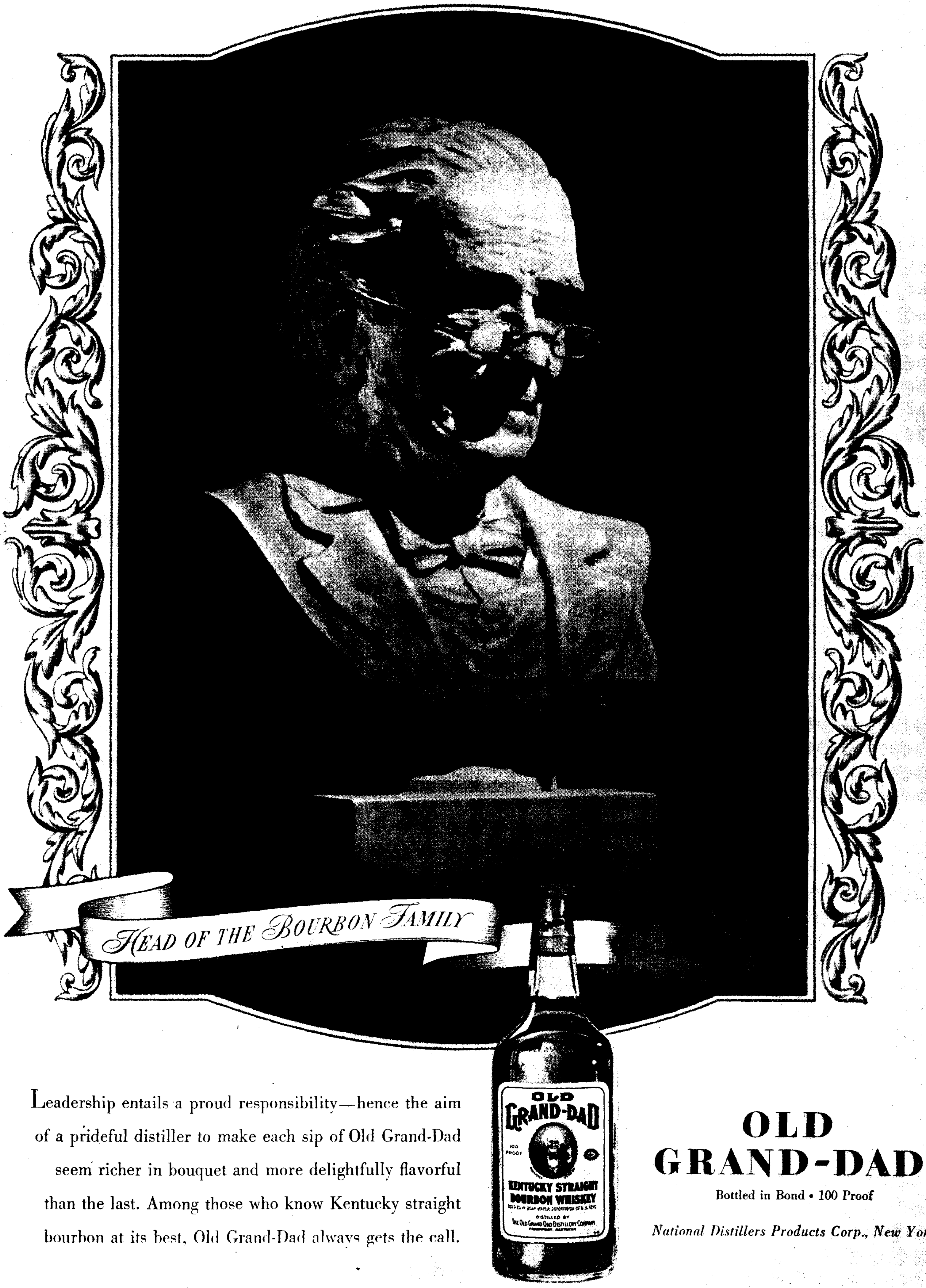
This being the case, and community property as regards income taxes apparently being here to stay, a Treasury Department tax expert comes up with a suggestion that similar income-splitting privileges be granted to married persons in all the states. The expert is Stanley S. Surrey, and the so-called Surrey plan is expected to get considerable publicity for some time to come.

Here's one example of the way it would work: On an income of $10,000 a year, a married person in a noncommunity-property state now pays a federal income tax of around $2,185. Under the Surrey plan, husband and wife would each pay taxes on $5,000, making the total tax on the $10,000 about $1,843.

Admittedly, taxpayers in the income brackets below $3,333 would not be helped by this plan. Nor would unmarried taxpayers in any bracket benefit from it. Between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 middle- and higher-bracket taxpayers would shed some of their tax loads, as against about 26,000,000 who wouldn't. So it isn't a very attractive plan, as yet, to many congressmen or senators, for political reasons.

Just the same, it seems to us to have its points. For one, the tax advantages enjoyed by married taxpayers in the community-property states are a clear injustice to taxpayers elsewhere. For another, the more we ease the tax burden in the middle and upper brackets, the more money these people can be expected to invest in business and production—meaning in jobs for other people. For a third, the Surrey plan, if adopted, should have something of a stimulating effect on marriage and a deterrent effect on divorce.

Without going overboard for the Surrey plan, we would like to see it get serious consideration from Congress and the general public.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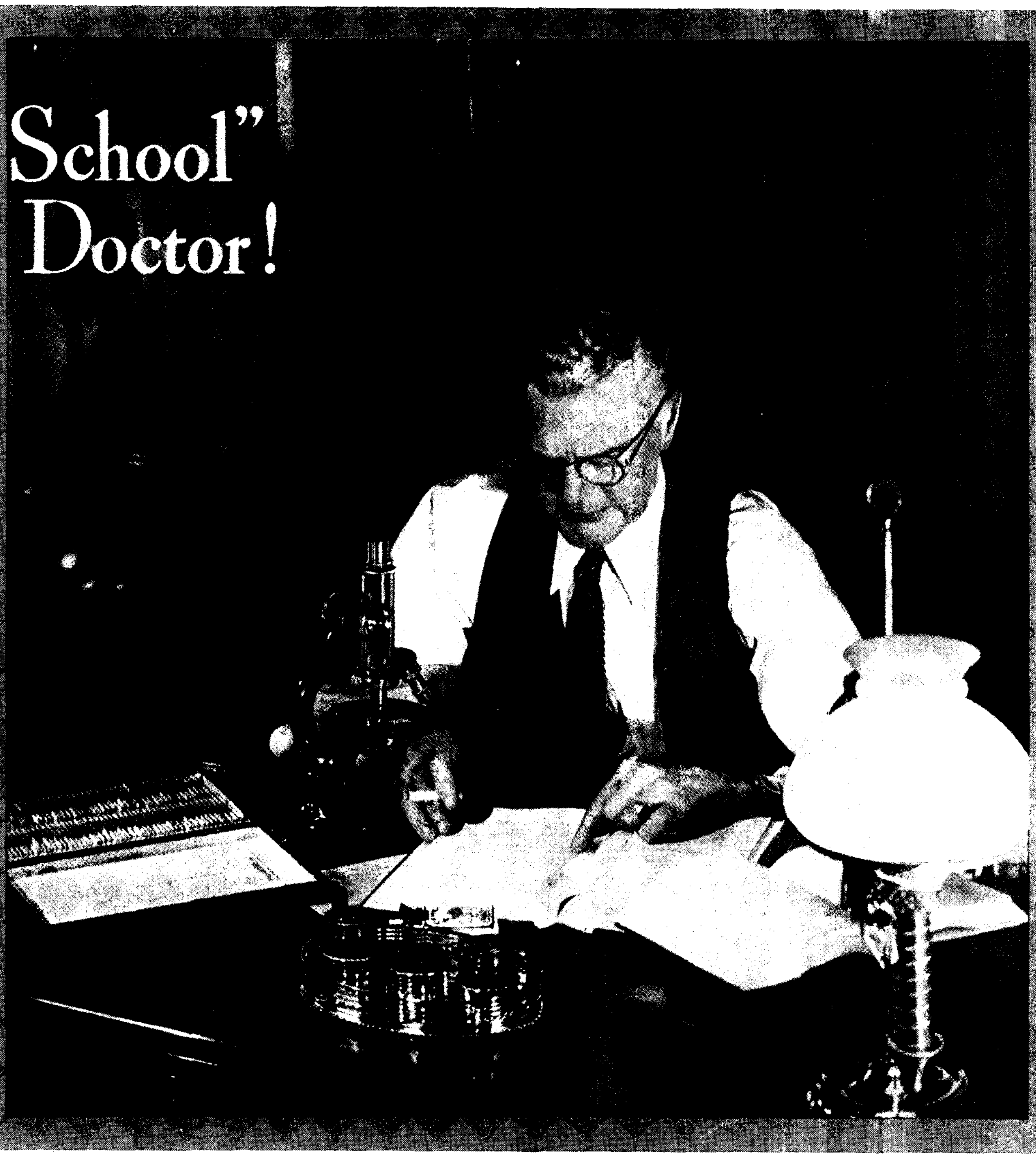

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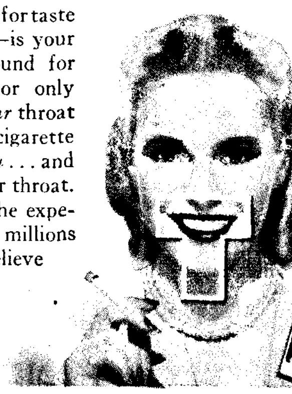

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